

XIUZHEN
SHIJI

问题少年

方想 著

FANGXIANG'S SERIES

光芒亮起的一刹那，
那股毁灭天地的力量让所有人深深地
感受到什么叫恐惧，
什么叫死亡！
没有人还有
厮杀战斗
的心情，
他们心中
充满恐惧。



修真世界²

修真世界 点击量过亿

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弱肉强食的世界
一个失去记忆的
《问题少年》
引爆最炫修真风！

World of Cultivation

(修真世界)

Volume 02

A Problematic Youth

Fang Xiang

(方想)

Story Description:

An unknown disciple from a small sect battling against the strongest in the cultivation world! The long journey working at cultivation, the realization of destiny and the chance to reach the apex of the world.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. Zuo Mo is a zombie faced low level cultivator in a minor sect of a little world. Ever since he was picked up by the sect leader two years ago, he has no memories of his earlier life except a recurring nightmare. Navigating the rigid class structure and intricacies of the cultivation world, as one of the lowest possible of the lowest class, Zuo Mo's dream is to earn money, and lots of it through being a spiritual plant farmer. A chance occurrence reveals that someone powerful had changed Zuo Mo's features and erased his mind. The money grubbing zombie decides to set out on a journey of cultivation to find out answers. Fate colludes with chance, the drums of war are beating, the ghost of his past is coming... ..

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

Chapter 79: Zuo Mo's Decision

Zuo Mo opened his eyes and instantly let out a wail of pain. His body felt like someone had taken a short blade and scraped all over. It was excruciatingly painful. Was he at home? What time was it? Zuo Mo struggled up while shaking his dizzy head.

He had gone to Dong Fu, and bought a lot of things. His gaze landed on the hundred treasures pouch. Right, and then after that? He had gone to the free market... ..

Zuo Mo's pupils suddenly shrunk. He remembered!

Yin beads! It was yin beads... .. those horrifyingly strong xiuzhe... ..

Zuo Mo reflexively touched himself. Even though his entire body was in pain, he was completely unharmed and wasn't lacking any arms or legs. He was still alive! He remembered he had suddenly fainted. What happened after that? How did he return to the Little West Wind Yard?

He didn't know. Did someone rescue him? This was the first idea that appeared in his head.

Even though he didn't know much, but he wasn't dumb. The forest of signs in the free market was enough to make him realize the value of the yin bead was much larger than he had imagined. Those people would have no reason to let him free. He hurried to flip through his hundred treasures pouch. When he saw the yin beads were still there, he was even more confused. He took a count and found that there were two less.

Whichever way he looked at it, it seemed strange.

He suddenly realized he could ask Pu Yao. That guy definitely would know what had happened.

When Zuo Mo entered the sea of consciousness, he was instantly shocked. The furiously dancing sea of flames of the past was now withered, the flames extremely weak like the embers left after a fire and could extinguish at any time. The two stars were unchanged, hanging like diamonds in the void. The sword river didn't change either, same as usual,

half of it icicles moving, half of it burning with water flames.

Why would it be like this?

Restraining the terror in his heart, Zuo Mo started to sprint in the direction that Pu Yao was usually at. He had a strong feeling inside that something major had definitely happened!

When he reached the stele and saw Pu Yao on top of the stele, he was dumbstruck. Pu Yao's face was without any color. He was like a statue as he sat, legs coiled, on the stele, motionless. Black clouds moved around his body.

"Pu!" Zuo Mo tried to control the terror inside and called out.

Pu Yao didn't respond. He was like a stone statue carved out of white marble.

Zuo Mo called a few more time. Pu Yao didn't seem to hear it.

Something definitely had happened!

Zuo Mo forced himself to calm down. He carefully thought back to what happened that day. Yin beads. And then he connected it to Pu Yao's present state. What happened that day, it was obvious... ..

In the eyes of high level xiuzhe, low level xiuzhe was like grass. When he had saw Xue Yun, he knew that he wouldn't be able to resolve it and that was why he decided to go all in. People would kill for even a low level talisman, how about the mysterious yin bead? Most of the yin beads he had were still present. That meant that those people hadn't got them.

Had it really been Pu Yao who saved him?

Zuo Mo almost couldn't believe it. Would Pu Yao be that kind? Yet this guess seemed to be the most reasonable one.

As to Pu Yao's sorry state right now, Zuo Mo wasn't certain. Was he wounded?

It seemed that it was quite serious... ..

Even that time Pu Yao had been wounded by Xin Yan Shibo, he hadn't

been this weak. Looking dazedly at Pu Yao, who was completely lifeless, Zuo Mo suddenly thought, would Pu Yao just die like this? But for some unknown reason, he pushed down the idea. This thought made him feel slightly terrified. Terrified that Pu Yao would disappear like this? Wasn't that what he had been hoping all this time?

Looking at the lifeless Pu Yao, Zuo Mo's eyes became murky.

He closed his eyes. A beat later, he opened them again.

Ge wouldn't owe anyone!

He was only paying back the other for saving his life, Zuo Mo told himself.

For some unknown reason, when he made this decision, the terror inside suddenly stopped.

Raising his head to glance at the statue-like Pu Yao, Zuo Mo took a deep breath. He started to think back to every detail of his interactions with Pu Yao, hoping to find a way to help him.

The first thing he thought about was [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. Pu Yao had been constantly tempting or forcing him to practice [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. Zuo Mo remembered very clearly, it had been when he had broken through to one breath that the flame sea in his consciousness had become vigorous. Looking at the weak flames that were so weak now that it seemed as though they would extinguish at any time, Zuo Mo felt these crimson flames should have a very close relationship with Pu Yao.

The second was jingshi. Pu Yao always needed a lot of jingshi. The great majority of Zuo Mo's jingshi would end up in Pu Yao's hands. Zuo Mo had always been slightly amazed by the great appetite Pu Yao had towards jingshi. Even though Zuo Mo didn't know where Pu Yao spent the jingshi but it was clear that jingshi was very important to Pu Yao. Maybe it helped Pu Yao somehow.

And then it was yin energy. Zuo Mo could still see the picture of Pu Yao furiously taking in yin energy on that trip to the sword cave. Zuo Mo felt

that, for Pu Yao, yin energy was something enriching and should help him.

After a long time, Zuo Mo concluded these three points. In these three, the most difficult was yin energy. To take in yin energy, that needed going into the sword cave. When Pu Yao was conscious, entering the sword cave was just a matter of jingshi. But relying just on Zuo Mo, the difficulty of entering the sword cave was very high, and basically hopeless. Up until now, only Wei Sheng Shixiong had been allowed by the sect into the sword cave. For everyone else, even though Zuo Mo had comprehended the Li water sword essence and showed his talent, the elders in the sect didn't even mention it.

Zuo Mo put his attention on the first two points. In his perspective, those two were more practical.

He decided to go to the rock room to meditate and practice [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. Just as he was preparing to leave, he saw from the mirror that he hadn't changed his appearance back. He hurriedly washed away the disguise on his face. If someone came in right now, that would be bad.

It had been a very long time since Zuo Mo had been so focused when he was practicing [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. Even though he still persisted in practicing it everyday, but he didn't put much thought into it. Now that he really paid attention, he instantly found many places he was unclear about but had dismissed usually. He couldn't help but feel guilty and reflect on himself. It was like he had gone back to the time before he had broken through to one breath as he furiously started to study this cryptic and dull scripture.

People were always like this. When they needed time, they would find that time was abnormally slippery. If one wasn't careful, it would slip away.

Coming out of his meditation state, the sky was already dark. Zuo Mo went to take a look at the sea of consciousness. The flames were still very weak and didn't seem to have visibly changed. It seemed that it needed a long-term effort, he thought inside.

Leaving the consciousness, he started to sort out the ling herbs that he had bought in Dong Fu. These raw materials had been for him to experiment with the water method and to earn some jingshi. He hadn't thought that they would be useful so early. Before, Zuo Mo had only wanted to experiment with making dan using the water method. But he was now abnormally serious. In his speculations, jingshi was one of the most important. He didn't know what help jingshi gave Pu Yao but it was one of the few things he could do.

Zuo Mo couldn't help but grimace. It seemed that in his life, making jingshi was an eternal problem!

Throwing away that thought, he started to follow the instructions on Elder Wei Nan's jade scrolls and prepare the ingredients.

The water method and the fire method were as different as the earth and sky. It was the first time Zuo Mo had come into contact with many of these things. But luckily, he had some dan-making experience now. Before, the experience of making so many golden crow pills had also given him a lot of experience. The language that Elder Wei Nan's jade scroll was written in was straight and clear, without any flourishes. It wasn't hard for Zuo Mo to understand.

This was also why Zuo Mo would always feel his mind expand and be entrance when he browsed Elder Wei Nan's jade scrolls, yet when he read [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], it was like his intestines were turned inside out and he felt that death would be welcome.

Zuo Mo studied the basic steps in the water method many times. Even though he wasn't totally familiar, he wasn't unfamiliar with it. The uniqueness of the water method laid in that it required making a "dan embryo". The lingdan would be raised in the dan embryo. The process was like people during pregnancy, extremely miraculous.

The most important step of the water method was to use spells and ling energy as channels, all kinds of materials and ling grasses as the flesh in order to form a dan embryo. It would not just directly decide whether a dan would form, but any little difference could cause the dan that would

be formed to be completely different.

This was one of the important reasons that the water method wasn't as popular as the fire method. It was even hard to grasp the patterns and trends involved.

For Zuo Mo, this was undoubtedly a new challenge. Luckily, his present cultivation was much higher than Elder Wei Nan when he had first tried the water method. The writings of Elder Wei Nan was extremely detailed. Many important parts, he had repeated and narrated it over. And Zuo Mo had one advantage that Elder Wei Nan didn't have. Zuo Mo had spiritual power. His consciousness, not just Elder Wei Nan, but the shixiong in the sect wouldn't be as strong as him. The benefits of using his consciousness had been crucial when he had been using the fire method.

Taking the ling grasses and herbs he had prepared, he went next to the ling spring in the rock room. The ling spring was extremely cold and was near the ling vein. After so many years, the ling energy in the spring was extremely dense. Along the way, Zuo Mo inspected the ice cloud grass that was being grown in it. Seeing that its growth was very good, he put it to the side.

Focusing, Zuo Mo's hands was like snowflakes flying in the air.

Some strangely shaped character seals that glowed slightly flew out of his hands and entered the ling spring. When those glowing character seals entered the ling spring, it was like there was a natural attraction between them and they slowly crowded together.

Zuo Mo stared with wide eyes unblinkingly, the speed of his hands not slowing down.

As Zuo Mo's finger motions changed, the glowing character seals in the ling spring slowly moved. Like putting together puzzle pieces, the character seals slowly combined together.

Two whole hours, and Zuo Mo was soaked in sweat, mist coming off his body. His eyes didn't dare to move away. With the finger motions that kept on changing, Zuo Mo's fingers were extremely sore. But he could only grit his teeth and bear it. If he was the slightest bit lacking in attention, it

meant that all his effort would be wasted.

When the last glowing character seal went in, a steady “embryo frame” took form. A light blue light suddenly appeared and flashed around the surface of the seal characters!

Zuo Mo didn't dare to hesitate. Without any time to wipe away the sweat, he used a specialized spell to add in the pre-prepared materials.

A while later, a light blue spherical dan embryo quietly floated in the ling spring.

Chapter 80: A Transformation On the Gravestone

Five days of rest passed in the blink of an eye.

Waiting for Xin Yan Shibo's harsh training, Zuo Mo accidentally found out that Shibo had left on other matters and his training would be temporarily halted. Without anything else to do Zuo Mo could only go to find Master, but strangely, she was also absent. He quickly discovered that the sect leader was not present, and neither was Yan Le shibo.

What had happened?

Of course, Zuo Mo didn't know that Pu Yao's exceptionally strong display completely shocked Sky Moon Jie. One encounter, five jindan masters, one dead, one wounded, and three fled. Such terrifying strength, it was shocking to hear about. Jindan level xiuzhe, in Sky Moon Jie they were high level masters that could be ranked and counted, but they were so weak against that person. This incident also was connected to many sensitive matters. Bright Wave Jie quickly responded. Almost all the high level xiuzhe in Sky Moon Jie cooperated fully, and Wu Kong Sword Sect naturally couldn't stay out of it.

Even without Xin Yan Shibo's supervision, Zuo Mo didn't dare to relax. If he didn't practice [Vajra Profound Sutra], the one who would suffer would be him.

He decided to stay in the Little West Wind Yard and focus on cultivating.

Pu Yao was still a statue, motionless. The flames in the sea of consciousness were still very weak, as though they would extinguish at any time.

Only a few days later did Zuo Mo, from the sound tablet, learn that Dong Fu had almost been flipped on its head, and learn what Pu Yao really did. When he heard of the dark red flame, he knew undoubtedly that it was Pu Yao. This guy didn't even inform him before taking control of his body! Zuo Mo felt hatred. And Pu Yao's glorious victory of one against five made

his jaw drop.

Stars in Daylight, a strong and mysterious fire xiu, the long-lost yin bead... ..

A string of complex incidents made Sky Moon Jie abnormally lively.

But these didn't have much to do with Zuo Mo now. Right now, he didn't dare to run out. If someone accidentally found out... .. he shuddered at this thought. He docilely stayed in the little yard, working hard on [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] and [Vajra Profound Sutra]. Compared to profound and cryptic [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], [Vajra Profound Sutra] progressed much more quickly. Zuo Mo could clearly feel his body was much stronger than before, even though he still looked thin and weak on the surface.

There wasn't any movement from the dan embryo in the ling spring. Master's ban hadn't been raised so he could not go to the dan room of Fragrant Ginger Yard to make dan.

But, all things considered, it was actually good. He could sort out and reflect on everything that happened recently. He hadn't had the time to look at the jade scroll that Li Ying Feng Shijie had given him before about jinzhi. He could take the time now to study it. The jinzhi in West Wind Valley needed to be constructed again. Otherwise, if the rock cave was accidentally discovered, it would be a huge blow to him.

To learn jinzhi, that required learning formations. Formations was something every cultivator had to learn. Forging, dan-making, seal writing etc etc. All of those were related to formations. The disciples of the large sects would start learning formations in lianqi in order to form a strong foundation for their road of cultivation. But for small sects, it was basically very hard to accomplish this, Wu Kong Sword Sect included.

After experimenting for a few days, Zuo Mo raised the jinzhi again.

After he just finished constructing the jinzhi, he saw a pink paper crane flying out of the sky.

"Ye, I've been very bored recently."

“You need to find something to do.”

“But I don’t know what to find to do. What does ye do every day?”

“Cultivate.”

“Cultivating every day, how boring must that be. Other than cultivation? What else does ye do every day?”

Other than cultivation? Zuo Mo was stuck. Other than cultivating, what else did he do? He thought for a second and then wrote “Make dan.”

“Ye is so boring.”

Zuo Mo suddenly was slightly irritated. Barely restraining the irritation, he wrote three words “Yes, very boring.”

After a while, there finally wasn’t any paper crane that was flying over. Zuo Mo released a breath. It seemed the other person had been adequately blown away by his bland response. He returned to the stone room and started his boring cultivation.

In the rock room, Zuo Mo opened his eyes. His progress in [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was extremely slow recently. It still seemed very far away from reaching third breath.

He entered the sea of consciousness, wanting to check on Pu Yao. Pu Yao was still motionless like a statue. Zuo Mo didn’t know what to do. His own strength was extremely small. He wanted to help but had no method of helping.

He was preparing to leave when he suddenly stopped in his steps.

He abruptly turned and stared in disbelief at the gravestone under Pu Yao – there were words on the gravestone!

There were words on the gravestone, before, he could only barely make it out, but never had he seen it clearly. But this time, he saw it clearly! He hurriedly went closer, inspecting the words on the gravestone. But after a few seconds, he was struck dumb.

What was written on the gravestone was none other than [Vajra Profound Sutra]. After practicing [Vajra Profound Sutra] these recent days,

he was extremely familiar with the entire scripture. After reading a few lines, he realized what it was.

Why would [Vajra Profound Sutra] be on this?

Zuo Mo found it very strange. If it had been some cryptic and profound scripture carved on here, he wouldn't be shocked. [Vajra Profound Sutra] wasn't some high level scripture. Zuo Mo himself guessed that it would be third grade. Such a mysterious gravestone having [Vajra Profound Sutra] on it really was a strange and puzzling thing.

Pushing down on the curiosity inside, he read it down character by character.

Quickly, he discovered something. This [Vajra Profound Sutra] was slightly different from the [Vajra Profound Sutra] that he was practicing right now. Some places, there were additions, some places, some things were changed.

Was this the true [Vajra Profound Sutra]?

Zuo Mo couldn't understand. [Vajra Profound Sutra] wasn't a high level scripture. Even if it was modified, it couldn't possibly become a high level scripture.

As he thought, Zuo Mo smiled self-mockingly. He was really too greedy. For a long time, the gravestone had been mysterious in Zuo Mo's eyes. He had unconsciously assumed that if this gravestone was connected to a scripture, it would certainly be a strong and profound scripture. So when he saw [Vajra Profound Sutra] on it, he was shocked.

Thinking about it, he decided to memorize the [Vajra Profound Sutra] on the gravestone.

When he finished memorizing the text, a scene that made him gape in shock occurred. The characters on the gravestone suddenly disappeared. The black clouds that had dissipated quietly gathered again and once again shrouded the gravestone.

Was it... ... this gravestone was telling him that he was practicing [Vajra Profound Sutra] wrong? He shook his head hard and threw such the

strange notion to the back of his head. In any case, it was normal for anything related to Pu Yao to be strange.

Leaving the sea of consciousness, it was like Zuo Mo was enchanted as he started to study the two different [Vajra Profound Sutra].

The gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra] was only different in five places from his previous version. Just five places. These five places, he studied for a long time, and made a very startling conclusion. The difference in these five sentences, it let this [Vajra Profound Sutra] walk onto two different roads.

Other than shock, Zuo Mo felt it was expected. If there wasn't a difference, he would actually find it strange.

But after a deeper examination, Zuo Mo was shocked once again.

Because he found, the gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra] wasn't as good as the [Vajra Profound Sutra] that he was practicing!

Zuo Mo was slightly unable to accept this conclusion.

Pu Yao was an antique, but what he gave, like [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], it could be seen it was a high level thing. The gravestone that appeared together with him, how can it give a [Vajra Profound Sutra] that wasn't good as the normal version?

Zuo Mo didn't believe it. He continued his examination.

There wasn't much complex content in [Vajra Profound Sutra]. The main focus of the entire text was to cultivate the body. The method of the [Vajra Profound Sutra] Zuo Mo practiced wasn't complicated. It was using the ling energy inside the body to temper the body. And the gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra] was using the ling energy that was in the world to nurture the body.

Undoubtedly, the [Vajra Profound Sutra] that Zuo Mo was practicing was much more effective. Even in the rock room with the ling vein, the ling energy in the air was far from being able to compare to the pure ling energy in Zuo Mo's body. Even more, strengthening was much more effective than nurturing. And the strength of the body that was produced

by tempering was much better than a body that was nurtured.

What was this!

Zuo Mo felt that this was a joke. Was the gravestone joking with him? As he thought, he felt it was more and more likely. Otherwise, how would there be such a coincidence? He had just practiced [Vajra Profound Sutra] and then the gravestone showed [Vajra Profound Sutra]? Was it that Pu Yao wasn't as seriously wounded as he thought and was toying with him? Or Pu Yao was lying under the gravestone already? With Pu Yao's sense of humor, Zuo Mo wouldn't be surprised if he didn't do anything strange and preposterous.

Zuo Mo threw the gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra] to one side. Such an ineffective method, it was wasting time.

But the change in the gravestone aroused Zuo Mo's attention. Every day, he would go into the sea of consciousness multiple times to see if the gravestone had any new changes.

What he felt regretful about was, after that, the gravestone didn't change.

A quiet gravestone, a quiet Pu Yao... ..

Zuo Mo was slightly disappointed, but still persisted in practicing every day.

But every time he would practice [Vajra Profound Sutra], he would always unconsciously think about the five places that were different. Those five unfamiliar sentences were like a ghost haunting him, appearing in Zuo Mo's mind. Quite a few times, he had almost practiced the gravestone version but managed to stop himself.

Time was valuable. He couldn't deliberately waste it, Zuo Mo thought.

Practicing [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] finally showed hope for Zuo Mo. He had almost completely disregarded the furious increase in his cultivation in the recent days. Looking at the slightly more vigorous flames in his consciousness, his mind lightened.

It seemed he hadn't guessed wrong! He believed, as long as he persisted in practicing [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], there would be a day that Pu Yao would wake up!

In the recent days, all the elders of the sect were absent. Zuo Mo received a rare time of idleness. Each day, he cultivated and worked hard, time full and free.

After a few days, the lingdan in the ling spring would be complete. Zuo Mo now had a deep experience of how slow the water method was.

Suddenly, he heard someone yelling loudly outside the valley: "Zuo Shixiong, Zuo Shixiong!"

The voice was extremely frantic. Zuo Mo felt it was slightly unfamiliar. It should be one of the outer sect disciples.

His body flashed and he appeared at the mouth of the valley.

The heads of the outer sect disciples were pouring with sweat as they panted, expressions frantic. Seeing Zuo Mo, they instantly had a joyous expression.

"Shixiong! People have come to the sect to make a disturbance, and they wounded a few of the shidi!"

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Translator Ramblings:

Let's have a period of reflection here. Zuo Mo did a lot in the last 80 chapters. He became a ling plant farmer, entered zhuji and is now an inner sect disciple. He's made a lot of money with a dan that he managed to create himself. He learned dan-making, learned how to fight with a sword, managed to comprehend sword essence and learned about his past. He defeated Luo Li and established himself in the inner sect. The most important thing is that his income is several hundred times what it was at the beginning of the story.

Pu came in, "helped" Zuo Mo and is now unavailable. The situation in Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie is escalating and people are searching for the

wounded yaomo.

That's not too slow of a story for eighty chapters, right?

Chapter 81: Ling Ying Sect

When Zuo Mo rushed to the entrance of the mountain, he found the situation was much more serious than he had initially thought.

Two distinct groups of people surrounded the mountain gate. Zuo Mo's gaze swept across the crowd of people that caused the disturbance. The ones who aroused Zuo Mo's attention was one female and two males. The clothing and composure of those three were clearly different than the people behind them. When Zuo Mo saw Old Black had been wounded, the anger in his heart shot up.

In a stride, his body flashed and he appeared next to Old Black.

Blood was seeping out of the corners of Old Black's mouth, his expression was withered. When he saw Zuo Mo, joy made its way across his face.

"What happened?" Zuo Mo asked in a heavy voice.

The spirits of the Wu Kong Sword Sect's disciples rose when Zuo Mo appeared.

"Oh, finally, there's one that is willing to stand up," One of the two males among the trio who was wearing a grandiose blue ling armor said in a strange tone, "I had assumed that the inner sect disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect, are a group of turtles. Hey, kid, give us your name. Where's Wei Sheng, why hasn't he come out?"

Zuo Mo didn't pay attention to him, only looking at Old Black.

Old Black's face was full of bitterness, "They said they wanted to find Wei Sheng Shixiong to spar, but how can Wei Sheng come out? So they started making a ruckus. They said if Wei Sheng Shixiong isn't going to come out, they would ruin the ling fields here. Think about it, how could I let them ruin my ling fields?"

Zuo Mo took out a medicine pill from his clothes and shoved it to Old Black. He was a pupil of Shi Feng Rong, at the very least, he didn't lack medicine. The surrounding disciples all had admiring expressions. Putting

Old Black into the care of the outer sect disciples behind him, Zuo Mo turned around.

“So it’s a zombie face. Hey, you’re that Zuo Mo,” The male wearing the blue ling armor arrogantly wave a finger and said, “I heard that you are skilled at making dan. You won’t be enough, go find Wei Sheng. The first genius of Dong Fu, hiding? He really isn’t anything. Isn’t there also someone that was called something like Luo Li?”

“Which sect are you from? Zuo Mo calmly asked.

“Hee hee, we are from the Ling Ying Sect,” The one who answered was the only female among the three. She wore pink peach blossom armor. Her body was extremely graceful, sweet and youthful, lights flashing in her eyes. Almost all of the gazes of Wu Kong Sword Sect’s outer sect disciples were greedily locked on her. She wasn’t embarrassed, instead she was covered in smiles.

Zuo Mo had heard of the Ling Ying sect before, it was the wealthiest sect in Dong Fu. The sect had numerous enterprises, and the disciples they admitted were mostly those of wealthy families. Unlike Wu Kong Sword Sect, they had an astounding number of disciples. Just the number of zhuji disciples in Ling Ying Sect was over eighty people. This number threw Wu Kong Sword Sect far behind them. They were first among Dong Fu. However, the reputation of the zhuji disciples of Ling Ying Sect were extremely bad. What they liked to do the most was causing trouble. Many of them had a strong family background and would cause trouble in other sects yet the other sects could only bear it.

They formed groups and made trouble everywhere. Because they consumed ling medicines from childhood, the progression of their cultivation was much faster than normal disciples. And because they were covered in talismans, if fighting occurred and they threw it down, how could normal disciples win? And if the other was stronger than them, then they would attack at once. After a while, lower level xiuzhe would walk around them.

But they were also smart and would never provoke those truly strong

people such as Yu Bai.

They had heard that a strong person had come out of Wu Kong Sword sect called Wei Sheng. He had been labeled by many as a once in a hundred years genius. They naturally wouldn't dare to cause trouble at large sects such as Dong Fu Hall and Dong Qi Sword Sect. But this Wu Kong Sword Sect, they had never heard of it before. A small sect like this, they weren't afraid at all. Due to the fact that Dong Fu had been very lively this recent while, the elders of all the sects had almost all left. Such a good chance, how could they give it up?

Before coming, they had especially done research. In this generation of Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples, the most famous was two people. The first was Wei Sheng, the second was Zuo Mo, who was skilled in dan-making. But no one had ever seen how strong Wei Sheng was. This made them even more certain that Wei Sheng only had an inflated reputation. As to Zuo Mo, a dan-maker, what waves could he make? Other than that, there was someone called Luo Li, but he was supposedly average.

There were three people, the one wearing the blue ling armor was called Yan Ming Zi. The other wearing an eye-catching bright red ling armor was called Hu Shan. The name of the female wearing the pink peach blossom ling armor was called Tao Zhu Er.

"Oh," Zuo Mo expressionlessly responded. He then turned to ask Old Black, "Who wounded you?"

"Haha, there's no need to ask, ye did it," Yan Ming Zi said disdainfully, "You should go get Wei Sheng to come out. You only make dan, ye is almost embarrassed... .."

The voice suddenly stopped.

Yan Ming Zi stared with slight shock at Zuo Mo. In his eyes, this little zombie in front of him seemed to suddenly change into a completely different person. That feeling... .. it was like a sword that was now unsheathed... ..

It wasn't the first time that Yan Ming Zi fought and caused trouble. He was very experienced.

He dropped his mirthful expression, and said somewhat seriously, “Hadn’t thought that I would not see clearly. You are actually a master!” The other two were also surprised. The presence Zuo Mo exuded definitely didn’t seem like a cultivator who was obsessed with dan-making would have. But the two weren’t very worried. They had hung out on the streets for this long and the number of hard bones they had encountered couldn’t be counted. Many people were more powerful than them, but weren’t they all defeated in the end? Even more, this little zombie had lower cultivation than them.

Zuo Mo didn’t waste words and raised his ice crystal sword.

“Ha! You are really poor!” Yan Ming Zi roared with laughter and said with a smug face, “Take a look at ye’s flying sword!”

The sword was three feet, shaped like an elongated water droplet. The body of the sword was like the surface of a pond, dark and the bottom unfathomable. Occasionally, a streak of light would flash past and display the extravagance.

“The sword’s name is Water Drop, third-grade, and the highest quality of water element flying sword,” He examined Zuo Mo and shook his head, “Everything on your body isn’t even worth a fraction of this flying sword,”

Zuo Mo completely lost the desire to converse with the other. Without another word, he attacked first.

[Flowing Water] of [Li Water Sword Scripture]!

An invisible ripple spread out in front of Zuo Mo. The ice crystal sword seemed to disappear and then appeared out of nowhere in front of Yan Ming Zi.

Yan Ming Zi only seemed to see a blur before the other’s flying sword suddenly was in front of him. The sword essence contained in the tip of the sword was so sharp he almost couldn’t keep his eyes open. He jumped in fright. He hurriedly manipulated his flying sword to parry. The other’s flying sword seemed abnormal slippery and with a smooth curve, it nimbly avoided his flying sword and came straight at him.

Yan Ming Zi was in a panic but his battle experience was much richer. He knew that the other's flying sword wasn't as good as his and decided to go for a frontal encounter.

Zuo Mo snorted coldly. It might have been that he had interacted for too long with Pu Yao that his snort was very similar. He knew what the other was thinking. However, the quality of his ice crystal sword was far lesser than the other. If the two hit, the one who would suffer would be him. He only had this flying sword. If it was damaged here, the sect definitely wouldn't give him another one for free.

But Zuo Mo's skill with [Li Water Sword Scripture] was far better than in the past. The teachings of Xin Yan Shibo had covered many of his shortcomings. The [Li Water Sword Scripture] that he casted now was smooth and flowing, almost traceless.

The sword scripture that the other used was also abnormally special but it was clear that the other hadn't focused on practicing it. He wasn't able to capture the essence of many of the details. Based on the details, the other's sword scripture was slightly above [Li Water Sword Scripture]. Zuo Mo couldn't help but shake his head. Such a good sword scripture, but the other didn't know to treasure it. He was also extremely tempted by the other's flying sword. In comparison, his ice crystal sword was extremely cheap. In reality, what Zuo Mo minded the most was the other's water drop sword was just perfect for [Li Water Sword Scripture].

His ice crystal sword was appropriate for Xin Yan Shibo's sword essence but wasn't suited for [Li Water Sword Scripture]. Zuo Mo had been thinking for a long time about obtaining a flying sword suited for [Li Water Sword Scripture].

His heart moved and he couldn't help but have an idea.

The ice crystal sword became even harder to follow. His sword moves still followed the path of entangling and intricacies. But in all of this, there was a slight hint of explosiveness, and was full of murderous intent. This little bit of explosiveness caused Yan Ming Zi to feel the pressure had increased greatly. This dissonant feeling made him extremely

uncomfortable!

Hu Shan and Tao Zhu Er's faces were full of surprise. Yan Ming Zi was in a disadvantageous position.

They had to reexamine Zuo Mo.

"This Zuo Mo is pretty strong," Tao Zhu Er's voice held surprise, "Different than the rumors. Didn't they say he was skilled in dan-making?"

"The information on Wu Kong Sword Sect is already very pitifully little. How could we have researched that clearly?" Hu Shan said unconcernedly. Even though he was surprised, but he was only just surprised.

"If Zuo Mo could have this kind of strength, then how strong would Wei Sheng be?" Tao Zhu Er wondered.

Hu Shan smirked, "It doesn't matter how strong they are. They have become too well-known recently. Many of the shixiong and shijie have noticed them. Supposedly, the shishu also do not have good feelings about Wu Kong Sword Sect,"

Tao Zhu Er smiled, "Yes, Dong Fu is only this big. A new one that is coming to divide it, how could the miserly shishu of the sect be willing?"

Hu Shan said indifferently, "In any case, it isn't our problem. But I heard that their elders are pretty strong,"

"They're strong, but are they as strong as jingshi?" Tao Zhu Er gave a light laugh.

"Haha, right!" Hu Shan laughed.

As the two talked, the battle situation changed.

Yan Ming Zi suddenly didn't dodge anymore. The ice crystal sword pierced his ling armor. It gave a clear ring but didn't leave a mark on the ling arm. Zuo Mo couldn't help but pause. During his period of distraction, Yan Ming Zi's water drop sword suddenly attacked.

It was like an icy water sword. Zuo Mo hurriedly turned his body. He felt a gust of coldness brush past his arm!

“Haha! Just a second grade flying sword, how can it break through my black water ling armor?” Yan Ming Zi laughed smugly, his sword presence become even more bold!

Tao Zhu Er didn't seem surprised at the scene occurring and felt it was boring. She couldn't help but say, “Only knowing to use status to bully others, it's so boring,” As she talked, she organized the petals on her peach blossom ling armor.

A smirk was on Hu Shan's face as he watched the ice crystal sword strike Yan Ming Zi's ling armor again.

It was useless, don't you understand? If you want to blame someone, just blame it on the fact you weren't born into a good family. He looked with some sympathy at Zuo Mo.

Yan Ming Zi didn't seemed to have any hint of dodging. He was very confident in the ling armor he was wearing.

But when the soft and weak ice crystal sword just touched the black water ling armor, a change suddenly happened!

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Translator Ramblings: It is 灵英. The ling is the same ling for ling energy. Ying is used for hero, bravery and also England due to the sound.

Chapter 82: If People Don't Get Ill-gotten Gains, They Won't Be Rich!

A burst of dense sword essence flowed into the ling armor and silently snuck into Yan Ming Zi's body.

Yan Ming Zi only felt an extremely cold needle suddenly burrow into his body. His body instantly froze.

Light flashed in Zuo Mo's eyes as he found the opportunity he had been waiting for. With a short bark, he started [Vajra Profound Sutra] silently. A faint layer of gold suddenly floated on his sky. His legs suddenly pushed and like an arrow, his body shot out!

Yan Ming Zi's expression suddenly changed. But his body was still frozen. What spell was this?

Zuo Mo's goal wasn't Yan Ming Zi but the now uncontrolled water drop sword that was floating mid-air!

It really was a good sword!

The gold glowing right hand grasped the handle of the water drop sword and the ling energy inside his body flooded inside the water drop sword.

As expected! Joy made its way inside Zuo Mo's heart.

The other hadn't put much effort into imprinting the sword. The bit of consciousness inside the water drop sword was pitifully weak. Zuo Mo easily erased it. The water drop sword shook two times in Zuo Mo's hand before becoming motionless. It took a lot of time and countless effort to slowly imprint a flying sword before it would be easily controlled, and also, to not be easily stolen by others. Some strong people would construct layers of jinzhi inside the sword. If a person would try to steal the sword like Zuo Mo did, they would be wounded instead.

But Zuo Mo had guessed that this person wouldn't spend a lot of time imprinting the flying sword. He had guessed correctly.

This change occurred very quickly, so quickly everyone gaped, the

surroundings deadly silent.

Yan Ming Zi was dumbstruck. He had never thought that the other person was targeting his water drop sword! When he felt the connection he had to the water drop sword disappear, his expression changed dramatically.

Zuo Mo contently put the water drop sword in the hundred treasures pouch at his waist. His mood was great. He assumed a proper composure as he said to Yan Ming Zi, "This sword, it will count as the price you pay for offending our sect. Next time, don't do something as silly as this." What he had just used was the tidal sword essence of Xin Yan Shibo, extremely yin and extremely cold. Without any defenses, Yan Ming Zi had taken a huge blow.

"You you you... .." Yan Ming Zi's finger shook as he pointed at Zuo Mo, his face pale, so angry he couldn't talk. But he didn't have the water drop sword anymore and couldn't do anything to Zuo Mo.

"Haha! This is so funny!" Hu Shan laughed heartlessly, covering his stomach. He was laughing so hard he almost couldn't breathe, "Old Yan, haha, it's so funny! Even your sword was stolen, Old Yan, you're definitely the first in our sect!"

"Hee hee! Brother Yan, you're too amusing!" Tao Zhu Er laughed, looking like a flower and unable to stop.

"I I I... .." Yan Ming Zi didn't know what to say. But when he saw Zuo Mo's eyes sweep across the ling armor on his body over and over, his heart jumped and he hurried back a few steps. He had lost in a muddle. Even now, he didn't understand why he had suddenly froze. What spell had the other used?

Today, he really had been humiliated. Yan Ming Zi's heart bled blood. The sound of Hu Shan and Tao Zhu Er's laughter was abnormally dissonant. He had lost great face. Even if they would defeat Zuo Mo together and he would take back the water drop sword, when they returned, Hu Shan and Tao Zhu Er would certainly spread this incident far and wide.

If the sword was lost, then it was lost. But if this incident passed back to the sect, he wouldn't be able to keep his head up ever again.

He wasn't someone kind. He was angrier at Hu Shan and Tao Zhu Er than at Zuo Mo. He was very shocked at Zuo Mo's skills. He couldn't understand at all. He looked at the two people who were bent over in laughter and smirked inside. Those two definitely wouldn't have detected what had happened. The paralysis just now, it was completely silent, without a hint of warning.

After thinking it through, he calmed down. He purposefully said in an enraged voice, "Hu Shan, haven't you been yearning for my blue three-eyed python? If you take back water drop sword for me, I'll give it to you!"

Hu Shan didn't laugh anymore. He tilted his head, and seriously looked at Yan Ming Zi, "Really?"

Yan Ming Zi smirked inside. On the surface, he nodded rapidly, "Of course, with Tao Zhu Er as witness, will I not pay up?"

"Okay!" Hu Shan's face was happy as he sniffed, "Old Yan, you couldn't even beat trash like this, you have really deteriorated. You have to practice more. Otherwise, when I bring you out to make trouble, wouldn't you lose the face of our Ling Ying Sect?"

Yan Ming Zi hated Hu Shan for saying such ugly words. Inside, he hoped for Zuo Mo to turn Hu Shan to minced meat. His mouth went, "Wait until you get water drop sword back before you waste words."

Hu Shan took a step out and smiled widely at Zuo Mo, "You're an interesting guy! If you obediently give up the water drop sword, I'll let you go once!"

The meat that reached his mouth, there wasn't a reason to spit it out. Zuo Mo was too lazy to respond to him. He examined Hu Shan. He suddenly discovered this was a glittering golden road to becoming rich! That water drop sword, it was extremely expensive. Don't think that Zuo Mo had more money after learning to make dan, but if this water drop sword was in the talismans stores of Dong Fu, Zuo Mo could only look at it. He definitely couldn't afford it!

Now, it had landed in his wallet. If he converted it to jingshi... ..

He suddenly realized, what was faster than taking something? What was more enjoyable than justifiably stealing something?

Zuo Mo reached out with a hand. The ice crystal sword once again came in front of him. He said in a righteous voice, “You dare to bully us Wu Kong! One on one, your Ling Ying Sect, ge really isn’t afraid.” The disciples behind Zuo Mo looked with admiration at him.

As expected, when he provoked them, Hu Shan’s expression wasn’t happy, “Humph, the bottom of the barrel and really think you are something! I had originally thought to let you off, but since you didn’t realize”

A dash of silver light flash in the air and landed in front of Hu Shan.

“Coward! Dare to use an ambush!” Hu Shan was both shocked and angry. A Blazing Sabre appeared in his hand!

Flames danced wildly along the long blade of the sabre, burning fiercely. Even far away, Zuo Mo felt the incoming heat.

It was another good talisman!

Zuo Mo’s eyes turned red. This blazing sabre, it definitely was the highest quality of the third grade and wasn’t lower than the water drop sword he had just taken. He hurriedly moved the ice crystal sword away. Water and fire opposed each other and depended on which was stronger. Zuo Mo was certain that if he wasn’t careful and was trapped by the other’s flame, the ice crystal sword would probably melt into a puddle of water.

He had heard before that the scriptures of Ling Ying Sect was extremely broad. He hadn’t thought that they would have something as rare as a sabre scripture. The great majority of the sects in Sky Moon Jie were based primarily on cultivating the sword. It was very rare to find xiuzhe that practiced the sabre.

The other’s blazing sabre carelessly swiped, and there would be a burst of hot flame and air that opposed him. The road that [Li Water Sword

Scripture]walked was the one of lightness and careful intricacies. However, the difference between the two talismans was too great. The ice crystal sword basically couldn't go near the other and so the sword scripture naturally wasn't effective.

The ling armor on the other's body was also unordinary. Red light flashed, and made Hu Shan look like a god in a mortal world.

"Ha ha! Weren't you acting brave just now? Be brave!" Hu Shan laughed, extremely pleased. The sabre presence on his hand roiled and waves of flames chased after Zuo Mo as he jumped and dodged.

Shock was on the faces of all the Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples and they all retreated. The fire wave from Hu Shan's blazing sabre was extremely hot. Everywhere it went, it left behind scorch marks.

As they said, people died for wealth, birds died for food! Zuo Mo tragically thought as his brain calculated rapidly. The other's sabre scripture was clearly less than Yan Ming Zi's sword scripture, but in cooperation with this high quality blazing sabre, the power was astounding!

Good sabre, good sabre!

Zuo Mo's eyes was so red fire could shoot out as he made a sorry figure dodging about.

The other's sabre presence wasn't fierce enough. Otherwise, the fire waves could continuously come and Zuo Mo wouldn't be able to avoid it.

It wasn't that Zuo Mo didn't have a solution, but that solution... ..

Gritting his teeth, he decided to go through with it! But, even if he was going all in, he had to earn back his cost. As he jumped and dodged, his eyes scanned the other's body, looking for a target. When his eyes landed on the jade pendant that was hanging from the other's ways, his eyes couldn't help but light up!

Good talisman!

The jade pendant was of an old style of construction, the entire body

constructed by a kind of red jade. There wasn't any impurities in the red. A black bead was encrusted in the middle. There were a few formations carved on the jade pendant. Zuo Mo recognized one of them. It was called a streaming fire core management formation. This was a formation that could increase the wearer's sensitivity to fire, and also increase their control over fire. The streaming fire core management formation was extremely useful. For low level xiuzhe, it was something out of their dreams. However, the requirements for making the streaming fire core management formation were extremely strict. Zuo Mo couldn't bear to use it on a regular basis. This jade pendant was able to have a streaming fire core management formation, it's quality wasn't ordinary!

Zuo Mo deeply realized a phrase—when the profit was large enough, it was enough for people to risk it!

All in!

Zuo Mo made the decision and quickly calmed down. He needed to find a chance to knock out his opponent in one blow.

The waves of fire turned. The flames on the body of the sabre didn't seem as though they would become weaker. Hu Shan was completely protected by layers of flames. Zuo Mo couldn't get near.

Zuo Mo was extremely sneaky. The waves of fire didn't even touch his hair. Hu Shan became slightly fidgety and the sabre presence was even more rushed!

This group of people, they really were wasting good things!

Zuo Mo's heart was full of scorn. Such a good sabre, landing in the hands of these people, it was a pearl in the hands of swine. The other's sabre presence sped up. It seemed more dangerous but Zuo Mo could detect that the other wasn't able to control all of it. After Zuo Mo had comprehended Xin Yan Shibo's tidal sword essence, his perception of presence had become extremely sensitive. Due to his long term practice of comprehending li water sword essence, it had deepened his understanding of presence.

It was the same rationale for sword and sabre essence. What they were

after was strength used appropriately. It wasn't the energy used was more, the presence stronger, and so the power would always be greater.

This was a chance!

Zuo Mo's pupils suddenly shrunk. He accurately caught the other's minor weakness. Having waited for a long time, he instantly acted!

The ice crystal sword that had been swimming beside him like a fish gave out a light sound. Travelling along the spot where the layers of fire were the thinnest, it pushed in strongly.

Halfway, the ice crystal sword turned into an extremely cold stream of water. This wasn't due to being melted by the fire but the result of Zuo Mo actively and furiously pushing ling energy in – metamorphosis! Metamorphosis was an upper level trick of sword scriptures. Xin Yan Shibo's ice dragon was a high level metamorphosis of his sword.

Zuo Mo's power right now wasn't enough for metamorphosis. Just having touched sword essence, he could only use the dumbest and the simplest way. That was, putting large amounts of ling energy into the flying sword, pushing it to turn back to its original form and stimulating the power of its origins. It could only count as the lowest type of metamorphosis.

Basically, no one would use this kind of metamorphosis, because after doing it, the flying sword was ruined. This was also why Zuo Mo had hesitated for so long.

But after balancing the benefits and costs, he still decided to use this move.

After making the decision, he didn't have any hesitations, no pauses.

He had been preparing for a long time, acting it out repeatedly inside. How could he not have any chance of success?

The ice crystal sword, now a stream of cold water, pushed through the layers of fire as its power increased. The cold energy was enough to freeze the surrounding flames.

Hu Shan's face paled. He furiously moved the blazing sword, waves of fire continuously forming in hopes that they would block this extremely cold water.

However, Zuo Mo had planned for such a long time, had even paid the price of ruining the ice crystal sword, how could he stop there?

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Translator Ramblings: I feel that flying sword is a bit of a misnomer. Of course, the thing is shaped like a sword/ jian but people never use it to slice and chop people up. They spew really powerful energy attacks. Also, this chapter had a super-long title. Essentially "get rich by robbing others!"

Chapter 83: Brute Force

Just as Hu Shan was furiously waving the blazing sabre, the cold water that had pierced the flames suddenly exploded, turning into seven streams and landing around Hu Shan. The seven streams were thin, filled with a white cold energy. They revolved rapidly, hissing as they moved.

[Seven Whirlpools]!

Seven bunches of cold energy and sword energy formed whirlpools. They were like the pillars of a cage, imprisoning Hu Shan.

The whirlpools were moving shocking fast, like a miniature tornado. It had a strong suction power. Everywhere it went, the layers of flames were consumed so nothing was left.

Shock appeared on Tao Zhu Er and Yan Ming Zi's faces as they stared in disbelief at the battle. The other sect disciples who were behind Zuo Mo were extremely excited and were intoxicated by the fight.

Terror made its way onto Hu Shan's face!

Surrounding him, seven groups of water and fire entwined to become long whirlpools. They were like seven thin pillars that securely trapped him. The bang and hiss of water and fire meeting signaled just how unstable it was and expressed the terrifying power that was in them!

"No!"

Hu Shan shouted in hopelessness, his left hand quickly going into the hundred treasures pouch at his waist!

Boom!

The seven fire and water whirlpools exploded at the same time. The pitiful Hu Shan, who just had taken out an armor seal, was swallowed by countless flames and tiny icicles!

The explosion dissipated, leaving behind smoke which faded as people made out Hu Shan's state. That grandiose red ling armor was now dim and dirty, a layer of ash over the top. There were many small marks on the

surface of the ling armor. Hu Shan's tied up hair had been blown into a bird's nest, his face ashy and black. Some strands of lingering smoke rose up from his face and head. The flame had completely disappeared from the blazing sabre on his hand, nothing remaining of the presence it previously had. His right hand holding the bottom half of an armor seal that he didn't have the time to use.

His entire person was charred like burnt wood.

The jade pendant actually hadn't been damaged at all!

Zuo Mo released a breath. He silently started [Vajra Profound Sutra] and cautiously walked in front of Hu Shan. Glancing at Hu Shan and seeing that the other didn't seem to have responded, Zuo Mo wasn't courteous is taking off the red jade pendant at Hu Shan's face. After taking it, he looked with some regret at the blazing sabre on Hu Shan's hand and the ling armor on his body. Those two were also good things! However, Zuo Mo knew that people couldn't go over the line. Right now, he took the jade pendant. That was his prize for winning. It wasn't outrageous. However, if he cleaned off the other person, then he could just wait for them to come back and kill him.

Also, Zuo Mo didn't let down his defenses. His left hand had always been inside his own hundred treasure pouch, touching the water drop sword that he had just obtained. He hurriedly left behind his own imprint. Even though, in this short amount of time, he couldn't imprint the sword and could only leave behind the simplest impression, but the ice crystal sword had been destroyed and he had no weapon. The other was also not just one person.

"Ha ha!" Yan Ming Zi saw that Zuo Mo had taken Hu Shan's jade pendant and couldn't stop himself from laughing smugly. He was very clear just how much Hu Shan treasured his jade pendant! Seeing Hu Shan had lost more than time, his damage even greater, Yan Ming Zi recovered his sense of equilibrium. He didn't seem to find it so painful any more at losing the water drop sword.

Looking at Hu Shan's sorry state, Tao Zhu Er also couldn't stop herself

from giggling. But her eyes as she looked at Zuo Mo had some more shock and curiosity.

Hu Shan slowly came back. Seeing Zuo Mo right in front of him, hatred rose, and with a hateful shout, he raised the sabre to cleave the other in half.

Zuo Mo, who had already had his defenses up, attacked even more quickly. Light lightning, he reached out with his gold glowing right hand, and accurately grabbed Hu Shan's neck. Then he gave a hard pull... ..

Crack!

A muffled sound like a head hitting a rock.

Hiss, the sound of inhaled air rose in the surroundings. Everyone looked dazedly at Zuo Mo. Their mouths were wide. They had completely lost the ability to speak.

Still a little bit painful! Zuo Mo bared his teeth and then threw the unconscious Hu Shan on the ground. His right hand rubbed hard at his forehead. His forehead was perfectly unharmed, and on Hu Shan's forehead, a bloody flower was blooming.

How hard would he need to be before a flying sword couldn't wound him? Zuo Mo thought as he rubbed his glittering forehead. But he was quite satisfied. He hadn't wasted the pain and effort he put into training his body.

"Still want to fight?" He asked Tao Zhu Er.

In reality, when he asked this, he was not very confident. But his zombie face that could not show any emotion was like that of a skilled master. Additionally, Tao Zhu Er had completely been amazed by Zuo Mo's abnormal attack. At this time, she didn't know what to answer with.

"If you don't want to fight, take him away. Ge is very busy." Zuo Mo took the opportunity to stop the other's words. He waved his hand, turned and made to leave.

"Wait!" Tao Zhu Er suddenly called him.

Zuo Mo's heart jumped. Did she still want to fight? Right now, his flying sword had been destroyed. If he wanted to control the water drop sword as he wished, it couldn't be done in such a short amount of time as this. He had also used up the majority of ling energy in his body.

"What else do you want?" He turned and pretended to ask discontentedly.

"Wu Kong Sword Sect, as expected, is strong. But since you have put down a challenge of one on one, us Ling Ying Sect disciples will naturally battle to the end. In the future when we ask for guidance, please do not avoid." Tao Zhu Er stared at Zuo Mo and stated.

She had to admit they had been caught off guard today and lost to the other. But Zuo Mo's expression, which looked as though he didn't think anything of them, how could these arrogant and brash wastrels swallow it? However, if she had to go up, she didn't dare to. This person in front of her, she couldn't seem to see him clearly.

Especially Zuo Mo's last head attack... ..

Humph, humph, such a fun thing, how can it be just the three of them that played? Tao Zhu Er thought cunningly. She believed that many people in the sect would be interested.

At this time, Zuo Mo couldn't wait for those people to leave immediately. He didn't even think, waved his hand to send them away: "Fine!"

Finishing, he turned around. With the admiring gazes of the outer sect disciples behind him, he floated away. This time, he didn't hear Tao Zhu Er speak again. Zuo Mo finally released a breath.

Tao Zhu Er bit her lips. She had never been dismissed like this, had never been hurried away like this! Sometimes, the hatred of a woman would germinate from a very small detail.

Just wait! She thought hatefully.

Zuo Mo returned to the Little West Wind Yard and caressed the two talismans he took. They were really good things! The more he looked, the

more he liked it. He really profited today! As to the consequences, they were completely thrown to the back of his head. In his mind, these two fine third grade talismans, they were worth anything!

After recovering his ling energy in the stone room, Zuo Mo started to imprint the water drop sword.

As he carried out the imprinting, he discovered that the water drop sword lived up to being the finest among the third grade flying swords! The body of the water drop sword was extremely soft and could curve in any direction. It also contained an extremely large amount of black water. In reality, it was a water sword! The ling energy could reach every part of the sword, and due to its softness, Zuo Mo was able to, through manipulating ling energy, change the shape of the flying sword.

It was as though it had been custom made for [Li Water Sword Scripture].

From the time he got it, other than imprinting it, Zuo Mo put it in the ling spring in the rock room. The ling energy of the ling spring was lively and rich. To put it in there and slowly nurture it, it was especially helpful for increasing the nimbleness of the water drop sword.

As for the jade pendant, Zuo Mo wore it every day. He finally understood the formations on the jade pendant. The jade pendant had three formations. Other than [Flowing Fire Core Management Formation], there was also [Clear Heart Incantation] and [Ling Gathering Formation]. Nothing needed to be said more about [Streaming Fire Core Management Formation]. [Clear Heart Incantation] nurtured the mind and [Ling Gathering Formation] could gather the ling energy in the surroundings and was very practical.

If Zuo Mo didn't have the ling vein in the rock room, [Ling Gathering Formation] would definitely be one of the formations he wanted to get the most. The [Ling Gathering Formation] on the jade pendant was just the most basic ling gathering formation but the effects were extremely evident.

When Zuo Mo wore the jade pendant as he meditated in the rock room,

the efficiency would increase by one tenth!

Don't underestimate the one tenth. Accumulating over time, the gap it caused was extremely large. Ling gathering formations were one of the most well studied formations. At the same time, it was also called the formation that was created through jingshi. It consumed large amounts of jingshi. So for the simpler [Ling Gathering Formation], it wasn't as practical as taking ling energy from the jingshi. But if it had to be constructed on the jade pendant, other than needing the forger to be knowledgeable about the ling gathering formation, but the material it was constructed on had to be able to gather ling energy already. Materials that could gather ling energy as one of its attributes, all of them were extremely expensive.

On this jade pendant, the most valuable was this non-descript [Ling Gathering Formation]. It was even more valuable than the [Streaming Fire Core Management Formation]. Just this [Ling Gathering Formation], it was enough to elevate this jade pendant into third grade.

If was a pity that he couldn't make dan right now. Otherwise, he really wanted to try out the effects of the [Streaming Fire Core Management Formation].

Zuo Mo probably wouldn't have thought the incident of him defeating the trouble-makers of Ling Ying sect would have more of an effect with the outer sect disciples than his battle with Luo Li in the sect assessment. For outer sect disciples, the person who was stronger would make them respect him, but the shixiong who was willing to protect them and their profits, he would be more loved by them.

This battle, Zuo Mo had received great experience.

Actually, based on cultivation, he didn't have much of a difference than Hu Shan and Yan Ming Zi. He was even slightly weaker than them. The reason that he could win came from the fact that he had comprehended sword essence. Regardless of whether it was Xin Yan Shibo's tidal sword essence or the Li water sword essence, his understanding of the sword scripture, of presence, far surpassed the others. Combined with the other's

underestimation of him, that was how he had so easily won.

Otherwise, the person who would have lost would have probably been him, especially if Hu Shan had used the armor seal just a step earlier.

Thinking about it, Zuo Mo couldn't help but rage. Was this group of people fighting? They were just throwing jingshi!

He pretty much was drooling at the grandiose talismans. They could carelessly use things like an armor seal. He felt pain on their behalf! Squanderer! They were truly squandering everything!

What also caught Zuo Mo's attention was [Vajra Profound Sutra]. No matter if it was against Yan Ming Zi or Hu Shan, [Vajra Profound Sutra] had been very effective and pivotal in battle. It seemed that he had to put more time into [Vajra Profound Sutra]. This thing wouldn't just save his life. It seemed to have other effects as well.

But when he thought about [Vajra Profound Sutra], he remembered the gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra].

The five bits that had been modified haunted his mind and would pop up occasionally. Especially when he was practicing [Vajra Profound Sutra], he couldn't stop himself from thinking about the five different parts. It drastically impacted the efficiency of his practice.

Why don't I try it? Zuo Mo thought hesitantly.

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Translator Ramblings:

A list of the units of measurement used in this novel is up in the cultivation terms and glossary. There's the metric and imperial equivalents for some of them since I used the measurements from the 20th century. Wikipedia was very helpful.

Chapter 84: For Jingshi

Looking at the dark gold skin covering his entire body, Zuo Mo couldn't help but give a pinch.

As expected, the mechanism of the gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra] and the [Vajra Profound Sutra] that he had practiced before were completely different. With the previous version of [Vajra Profound Sutra], his skin had glowed with a bright gold shine. Right now, his skin was dark gold. The bright gold skin had been as hard as steel when pinched while the dark gold skin was like a metallic leather, softness within the hardness.

The [Ling Gathering Formation] on the jade pendant had been of great benefit to Zuo Mo. It caused the density of ling energy in the surroundings to increase significantly, and was very beneficial for practicing the gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra].

Feeling the difference between the two, Zuo Mo decided to practice the gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra] for a longer length of time before examining the differences. He had a feeling that the mysterious gravestone wasn't so simple.

In his sea of consciousness, Pu Yao was still motionless. The gravestone was also deadly silent, and the flames were weak.

However, what kept most of Zuo Mo's attention recently was the lingdan in the ling spring which was almost completely formed. This Moisture Dan was the first time Zuo Mo had tried dan-making using the water method. Naturally, he was slightly nervous. Luckily, nothing unexpected had happened during the process. The moisture dan was successfully made.

He carefully examined the moisture dan. The lingdan was like a pink pearl, extremely adorable. This moisture dan, it was the lingdan of countless woman's dreams. Zuo Mo had asked about the price. A first grade moisture dan like the one in his hand, one of them was worth one third grade jingshi.

This price far surpassed many normal first grade lingdan.

However, this time wasn't the best opportunity to sell the moisture dan. He was still afraid when he thought about what occurred with the yin bead. He guessed that this fear wouldn't be disappearing anytime soon. It was hard for this terror to be shaken off. Considering how loud the incident in Dong Fu had been, he was worried that some people would have tracked the purchases he had made. It would be very dangerous to sell the moisture dan right now.

His own strength was still very weak.

In any case, making the moisture dan was practice. Dan-making was a topic of study that required large amounts of practical experience.

The sound tablet was continuously broadcasting the news of Sky Moon Jie. The incident of Dong Fu had ended. There was news that the xiuzhe from Bright Wave Jie were gradually leaving because they had investigated for a while and hadn't found any traces. In this recent period, several fierce conflicts had occurred in the surroundings of Dong Fu, and the mortality rate had been extremely high. After those sudden conflicts, the chaos of Dong Fu finally calmed down. Zuo Mo couldn't help thinking that there was something going on behind the scenes.

However, it was clearly not something a zhuji cultivator like him could understand.

Listening to the sound tablet, other than it being a habit, he paid close attention to the changes in the prices of goods. Recently, the price of all kinds of ling grasses and herbs on the market had been constantly increasing. This had caused the price of all lingdan to increase as well.

Before, Zuo Mo certainly would have been very happy. This was the time that ling plant farmers could show their value.

As a ling plant farmer, his advantages in the area of ling plant farming was extremely visible, especially after he entered zhuji. Right now, as one person, the ling fields that he could take care of were more than the total of twenty outer sect disciples. Additionally, the two were not even on the same level when it came to output. On the other hand, he could pursue

more attention-intensive farming and plant ling plants of higher grades.

However, the reality was, no matter in which area, he was stuck in a very awkward position.

First was the ling fields. Wu Kong Sword Sect did not have many low grade ling fields and had basically been divided by the outer sect disciples. If Zuo Mo wanted to rent them, it required squeezing out many outer sect disciples. Having deeply experienced the harsh life of an outer sect disciple, Zuo Mo was naturally unwilling to do that.

And all the ling fields of slightly higher grades, the sect had given to Fragrant Ginger Yard. Could Zuo Mo try to take ling fields from the hands of his master?

Twenty mu of third grade ling fields. In the past, Zuo Mo would have felt that it was a lot, but right now, he felt that there wasn't enough. Yet there were just these many ling fields in the sect. There was no way around it. Wu Kong Sword Sect wasn't a sect that was famous for its farming. Pei Yuan Ran and the others had never thought that the sect would have a ling plant farmer.

Zuo Mo saw enormous profit in the ever-increasing prices of all materials in the market. It was all jingshi!

But "a clever wife would be tripped by no rice". Without ling fields, he didn't have anything. His skills could not be used.

He needed to find some ling fields, Zuo Mo decided.

For some unknown reason, he kept on having a feeling of doom. It might have been that Pu Yao had once said "a war is starting", or maybe he was thinking too much. Pu Yao, that old antique, it wasn't the first time he had spoken nonsense. Out of caution, he still decided to try to increase his cultivation.

Before, due to the existence of the ling vein in the rock room, Zuo Mo had never thought of using other methods of increasing his cultivation. He had even sold the ling grains that the sect gave him each month for jingshi. He had also never thought of making lingdan that would be of

benefit for his cultivation. He would always choose lingdan that was the easiest to sell and had the greatest profit margins.

Coming back to it, he hadn't learned dan-making long ago. This question was quite difficult for him. When he had the free time, he needed to study it, Zuo Mo thought.

He was struggling with a problem, jingshi. He desperately needed jingshi!

On one hand, he hoped to help Pu Yao. On the other hand, what was more painful than watching a good business opportunity slip away in front of his eyes? This was like staring at a neatly ordered army of jingshi boldly march past him.

Master's ban still rang in his ears. However, Zuo Mo still bore up against the pressure and went to Fragrant Ginger Yard. He disregarded the astonished gazes of Xu Qing and the other female disciples. At least, Zuo Mo didn't show any timidity on the surface. Right now, he was the first ranked person in Fragrant Ginger Yard other than Master. Naturally, no one dared to stop him.

He would accept being punished!

Zuo Mo's eyes were teary as he started to make golden crow pills.

Right now, his cultivation had increased, and adding on the [Streaming Fire Core Manipulation Formation], his efficiency at making golden crow pill was astonishing!

When Zuo Mo, eyes full of enlarged blood vessels, took a large batch of golden crow pills and found Li Ying Feng, Li Ying Feng was dumbstruck. She hesitated for a beat and asked, "Shidi, weren't you banned from dan-making by Shigu?"

Zuo Mo had a grimace as he said, "I lack jingshi!"

Realization appeared on Li Ying Feng's face. She didn't ask any further, nodding her head and said, "This batch of golden crow pills will sell easily. I can give you a down payment of jingshi to you first."

“Many thanks, Shijie!” Zuo Mo was very grateful.

Li Ying Feng smiled, “But when Shigu comes back, you won’t be able to escape being punished.”

Zuo Mo spread his hands helplessly, “There’s no way around it!” After thinking for a second, he decided to remind Shijie, “Shijie could try to buy some raw materials about now.”

Li Ying Feng looked in shock at Zuo Mo and then suddenly smiled, “Didn’t think that Shidi is also concerned about business. En, Shidi, don’t worry too much. The sect has already hoarded enough materials. Especially dan-making materials. Master had started hoarding a long time ago.”

Zuo Mo was relieved. That seemed correct. A problem that even he could see, someone as clever as Yan Le Shibo, how could he not see it?

Zuo Mo’s heart was steadied by the sect’s proactive approach.

He was paid twenty pieces of third grade jingshi from Li Ying Feng. Taking this enormous sum of wealth, Zuo Mo didn’t feel very happy. He only felt that time was even tighter. The market prices had risen again! This was undoubtedly a strong signal.

Give it to Pu Yao? Zuo Mo gritted his teeth. Okay. But then, he paused. How would he give it to Pu Yao?

Usually, Pu Yao would do it himself, and rob him of jingshi. Zuo Mo didn’t have any way to take jingshi into his consciousness.

Pu Yao, it’s not that ge doesn’t want you to use it... ..

Zuo Mo, mind at peace, put away the jingshi. After some thought, he decided to rent a ling garden.

Due to the climate of Sky Moon Jie, it was very suited for farming so there were many ling gardens. But many of the ling gardens, especially those with ling fields above third grade, they always lacked people to farm them. For ling fields of third grade and above, it needed somewhat professional xiuzhe to farm them. Otherwise, it was too much of a waste

of resources. Normal xiuzhe were not able to pay the huge rent. Sky Moon Jie was primarily sword xiu, and the number of ling plant farmers were pitiful so there were many empty ling gardens.

The owner of the ling garden in front of him was chattering on, "Don't worry, I won't cheat you. This ling garden isn't big but the ling energy is dense and it is all third grade ling fields. The air is very humid and sun exposure is appropriate. It is suited to farming all kinds of ling grasses and herbs. It would be a pity to just farm ling grains."

"How much for a year?" Zuo Mo asked straightforwardly.

"Fifteen pieces of third grade jingshi." The other answered resolutely.

"Accepted!" Zuo Mo, whose wallet had just bulged, responded briskly. He was trying to steal time right now.

Two hundred mu of third grade ling fields, it was enough for him to work with! Now that the ling fields had been rented, it was a question of what to plant. Since it was two hundred mu of ling fields, he couldn't pay as much attention and care as he did for the ling fields of West Wind Valley. Luckily, this ling garden was not far from Wu Kong Sword Sect.

He needed time... ..

Zuo Mo's eyes were entirely red and extremely motivated.

In the end, Zuo Mo picked a ling grass called Fiery Red Flower that was used very commonly in many healing lingdan. It also grew extremely quickly. The turnover was very quick and easy to sell, it was just perfect.

Zuo Mo planted a whole one hundred and eighty mu of fiery red flowers!

The remaining twenty mu, he planted three kinds of slightly rare ling herbs. This twenty mu was to increase his cultivation speed.

Speaking of how to speed up increasing cultivation, there were many methods, but the majority was related to jingshi. Of the ways, the best was to just take in the ling energy inside jingshi. This could dramatically increase the speed of cultivation. However, it require special methods to resolve the domineering nature of the ling energy of the jingshi. In

comparison, Zuo Mo felt that it was more practical to find a way in dan-making.

Most of what he could make presently were first and second grade lingdan. His success rate with first grade lingdan was relatively high. It was hard to say about the success rate of second grade lingdan.

There were very little low level lingdan that could directly increase cultivation. As the ling grasses and herbs in low level lingdan were also low grade, their effects were very limited. Zuo Mo had been able to find a few that he needed in the records room of Fragrant Ginger Yard, like the [Bone Tempering Dan] to change the flesh, the [Evil Removing Dan] for removing impurities of the body. The effects of these obscure lingdan were not major, and the effects were all those that were not prioritized by sword xiu.

Zuo Mo didn't have any room to choose.

[Bone Tempering Dan] and [Evil Removing Dan] didn't have great effects, but he thought that if it was used together with [Vajra Profound Sutra], it would have some effect. The other than that what he placed importance on was [Spirit Increasing Dan]. Its effect was also obscure. It could increase the consciousness of xiuzhe. Zuo Mo decided to use it in combination with [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. He didn't know if it would help.

These obscure lingdan, there wasn't any place that sold it in Dong Fu.

It was a pity that couldn't find lingdan that could directly increase the speed of cultivation. Upon further thought, he found it normal. If those lingdan were easily made, one could just eat dan all day... ..

However, Zuo Mo depressedly found that the three lingdan he had put so much effort into picking, had three kinds of rare ingredients that he couldn't buy.

Luckily, he managed to buy the seeds and had planted down twenty mu.

Chapter 85: Coming Up To The Door

Zuo Mo had just finished sorting out his just rented ling garden and dragged his exhausted body back to the Little West Wind Yard. But when he saw the pink little thousand crane, he wanted to faint.

Could she not torment him... ..

Zuo Mo wanted to cry. But this situation wouldn't change based on his wishes, he could only adjust to it.

"Ye, it's so boring, let's play a game!"

Zuo Mo wanted to reply with: "Ge really really isn't bored." But taking into account the other's strange fondness for "fireworks", Zuo Mo was extremely calm and intelligent in returning "I don't know how to play games."

He felt he wasn't lying to the other. He really didn't know how to play games. Games, to him, it was so strange that it was like he didn't even know the word. His life, from the moment he opened his eyes, it was determined that he couldn't leisurely play games and live a life.

But the other was very kind in not looking down at him and said: "That's alright, I'll teach ye."

Zuo Mo gave his last struggles: "I'm dumb and can't be taught."

But, just like previous times, the other didn't give him any room to rebel. Consequently, Zuo Mo saw a string of about eight thousand characters of game rules. This time, Zuo Mo really fainted. Such difficulty, for someone like him who didn't like games, it really wasn't something he could complete. He only read a few words before deciding to give up. He persisted: "I'm really stupid!"

But considering that the probability of enraging the other was too high, he weakly added another sentence: "How about you find the simplest game?"

This time, what reached his hand was a set of game instructions about two hundred characters

Hm, Zuo Mo's mind couldn't help but jump. Wasn't this a formation problem? He read it thoroughly again and finally was certain that this was really a formation problem.

Formations was an area of systematic study. Zuo Mo, located in a small sect, naturally didn't have any experience. However, in some large sects, the disciples would learn formations. From the simplest Simple Ling Formation, to Yin Yang Formation, Compound formations and gradually increasing the difficulty. This was an extremely long process of study. To help disciples with learning, some xiuzhe skilled in formations had created a set of methods to learn formations. Included in the methods were all kinds of formation problems.

Like corrections, fill in the blanks, optimization etc. There were many kinds. Over time, some xiuzhe enjoyed the process and were infatuated, creating even harder formation problems. Between many disciples, they used them as games.

Zuo Mo had never played this before and felt it was very interesting. The formations that were used were not complicated. Zuo Mo had learned them before. However, the problem was extremely tricky. He couldn't help but fall into thinking. The other seemed to know that he was thinking and didn't hurry him.

Thinking for a long time, he didn't figure out anything.

Zuo Mo shook his head hard and recovered some clarity. He couldn't help but gape inside. Did those large sect disciples play like this? He couldn't help but admire them. No wonder they were so strong. Even the things they played with were this powerful.

However, he decided to put this game down first. There were many things he still had to do. Games, it was fine to play when he had free time. In any case, that damned woman hadn't hurried him.

Zuo Mo went into the stone room to practice [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] and the gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra].

After cultivation, he took out the Water Drop sword from the ling

spring. With the nourishment from the ling spring, its sheen was clearer than before. Zuo Mo caressed the Water Drop sword and then started to imprint it.

One flying sword, it needed a long time to imprint it before it could move like a part of the body. And to have it move according to one's thoughts, the time needed was even longer. The flying sword was like a sword xiu's partner. The longer they were together, the more chemistry they had. Sword xiu wouldn't easily change a flying sword. This point, especially after reaching jindan, it was even more evident.

These days that were spent imprinting it, he didn't waste his efforts. Right now, Zuo Mo could move the sword like it was a part of his body. It was of a higher grade than ice crystal sword and was even more nimble.

Zuo Mo's mind moved and the Water Drop sword in his hand jumped into midair. At the same time, he gave a shout and jumped up from the ground.

The sword flashed and moved easily.

In mid air, a flame that seemed to be made out of water gave off a faint light. The places the sword passed, a stream of water flames burned silently.

Zuo Mo seemed to be drunk. Using the Water Drop sword to practice [Li Water Sword Scripture] , it was truly an experience. When he reached the peak of his enjoyment, Zuo Mo didn't follow the sword scripture anymore. The sword couldn't be detected as he moved, and the sword seemed to carry a few hints of the explosive li water sword essence in the calm, and it still spread like waves.

The sword essence which had been light and wave-like, gradually turned heavier and pressuring. When it moved, it moved with great force. The explosiveness which had been barely perceivable started to burn like fire in the wind.

Still as cool as before but containing a strong explosiveness. Those two conflicting feelings gathered together but Zuo Mo didn't seem to feel it and wasn't uncomfortable at all.

On the Water Drop sword, the light fire-like sword energy gradually started to retreat inside.

When Zuo Mo woke up from his epiphany, he finally realized, without him noticing, his [Li Water Sword Scripture] had went up a level.

There wasn't much joy. He stood there silently, finely savoring it.

He wasn't clear himself what level his [Li Water Sword Scripture] was at now. [Li Water Sword Scripture] wasn't some high level and profound scripture. Even its creator wasn't some powerful sword xiu. It was quite unusual that Zuo Mo could master a sword scripture like this to this level. However, Zuo Mo needed to explore the road ahead by himself, because the [Li Water Sword Scripture] that he had practiced ended here. Even though the creator had written some of his speculations and frameworks for the future, many of those had been rejected by Pu Yao.

Based on profoundness, li water sword essence was far from the tidal sword essence Zuo Mo had secretly learned. However, this was Zuo Mo's own comprehension and the sword essence he had the greatest grasp on! His understanding of li water sword essence far surpassed tidal sword essence.

Maybe, he could look and study tidal sword essence and change [Li Water Sword Scripture]. Zuo Mo's heart moved.

But he only thought about it. He wasn't so proud to the point of changing a sword scripture. Also, his understanding of tidal sword essence was just a hair.

At this time, he suddenly detected that someone was outside the valley. The person who was there was very docile and hadn't set off the jinzhi.

Mouth of West Wind Valley.

"Shixiong, Ling Ying Sect's people came again!" The messenger was still the outer sect disciple that had come last time. However, there wasn't any of the fear that had been on his face last time, but excitement.

"They came again?" Zuo Mo was dazed.

“Yes!” The disciple said respectfully. He couldn’t disguise his excitement: “This time, five people came!”

Zuo Mo instantly felt his scalp prickle.

Five people... ..

Last time, three had come. Now this time, five people!

Zuo Mo wanted to turn and run.

“They hadn’t given up, and called to spar with Shixiong!” This outer sect disciple completely didn’t notice Zuo Mo’s shift and said excitedly: “This group really doesn’t know their own weight!”

“Cough.” Zuo Mo forced himself to come and swallowed. He asked: “Who came this time?”

“The three from last time are all here, and two that I don’t recognize.”

Zuo Mo’s heart calmed down lightly. Good, good, at least, it wasn’t that all five were people he didn’t know. Two people who had lost to him. Hm, he had completely reason to disregard them. The woman, she hadn’t dared to fight that day, so this time, she definitely wouldn’t act rashly. The headache was those two that he didn’t know. Since the others had come to settle the score, they certainly would be stronger than the last two.

His mind turned quickly. Inside, he was very hesitant. Should he go or not? He was slightly regretful that he had said too much previously. He asked: “Where’s the other shixiong? You can’t bother just me every time with this kind of matter.”

“Eldest Shixiong and Shijie are all outside. Luo Li Shixiong is in seclusion. Xu Yi Shixiong is forging and has ordered not to bother him. Hao Min Shijie is being punished. Only Xu Yi Xia Shijie is free. Should I notify her?”

That woman?

Dislike instantly rose in his heart. Never mind. If she was notified, the probability that this woman would do something behind his back was very high.

Fine! Thinking about the new comprehension he just got from [Li Water Sword Scripture], Zuo Mo was instantly full of confidence. He had just learned something, and some people just came over for him to test it on. This Ling Ying Sect really was full of good people!

After thinking it through, Zuo Mo didn't retreat anymore. He nodded and said with great composure: "Go."

This outer sect disciple was instantly excited and hurried forward to lead the way.

When they reached the mountain gate, Zuo Mo instantly staggered when he saw the dense crowd.

"Why are there so many people?"

This outer sect disciple was extremely excited: "Everyone heard that Ling Ying Sect had come and all ran over to personally see Shixiong win and teach a lesson to Ling Ying Sect's new money!"

"Uh, but why are there female disciples as well?" Zuo Mo asked speechlessly.

"Must be coming to admire Shixiong's elegant demeanor!"

Goosebumps instantly rose over Zuo Mo's entire body.

Seeing Zuo Mo come out, the crowd of female disciples shrieked. Zuo Mo almost tripped.

"Wow! Shixiong is so handsome!"

"Please! It's called cool!"

"When Shixiong was in the outer sect, I knew then that Shixiong wasn't an average person!"

"Really want to seduce him... .."

"I will kill you!"

... ..

Large black lines fell over Zuo Mo's expressionless face. He decided to stay a bit further away from this crowd of crazy women.

When Zuo Mo started walking towards the side with male disciples, the male disciples also expressed their emotions.

“Shixiong, kill them!”

“Chop them!”

“Chop into eight pieces, cut off their hands and feet, pluck their tendons, break their channels, cut them up... ..”

“So uncreative! Have to sunflower... ..”

... ..

Zuo Mo rapidly distanced himself from these people that were completely sunk in fighting spirit.

In the short journey of travelling through the female and male disciples, Zuo Mo, who had been full of fighting spirit, almost became completely lacking in the desire to fight.

Of course, in the eyes of everyone else, Zuo Mo Shixiong was stepping resolutely, with a cool expression, and extremely elegantly passing from their side.

But when Zuo Mo saw the even worse expressions on the faces of the five people from Ling Ying Sect, his mood instantly became better.

*

Translator Ramblings: One more relaxing chapter. The sunflower is a reference to a famous wuxia novel.

Chapter 86: Wen Fei

“Good day everyone,” Zuo Mo raised his hands in a greeting.

Yan Ming Zi and Hu Shan’s expressions instantly became slightly uglier. Good? Good? After they returned to the sect, they had been greeted with scorn and mockery. Tao Zhu Er covered her mouth and giggled. Mirth appeared on the faces of the two Ling Ying Sect disciples, but the two managed to restrain themselves.

Ling Ying Sect had the largest number of inner sect disciples in Dong Fu. At the same time, because they lacked a strong leader, the disciples fell into factions and the complexity of the inner sect was also the first in Dong Fu.

Tao Zhu Er moved gracefully, her beautiful features instantly attracting everyone’s eyes.

Wu Kong Sword Sect’s outer sect disciples quickly divided into two camps. The male disciples stared, some of them dazed, as they drooled. Jealousy rose up in the female disciple camp, shouts of “whores” and “fox demon” came out.

Tao Zhu Er gave a beautiful smile, “This little sister admires Zuo Shixiong’s demeanor last time. However, as a disciple of Ling Ying Sect, I cannot watch as our sect’s reputation is injured and have come today to specially visit Zuo Shixiong.

The other said it so nobly but Zuo Mo sneered inside. This female might have a good appearance but she was as poisonous as a scorpion. If one wasn’t careful, they would fall into her hands. Zuo Mo, having seen her laugh so heartlessly when her fellow disciples were defeated, didn’t have a good impression of her.

“Oh,” Nothing changed on Zuo Mo’s face. Adding on that his face was tilted down, it was even harder for others to guess his thoughts.

Tao Zhu Er instantly felt that her fist had hit cotton. Such an indifferent response, she didn’t know what to say.

But she wasn't a simple person. She took a step back and revealed the two other shixiong, stating, "Wen Fei Shixiong and Ming Dao Shixiong are truly skilled disciples of our Ling Ying Sect, and are people this little sister admire very much. Coming this time... .."

Hearing this, Wen Shan and Ming Dao instantly couldn't help themselves from raising their head proudly and pushing out their chests, evidently they were very smug.

"If you want a fight, then let's fight," Zuo Mo suddenly opened, interrupting her, "However, our Wu Kong Mountain isn't a place you can come and go whenever you want. Let's say the ugly matters first. Who ever loses to me, I will take a talisman from them to prove our sect's reputation."

The words were said righteously. The Wu Kong Sword Sect outer sect disciples all cheered.

Hearing this, the two people's expressions became discontent.

Wen Fei was clothed in green and white. a green soft cloth tied on his head. This made him look extremely elegant, as though he would leave with the wind at any time, almost like an immortal. He wasn't satisfied to be on the weak side and smirked, "Fine, fine. If you have the ability, this one naturally will recognize the loss."

Wearing blue ling armor, and hair tied with a gold coronet, Ming Dao also spoke, "If you lose, I will also take a talisman from you."

Tao Zhu Er stood in the back. Seeing the two sides about to fight, a smug smile appeared at the corner of her mouth. Yan Ming Zi and Hu Shan's eyes were blood red as they stared at Zuo Mo. They looked as though they wanted to eat him alive.

"Who is first?"

Zuo Mo asked as he stepped out a step, his presence soaring.

It might have been that he had just practiced the sword. He felt his entire body was hot, his blood on fire, as though he was being roasted. The desire for battle suddenly erupted, moving restlessly as though it wanted

to burst out of his body.

Like a keen sword unsheathed, the sharp edge flashed into view! One step, and it was as though Zuo Mo had changed into a whole other person. The dullness that was on the surface and the slyness inside his bones seemed to have completely flown away. Desire for battle flowed on his body it was tangible, so pure that others could not disregard it.

Tao Zhu Er looked dazedly at Zuo Mo. The expression on her beautiful face was like she had seen a ghost.

How was this possible?

Was this still that vulgar and greedy zombie?

In her mind, Zuo Mo had a greedy and cheap character. Otherwise, who else would target someone else's flying sword in the middle of battle?

Being defeated last time, especially by a little person like him, this was why Tao Zhu Er was so persistent. Getting tripped up by an opponent that she looked down on, how could she accept it?

But, the Zuo Mo in front of her... ..

Seriousness made its way into Wen Shan's eyes. The presence that the other exuded surprised him. However, he wasn't the kind of wastrel that Hu Shan and Yan Ming Zi were. His family might be rich, but he was very hard-working and did have some true abilities.

He was shocked but not afraid. Taking a step forward, he declared, "I'll fight!"

Wen Fei revealed his talisman. A light green jade fan. The skeleton was made out of jade, the cloth of the fan clearly wasn't some common material. Green light could be seen moving on the surface. A painting of mountains and water was depicted on the surface of the fan. If someone looked closely, they would discover that the river stream between the mountains was actually slowly flowing.

Sky River Fan, third grade.

Water Drop sword, third grade.

Zuo Mo couldn't help but sigh again at the variety of scriptures that Ling Ying Sect had. They even used fans.

When Yan Ming Zi saw his Water Drop sword, his expression became ugly. However, he liked to collect all kinds of talismans and his eyes were very experienced. He instantly noticed that the quality of the Water Drop sword was slightly better than when he had been in possession of it. He became slightly depressed. Did flying swords selectively pick people as well?

"Please!" Wen Fei shouted elegantly.

The Water Drop sword moved before the word ended,!

[Flowing Water]!

Zuo Mo's favorite starting move. This move was like a sheep climbing a cliff, traceless.

The move he released right now was very different from before. Before, it had been light and faint. Right now, it was still quiet, but there was a hint of fire. It was like a white flame, burning without a sound.

Wen Fei smirked and gently waved Sky River Fan.

Zuo Mo felt his eyes blur and an incredibly thick pillar of water came from the sky like a water dragon, heading towards him.

[Water Dragon Roar]!

Attack against attack!

No one would have thought that Wen Fei, such a warm and elegant person, would fight so brutally. The two were competing to see whose attack would reach the other first.

Zuo Mo snorted. His sword presence didn't change. The ling energy in his legs moving, he suddenly flashed towards the left. It was as though there were springs under his feet. His speed was extremely fast and dodged the water dragon.

Competing in attacks?

Zuo Mo wasn't afraid. Based on speed, nothing could compare to flying swords. He gathered his ling energy and the Water Drop sword gave a slight hum. The sword turned into a stream of light, it was as fast as lightning!

A thin water curtain suddenly appeared in front of Wen Fei. The Water Drop sword crashed heavily against the water curtain. The water curtain shook fiercely. Wen Fei's expression behind the water curtain changed slightly. However, the curtain shook, but still managed to stop the Water Drop sword!

Zuo Mo was also surprised. This water curtain seemed to be a thin layer and he hadn't thought it could stop the Water Drop sword. It was much stronger than he had predicted. However, he could also see this water curtain had just managed to stop it. If he put in a bit more effort, it would certainly break.

He was going to channel his ling energy and hadn't thought the thick water dragon would act as if it was alive, turning nimbly and reversing back in his direction.

In the blink of an eye, the water dragon rushed in front of him. When this water dragon appeared in front of him, he finally realized just how enormous it was! It was like a large river, roaring as it headed for his head, the presence extremely shocking!

Zuo Mo didn't even think as the Water Drop sword turned into a dash of light and appeared between him and the water dragon.

A cold light flashed in his eyes, and the Water Drop sword rose.

[Water Fall]!

Everyone felt the landscape suddenly flash and a waterfall seemed to have appeared in front of Zuo Mo. It was a waterfall composed of countless sword energies. As they flowed, they accurately hit the head of the water dragon!

Boom!

The head of the water dragon suddenly exploded, water splashing

everywhere. The disciples that had been watching were instantly soaked but no one moved their eyes away. Such a spectacular fight, if they missed something, it would be such a pity.

The water dragon continued to flow, as though it didn't have an end. The waterfall that was floating in the sky also seemed endless.

"Amazing!" Yan Ming Zi said, his mouth gaping. He was completely convinced now. The other was so powerful, winning last time, it wasn't due to trickery.

Hu Shan didn't dare to blink and nodded in empathy, "I had heard before that Wen Fei Shixiong's Sky River Fan can enter the top three of our generation of disciples. It really lives up to the rumors!"

Yan Ming Zi said, sharing in the pride, "Right. But my Water Drop sword isn't mediocre. To be able to keep up with Sky River Fan, it isn't of average quality. I have really good eyes."

"That's because Zuo Mo's strong." Hu Shan wasn't polite, "In your hands, it would be great if you could even block five of Wen Shixiong's moves."

Yan Ming Zi wasn't angry, "I'm not good as others in fighting. However, in buying talismans, which one of you is my match?"

Hu Shan choked, not knowing what to say.

Waves also spread in Tao Zhu Er's heart. She would have never thought that Zuo Mo could keep up with Wen Fei Shixiong because she knew just how strong Wen Fei Shixiong was.

Wen Fei Shixiong wasn't famous outside the sect, but in this generation of Ling Ying Sect disciples, he was a truly strong person. He was deeply loved by the elders. That Sky River Fan had been made specially for him by the sect elders and was the envy of countless people. Wen Fei Shixiong didn't fail to live up to expectations. His talent was exceptional and he was hard-working. Adding on the nourishment from countless lingdan, his power was extremely deep. However, he rarely fought. Even the other disciples in the sect didn't know just how strong he was. Tao Zhu Er had

accidentally saw Wen Fei Shixiong cultivating and had been shocked. It had left a deep impression. That was why she had requested Wen Fei Shixiong. She wanted to beat down Zuo Mo's bravado.

Also, Tao Zhu Er knew that the elders were planning for Wen Fei Shixiong to make a display in the upcoming Dong Fu Sword Test Conference.

This horrid zombie was actually able to fight to a standstill with Wen Fei Shixiong?

How was this possible?

Tao Zhu Er felt that her brains couldn't process it.

The outer sect disciples stared with wide eyes, completely silent. Zuo Mo didn't notice, in the female disciples, an adorable and pink apple face was extremely nervous. Even her little fists couldn't help but tighten.

The two exchanged blows like lightning. The two moves passed in the blink of an eye. Right now, it had moved into a standstill period. Everyone was able to release a breath. Recalling what happened, they cheered.

But the two that were facing off were not so relaxed.

The disdain that Wen Fei had initially had disappeared completely. What took over was seriousness. He, who had been desiring to show himself at the Sword Sect Conference, hadn't thought that he would meet such a strong opponent here!

And Zuo Mo, two balls of fire furiously jumped in his eyes, his desire for battle in full swing!

A standstill was disadvantageous for him. There was still another person. If he didn't quickly end the fight, then he basically had no hope of victory for the next battle.

His thoughts swirling, he gave a long howl and decided to attack with all his power!

Chapter 87: Strong Attack Vs Strong Attack

At the highest point of the waterfall, a flame suddenly appeared.

This flame wasn't eye-catching, extremely faint, almost invisible as it burned silently. However, it was like the flame was dropped into oil, not water. Flames quickly spread across the top of the waterfall.

On the top half of the waterfall, a cool flame flickered its crystal clear tongues.

The waterfall was instantly lit up by the cool flame. Each water-like sword energy became shrouded in a ball of fire.

Li water was like fire as it fell down.

The first sword energy shrouded in fire quickly landed in the water.

Boom!

A clear sound of explosion! A large section of the water dragon instantly was destroyed, water spraying everywhere.

Boom boom boom boom boom boom!

The stream of explosions were like fireworks, ringing endlessly.

Wen Fei's expression changed. What sword move was this? Didn't the other practice a water element sword scripture? Why would there be fire? At this moment, he didn't have the leisure to think. In the blink of an eye, only a small half of the water dragon remained after the explosions. The other's sword energies had increased in power due to those harmless looking clear flames.

Suppressing the uncertainty inside, the last bit of underestimation in his heart dissipated. He now saw Zuo Mo as the greatest opponent he had ever faced.

Wen Fei gritted his teeth, his ling energy flowed furiously, the Sky River Fan suddenly snapped shut and he pointed the fan gently at Zuo Mo.

[Sky River Prison]!

A spark of blue light came out of the fan and seemed to slowly fly towards Zuo Mo.

A strong feeling of danger suddenly rose in Zuo Mo. This bit of blue light, the pressure it gave him far surpassed any of the previous moves. He didn't dare to be inattentive. His mind moved and the cold waterfall floating in the air instantly responded, leaping towards the blue light.

Balls of clear fire. Inside were sword essences each as gentle as water.

The rain of fire from the waterfall seemed to cover the blue light.

Suddenly, Wen Fei opened the sky river fan, and shouted: "Open!"

That blue light was suddenly like a large net, aimed directly at Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo wasn't able to dodge in time and instantly was trapped.

Zuo Mo only felt the blue light suddenly grow in front of his eyes. In the blink of an eye, waves filled his vision. His surroundings were a blur!

Zuo Mo was very familiar with this kind of scenery! He had once practiced the sword in the river, and naturally was extremely familiar. Right now, he was in a air bubble. Who would have thought that the speck of blue light would contain such thick water energy? Those clear flames, when they entered the water, created explosions. However, there was too much water, and those little clear li water sword energies were ineffective and instead exploded on Zuo Mo. The pressure came in on all sides and the bubble was slowly being squeezed.

Zuo Mo took a deep breath solemnly. This was the other's final attack!

Instantly, his fighting spirit burst forward. He might not be able to compare to Wei Sheng Shixiong, but he wasn't putty that these wastrels could manipulate as they willed.

Zuo Mo didn't detect that after practicing the sword, he had went from the initial fear of of battle to quickly not fearing battle and his desire for fighting was increasing.

He was like that now. He became more excited the more he fought.

Right now, especially when he saw Wen Fei's ultimate move, his fighting spirit had reached its peak!

Come!

He widened his eyes, shouting soundlessly inside!

The waterfall which had been raging fire disappeared. The Water Drop sword turned into a streak of light and returned to Zuo Mo's hands.

Seeming to have felt Zuo Mo's desire to fight, the body of the Water Drop sword vibrated, like ripples in water. The clear hum it gave made Zuo Mo even more excited. He closed his eyes, caressing the sword like he was caressing a lover.

Without the support of the waterfall, the water which had been coming in at all sides didn't have any resistance and instantly went in. The air bubble shattered and Zuo Mo was swept into the water.

Wen Fei couldn't disguise the joy on his face! If you were in the water, weren't you just a fish waiting for me to slice you?

He shouted: "Up!"

The ball of water containing Zuo Mo slowly flew into the sky. The ball was enormous, like a small pond.

Zuo Mo was the wild beast in the cage. No matter how he struggled, he wouldn't be able to break free. Wen Fei was smug inside. This prison of water, it was much more secure than one made of steel.

The faces of the Wu Kong Sword Sect outer sect disciples whitened. They were terrified as they looked at the large shadow cast by the ball of water as it flew higher. Zuo Mo's figure inside the water became more indistinct and could barely be made out.

To say nothing else, just being smashed from such a height, it would definitely lead to internal injury!

Determination suddenly appeared on Xiao Guo's pale face. She suddenly rushed out of the crowd, heading for Wen Fei.

"Little girl, what do you think you are doing?" A graceful figure blocked

Xiao Guo's path. Tao Zhu Er's face was cheerful as she looked at Xiao Guo.

"Move aside!" Xiao Guo was angry and panicked. However, her anger was like a little kitten baring its teeth and scratching, extremely adorable.

"Hm" Ming Dao's tense heart relaxed. Seeing Xiao Guo's innocence, his eyes instantly lit up: "This girl isn't bad. What are you called?"

"Move aside!" Xiao Guo was almost crying.

Hints of cruelty flashed through Wen Fei's eyes. Looking at the ball of water in the air, he smirked smugly: "Have a good taste of my [Sky River Prison]." Finishing, he reached out with his left hand, and swiped towards the ball of water.

The ball of water in the sky transformed. In the water ball, an enormous hand headed for Zuo Mo. This guy had made him look so bad, Wen Fei didn't want to let him off that easily. It was very interesting to play like a cat with a mouse!

The Wu Kong disciples couldn't help but gasp in shock, not wanting to look.

Hopelessness made its way onto Xiao Guo's face. She knew she wasn't a match for the two, but... ..

A rare determination flashed through her teary eyes.

Just at this time, inside the water cage, the sword pointed downwards, Zuo Mo suddenly opened his closed eyes.

For some reason, he thought about the day he had comprehended li water sword essence, saw the enormous hand that was about to catch him. From the corner of his eye, he could see the figures beneath. He could imagine now smug the other person was at this time, how excited.

But, my sword scripture... ..

It's [Li Water Sword Scripture]!

The light exploded in Zuo Mo's eyes. It was like his eyes were suddenly void of all emotion, cold like the clear flames! His two hands grasping the

Water Drop sword, the slanted sword unhesitatingly made an upward slash against the current!

[Li Water Burning Heavens]!

The gigantic hand shattered.

On the ground, Wen Fei's expression changed! How was it possible! How could he still counterattack in the water cage!

He gritted his teeth and wanted to change his technique, but his face suddenly became empty of color. He discovered that he had completely lost control of the water cage!

How was it possible!

At this time, other people had detected the change in the sky and all lifted their heads!

The ball of water was rapidly collapsing into itself as if there was a deep bottomless pit inside it.

And when Zuo Mo's body was revealed, everyone couldn't help but inhale. In mid air, the water cage had disappeared, leaving behind Zuo Mo's hands holding the sword.

Shock was on Ming Dao and Tao Zhu Er's face. They looked in disbelief at the sword in Zuo Mo's hands.

Around the three chi long sword, a ten chi long blade of blue flame slowly and silently burned. This blue flame was completely composed of water. Heavens, he had absorbed all of Wen Fei Shixiong's Sky River Prison, and turned it into his own weapon!

This world, how could there be such a fantastical thing?

This guy, was he really only zhuji level?

Looking at Xiao Guo, Tao Zhu Er, and Ming Dao below, Zuo Mo instantly understood what had happened. A flash of anger floated in his eyes.

His two hands holding the sword, he lifted it up. The water flame on the

sword was like an enormous blooming flower, soundlessly opening.

“Die!”

An angry bellow like thunder on a clear day.

Containing all his anger, all his fighting spirit, all his ling energy, Zuo Mo was like a flash of light as he chopped downwards!

A ruler-straight blue light suddenly appeared in midair, so bright one couldn't look directly at it.

Below, the faces of Wen Fei and the others changed dramatically. This guy was crazy!

His sword presence, it managed to wrap all three of them inside at once!

At this time, the three couldn't attend to anything else. They all took out their final defenses.

A water curtain appeared around Wen Fei, even thicker than last time. The Peach Blossom ling armor on Tao Zhu Er's body glowed brightly, peach blossoms flying in the air and shielding her inside. Ming Dao angrily took out a copper bell. The bell grew as it came into the open, firmly covering Ming Dao inside.

At this time, Zuo Mo forgot everything. In his eyes, there was only the three people below. He was doing one thing only. That was, channeling ling energy, furiously, insanely pushing out ling energy!

The straight and cold light landed from the sky with a strong and fierce presence, heavily smashing the three from above .

The most commonly used sword attacks were stab and slice. Even chopping was rarely used. And people could never have thought that a sword could be used to smash. What Zuo Mo used was a smash. Like what he had raised wasn't a flying sword but a heavy hammer!

Boom!

The blue light flashed and swallowed the three people on the ground.

After the ear-shattering explosion was a deathly silence.

Zuo Mo's legs weakened and he sat down on the ground, panting for his life.

[Li Water Burning Heavens] was too strong for him, after he completed it he basically had no offensive power left.

However... ..

He gritted his teeth as he used the Water Drop sword to stand up. Looking at the deep pit over thirty feet deep, he only had one word—great!

In the large hole, Wen Fei and the others were unconscious from the explosion. Wen Fei's clothing was in tatters. The ling armor on Tao Zhu Er's body was almost shattered and Ming Dao's copper bell had broken into countless pieces.

Zuo Mo sighed. The terrifying power of this [Li Water Burning Heaven] had to be credited to Wen Fei's water cage. If there hadn't been so much water, it definitely wouldn't reach such a terrifying result. If countless liters of water were dropped, this was already very scary.

It was time to take his spoils. Zuo Mo instantly became excited, completely disregarding any kind of manners. He was like a cat that smelt food, limping as he skipped towards the deep hole.

Yan Ming Zi and Hu Shan were so frightened dumb that they forgot to stop him.

They were really rich! Zuo Mo sighed inside. He wasn't easy going at all.

He took a water-blue ring from Wen Fei's hands. In reality, the best thing on his body was the Sky River Fan. However, what Zuo Mo cultivated was the flying sword. This Sky River Fan was good, but it wasn't suited to him. This ring wasn't normal. It definitely was the finest of the third grade. It could increase the ability to control water. However, he still needed to experiment to find the specific effects.

He took a thousand year Peach Wood hairpin from Tao Zhu Er's head. Slurp slurp. There were three formations on it. [Evil Removing], [Nourishing], [Focus]. Good things, good things!

From Ming Dao's body, Zuo Mo wasn't courteous in taking off the other's pair of boots. Third grade Wind Passing boots. Zuo Mo was very knowledgeable. There were [Wind Travel] and [Movement] formations on the boots and were very practical.

"Vicious!" Yan Ming Zi looked at the three things that Zuo Mo picked. He couldn't help but inhale. He both hurt and admired it.

Hu Shan was like a statue. When he saw Zuo Mo's wolf-like and greedy gaze, he couldn't help but shudder.

At this moment, he decided he didn't want the jade pendant anymore!

*

Translator Rambling: Zuo Mo is becoming rich, rich, rich.

Chapter 88: The Scalping Zombie

Everyone was dumbstruck where they stood, their minds blank.

To say nothing of victory and defeat, but what the people had expected was fierce combat, exchanging blows back and forth, a tense situation, and end with a barely achieved victory. The result was three people were defeated by a single move. This result made everyone's jaws drop to the ground. Even the Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples who had been full of confidence in Zuo Mo had lost their ability to speak.

Xiao Guo stared dazedly at Zuo Mo.

How Shixiong looked when he had been plundering from their bodies...
...

Oh, why would she have used "plundering"? No, no, Shixiong was appropriating his spoils! Xiao Guo unconsciously defended Shixiong.

"For you," Zuo Mo threw the thousand year Peach Wood hairpin that he took from Tao Zhu Er's head to Xiao Guo.

Xiao Guo instinctively caught it. Inhales suddenly sounded among the female disciples. Their eyes suddenly became red as they looked at the Peach Wood hairpin on Xiao Guo's hands. They were like a herd of rabbits locked onto one single carrot.

"It's a pity that her ling armor is shattered. Otherwise, removing it to give to you would be nice." Zuo Mo muttered regretfully. He completely hadn't thought about just how inappropriate it was to take off a female xiuzhe's armor in public.

A moment later, Xiao Guo refocused. Looking at the Peach Wood hairpin on her hand, her hand shook as though it had shocked her and almost threw it away, "Shixiong, this is too valuable!"

She might not recognize how good this Peach Wood hairpin was, but holding it in her hands, she could feel the extraordinariness of it. This Peach Wood hairpin, it was too valuable!

This kind of thing, Shixiong should keep it for himself! She thought.

Zuo Mo's eyes scanned the unconscious three people, impatiently saying, "Just take it, and stop nagging."

What Xiao Guo was most afraid of was Zuo Mo's impatience. She instantly became timid and afraid of speaking.

Zuo Mo strongly controlled his impulse to plunder everything from the three people that were unconscious. He turned his face to look at Yan Ming Zi and Hu Shan.

"Do you guys want to fight again?" That voice, it was as warm as the wolf-grandmother.

Yan Ming Zi and Hu Shan both shuddered, their heads shaking like a rattle-drum.

"Really, neither of you wants to fight?"

The two then nodded quickly like a chicken eating rice, their hands over their chests and their feet unconsciously moved back two paces. In their eyes, Zuo Mo had completely transformed into the most terrifying demon.

"Such a disappointment," When Zuo Mo expressionlessly said this sentence, his words were full of regret. Yan Ming Zi and Hu Shan's hearts couldn't help but jump furiously. Zuo Mo waved his hand, "Take them away. Do not bother me in the future."

It was like they had been pardoned from death. Exchanging a look, the two hurriedly picked up the three who were unconscious and ran away. They looked like they hated that their parents didn't give birth to them with two more legs.

After their figures disappeared, Zuo Mo couldn't hold up any longer and crashed to the ground. Seeing the situation, Xiao Guo instantly was shocked and ran over to ask in panic, "Shixiong, are you wounded?"

Seeing the apple face full of concern, Zuo Mo's heart warmed.

"Oh, nothing. Just a bit tired." Zuo Mo waved his hand, pretending it was nothing. He then took out a dan from his bosom, and shoved it into his mouth. Folding his legs, he started to meditate.

Yan Ming Zi and Hu Shan only stopped when they couldn't see Wu Kong Mountain anymore. The two panted.

"Is that guy even human?" Yan Ming Zi said breathlessly, "The difference here with our information is too big."

"Lucky that we ran fast enough." Hu Shan's face was relieved.

Yan Ming Zi still had lingering fears, "Exactly! Didn't you see his eyes as he looked at us? He wanted to strip us bare!"

The two couldn't help but think of Zuo Mo's eyes. As though they didn't wear clothing on a snowy day, they shivered again and said at the same time, "So scary!"

After a while, the two gradually walked out from Zuo Mo's shadow. Yan Ming Zi pointed at the three unconscious people, "What to do with them?"

Hu Shan thought about how he would have to carry them to the sect and gritted his teeth, "Wake them up."

After a while, three extremely tragic howls passed out.

"Zuo Mo, I will never forgive you!"

"Return my shoes... .."

"This girl will kill you!"

.....

Zuo Mo was extremely smug. He had completely changed his attire.

His hand held the Water Drop sword, the Streaming Fire ling gathering pendant at his waist, a Black Blue Water ring on his finger, and on his feet were the wind travel boots. Extremely dandyish.

This new set of attire, even Xu Yi Xia, who was famous for the wealth of her family in the sect, was gaping when she saw it. She wondered inside, did Zuo Mo Shidi rob a talisman shop?

While smug, he still had to live out his days. Zuo Mo needed to spend

time caring for the ling garden that he rented. Other than that, he couldn't stop his daily cultivation. His days were very full. However, Zuo Mo was very disappointed that for the next few days, no one came up to challenge him.

These days nothing was as fast as plundering, not even ling farming or dan-making. This was a no investment, great profit, a sleight of hand! Zuo Mo was regretful. If he had known earlier, he wouldn't have beaten all of them into unconsciousness that day. A small continuous flow was the best!

He was unaware that, due to his strong performance, all of Ling Ying Sect had been shocked. Especially his demeanor when he had been "receiving" his trophies. Under the effort of Yan Ming Zi and Hu Shan's story-telling, it reached all of Ling Ying Sect.

The nickname of "the Scalping Zombie" was created.

The Scalping Zombie was undoubtedly the opponent that the wastrels didn't want to touch the most. Wastrels usually relied on expensive talismans and countless jingshi to battle. However, if they went to provoke the Scalping Zombie, wasn't it giving money to the other? If they took great talismans, and they lost, then it would be hard to keep possession of the talisman. According to the detailed description from the talisman expert Yan Ming Zi and the comparison to the talismans the five people had lost, it proved that the Scalping Zombie's eyes were extremely experienced. If they lost, what they would lose was definitely the most valuable and expensive talisman they had!

But if they wore only trash to go make a challenge, the already low chance of winning would head towards zero.

The wastrels of Ling Ying Sect were all smart and perceptive. No one dared to go provoke this "Scalping Zombie."

The elders of Wu Kong Sword Sect were all absent. Zuo Mo had an extremely enjoyable life. Especially because no one cared about him making dan.

He would make a batch of Golden Crow pills every day. This was a very

steady source of income. However, he didn't want to spend too much effort on it. Golden Crow pills might be profitable but it was still a first-grade lingdan, and the profits were limited. Zuo Mo's eyes had been spoiled by the fine talismans on his body. If he only relied on making Golden Crow pills, he would need at least half a year to be able to buy just any of the talismans he was wearing right now.

The price of normal third-grade talismans were not expensive and Zuo Mo could afford it. However, for the fine specimens like this one, the price would reach an incredible height.

Zuo Mo once again took up his previous experiment to use the essence of the sun as the primary and the li fire seal formation as the auxiliary fire, to make a new kind of lingdan.

Taking up this eternally failing experiment wasn't completely for jingshi.

He was going for a Golden Crow fire!

Golden Crow fire was a fourth-grade fire seed. If he had it, the low-grade lingdan he made would automatically increase a level. Also, Golden Crow fire was one of the originators of all the fires in the world. It could merge with many other fire seeds. In the future, if he encountered better fire sources, he could merge it into the other fire.

Of course, for Zuo Mo at this time, Golden Crow fire was already the best fire in the world! Even more, there was a possibility he could achieve Golden Crow fire through his own power. What would fill him more full of energy and fighting spirit other than this?

He burrowed into Master's records room and started to research for ling grasses that could endure the essence of the sun and other dominant forces.

Just as Zuo Mo prepared to focus and enter seclusion, the pink paper crane landed from the sky.

"Ye, what's the answer from last time's game?"

Zuo Mo hit his head, and wailed misfortune. These days, he had been enchanted in dan-making and threw that so-called game into the back of

his head. Without any other way, he could only harden his head and reply, "Apologies, I was busy these days."

"Ye doesn't place importance on me. I'm very hurt.",

Zuo Mo felt his head swell. Threat. This definitely was a threat.

"How about another two days?" Zuo Mo decided that in these two days, even if he had to not eat or sleep, he would definitely solve this game. He knew just how ruthless and vicious this paper crane girl was!

However, he once again underestimated the paper crane girl's ruthlessness and viciousness.

Just as Zuo Mo warily unfolded the pink paper crane that just flew over, he felt his eyes blur and the surroundings instantly changed.

"Damned woman!" Zuo Mo swore angrily!

It wasn't the first time that he encountered such a situation. It also wasn't the first time the damned woman used this trick.

"Hee hee, ye don't scold me. Who made it that you didn't put importance on me? Ye doesn't want to play with me, I just have to find ways to amuse myself. Hee hee, this is a maze that I learned when I was seven. It's very fun. Ye, slowly enjoy it."

A sweet to the bones voice came out of the air, carrying a hint of laziness and indifference.

"Damned woman!" Zuo Mo forced the words through his teeth. If the other was in front of him, he would definitely leap over and use the Water Drop sword to chop her into mulch. This damned uncaring, bored, and inane woman!

His swearing didn't receive any reply. Zuo Mo slowly calmed down from the anger burning inside.

Maze?

He scanned the surroundings. Strangely, he was slightly panicked. Under his feet was a checkerboard. Each square was one foot squared, either black or white, alternating as it spread to the edge of the horizon.

Illusion, this was an illusion! Zuo Mo told himself.

If the other said that this was a maze formation, then it was certainly an illusion.

However, all of this seemed so real. Zuo Mo could even feel the hardness of the tiles under his feet. It was completely empty. Zuo Mo seemed to be standing in the middle of nowhere, alone and without aid.

Luckily, there wasn't anything dangerous. Zuo Mo was slightly comforted.

He started to ponder how he would walk out of this maze formation. The formations that he knew were pitifully few and the maze formation in front of him clearly wasn't one of those. A maze formation that damned woman knew at seven years old... ..

Zuo Mo started to grit his teeth again.

Suddenly, a ball of mist floated out of nowhere.

But the mist came quickly and left quickly.

However, when the mist faded, Zuo Mo was dumbstruck as he looked at the scene in front of him.

Chapter 89: Silly Yao

Notes: Due to the way the cultivation system in the novel has been set up, I've decided to change a term (again!). We will now have ling energy and ling power. Ling energy is now the energy that is spread out in the world which people absorb. Ling power is the stuff that people use, which is basically "processed" ling energy. Think solar energy and solar power (in cactuar's words).

*

The mist faded and a hot spring had appeared. In the steam that rose up, a crowd of beautiful women who were bathing could be barely made out. Their eyes were alluring and extremely seductive. The smooth and silky skin seemed to have magnetism, securely holding Zuo Mo's eyes.

The beauties played and laughed, disregarding Zuo Mo as empty air.

When had the pitiful Zuo Mo ever seen something like this? It was like he had been struck by lightning, dumbstruck. The laughter and breathing of the women burrowed into his ear. He felt his throat was dry, his entire body hot. Something inside his body seemed to be moving.

What spell was this?

Zuo Mo felt his heart beat faster and faster until it felt like his heart was going to jump out of his chest, uncontrollably beating.

He used all the energy in his body to struggle to swallow. He detected that his entire body wasn't normal, definitely not normal! He started to channel ling power. It didn't have an effect. He couldn't help but be shocked.

— Such a strong spell! Such a strong maze formation!

Calm! Calm!

It was fake! Fake!

Zuo Mo told himself. At this time, he should close his eyes, but for some reason, his eyelids today didn't listen to him. It seemed that there was a

mysterious world in that hot spring that uncontrollably attracted his eyes. If he didn't restrain himself forcefully, his legs would unconsciously walk towards the hot spring.

Tracelessly capturing a person's mind and soul. Imperceptibly controlling a person's body. Zuo Mo's last bit of rationality concluded, this group of beauties were in reality a high grade maze formation!

Fourth-grade or even fifth-grade?

The person trapped would feel hot, the rhythm of breathing lost, the mind disturbed, ling power channeling would be obstructed... ..

He reflexively swallowed again. Suddenly, Zuo Mo's pupils expanded.

The hot steam suddenly disappeared. Those beautiful women, without an exception, their heart-startling faces, their amazing bodies, the porcelain skin and

A blow like no other before attacked Zuo Mo like a stream of lightning. His breathing stopped, his heart stopped at this moment as well.

Was this the final attack... ..

All the beauties suddenly stopped moving like they were under a paralyzing spell. After that, with speed visible to the naked eye, they started to age and wither. The healthy and alluring skin lost the glow, the tightness, became wrinkled like the bark of a tree. Their beautiful appearance quickly withered and lost vitality.

The skin turned bad, rotted and revealed the white bones inside.

In the flick of a finger, a crowd of beautiful women became a crowd of skeletons.

His chest heaving, Zuo Mo felt like he had ate countless mosquitoes and wanted to throw up! This reversal of events, all the blood in his body seemed to reverse flow and he almost spat out blood.

The viciousness of this final attack... ..

Zuo Mo was extremely shocked. The person who created this maze formation was really strong! He hadn't felt even a bit of ling power. This

was a traceless attack. At this time, a tearing sound occurred next to his ear. The scene in front of him suddenly twisted as though it was being sucked away by something.

Beautiful women, skeleton, the black and white checkerboard, it completely disappeared.

He saw Pu Yao opening his mouth and a wisp of smoke was sucked inside. His state seemed comfortable and satisfied. When did Pu Yao recover? Did he just ruin the maze formation right now?

Pu Yao closed his mouth and turned to look at Zuo Mo, lightly throwing down, "You have a nosebleed."

Zuo Mo dazed and hurried to touch his nose. As expected, it was red!

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha" Pu Yao laughed carefree, his face mischievous as he looked at Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo didn't understand at all.

Bleeding proved that the other's maze formation was really too strong. He had actually been wounded and bled without him noticing. But why was Pu Yao laughing?

He felt that Pu Yao's laugh was slightly strange. Even now, his chest felt unspeakably uncomfortable. The last ultimate attack, the power was too amazing. The feeling of disgust lingered in his heart.

Barely managing to calm down, Pu Yao glanced at Zuo Mo and started snickering again. He swept across the pink colored paper on Zuo Mo's hands and snatched it over, shoving it into his mouth. He chew two times and swallowed it down. For the second time, he had a satisfied expression.

"You... .. you eat paper?" Zuo Mo pointed at Pu Yao, face full of disbelief as he asked.

"Such pure yin energy, it would be a pity to waste it." Pu Yao thrust out a blood red tongue and licked his lips, still hungering.

"When did you wake up?" Zuo Mo asked dumbly.

"When this maze formation started." Pu Yao snickered. However, Zuo Mo felt that the other's eyes as they looked at him were slightly weird.

“You’ve recovered?” Zuo Mo still decided to have some concern for Pu Yao.

“Not that easy.” Pu Yao stretched and said lazily, “The injury this time was too much. Recovering isn’t that easy.” From his expression, he didn’t seem to be that concerned with his injury.

It seemed the situation was better than he had thought. Zuo Mo felt slightly safer. He thought about the beautiful women he had just seen. He hurriedly asked, “What maze formation was it just now? Too strong! I was injured without me noticing!”

“Ha ha ha ha ha ha” Pu Yao couldn’t resist and started howling with laughter again, holding his stomach. Laughing to the point of not being able to stand up.

Zuo Mo’s face was puzzled. He didn’t know why Pu Yao was responding like this.

This maze formation really was powerful... ..

At a place far away from Sky Moon Jie.

“Hm, why hasn’t there been a response? Is he really not tempted by beauty? Hee Hee, has he surrendered?”

A girl propped up her chin and talked to herself.

A while later. Still nothing. Her face was suspicious.

“There’s no reason. As long as he isn’t a playboy, he shouldn’t be able to resist! Is he really experienced? He didn’t seem like it! Did I look wrong? This miss dislikes that kind of men the most!”

She completely did not know her tempting maze formation had been altered by Pu Yao and its effect had moved from one extreme to another extreme.

She wasn’t satisfied.

In Little West Wind Yard.

“Do you understand women?” Pu Yao asked.

“Of course.” Zuo Mo looked strangely at Pu Yao. This question was so dumb and idiotic. Had Pu Yao’s mind been wounded? His mind was now unclear? He reminded in goodwill, “Li Ying Feng Shijie, Xiao Guo, Master. They are all women.”

No. No. Pu Yao had previously been an old antique of three thousand years ago but, at least, he had been somewhat normal. But now, his mind had been wounded and become dumb. Zuo Mo looked slightly sympathetically at Pu Yao. So pitiful. A Sky Yao becoming a dumb yao.

Meeting Zuo Mo’s gaze, Pu Yao snickered, “Have you been close with a woman?”

Zuo Mo looked with even more sympathy at Pu Yao, “I’m close to all of them.”

Pu Yao’s snickers suddenly stopped, like he had choked. He suddenly found that it was very difficult to explain this matter to Zuo Mo.

“When you see them, do you have any strange thoughts in your head?” Pu Yao made a last effort.

“Uh, strange thoughts?” Zuo Mo struggled, and then nodded, “I have.”

“So you really do have some thoughts!” Pu Yao became excited. He continued in leading, “What thoughts?”

“Selling medicine.” Zuo Mo bashfully and obediently answered.

Pu Yao was dumbstruck.

Zuo Mo counted on his fingers as he said, “But it’s a pity that Xiao Guo is still too poor right now. Master, she won’t buy the dan that I make. Usually, only Li Ying Feng Shijie would buy. However, Xu Qing Shijie also would buy. Oh, after some more time, I would advertise moisture dan to them. And there must also be Xu Yi Xia Shijie. Oh, Hao Min might be lacking, but I won’t say no to jingshi... .. in the future, I will make lots and lots of dan. Elder Wei Nan’s jade scrolls said that women are the best people to sell to... ..”

Pu Yao sprayed out blood and collapsed. After a while, his limbs

twitched and he struggled up. He said, refusing to give up, "Didn't you just see those naked women? Didn't you feel something?"

If before, Zuo Mo had been using a look reserved for silly yao, then now Zuo Mo's gaze as he looked at Pu Yao was like if he was looking at an idiot. Full of pity, he said, "Pu Yao, that's the seal formation!"

Gurgle gurgle. Pu Yao once again fell down, fresh blood furiously flowing out from his mouth like a spring.

So pitiful!

Zuo Mo looked sympathetically at Pu Yao who had been heavily affected.

However, Zuo Mo quickly didn't have the time to sympathize with Pu Yao. The sect leader and the others all returned to the mountain. When Zuo Mo saw the deep exhaustion in the expression of the elders, he perceptively didn't say anything. The sect leader didn't say any words, only waved his hands to signal for the disciples to leave.

"This time, the incident really is too big." Pei Yuan Ran sighed deeply, "Sky Moon Jie would not be peaceful."

The others were silent. Yan Le's face was worried, "We have to take precautions. Wei Sheng's talents are so outstanding, one in a hundred years. We need to think of ways for him to reach jindan early, otherwise... .."

Everyone understood the rest. A genius, no matter the talent, before they matured, they were all very fragile. Killing an exceptional zhuji xiuzhe only required an average ningmai. They only needed a seal, a talisman... ..

"Oh, I wanted Wei Sheng to have a strong foundation. Looking at it now, time doesn't wait for me." Pei Yuan Ran gave a deep sigh. He thought for a moment and said resolutely, "In abnormal times, we have to act abnormally. Everyone, gather all your power to help Wei Sheng."

Xin Yan and Yan Le nodded at the same time. Shi Feng Rong hesitated for a second and said, "What about Zuo Mo?"

Pei Yuan Ran said helplessly, “Zuo Mo’s talent might be outstanding. In another sect, they naturally would take care and nurture. But our assets, Shimei, you know it as well. If we need to put all our energy into nurturing, we could barely just nurture Wei Sheng.”

“Yes! Shimei, I only have that much in my stores. I don’t even know if there is enough for just Wei Sheng.” Yan Le urged.

Shi Feng Rong knew that what the shixiong said was the truth. Wu Kong Sword Sect wasn’t some large sect and didn’t have much wealth. How were young experts made? Made from countless jingshi and lingdan! Wei Sheng was the undisputed successor of the sect. Shi Feng Rong knew very well.

However, Zuo Mo was her disciple. She gritted her teeth, “I do not have objections on nurturing Wei Sheng. But since Zuo Mo won’t have a share of the resources, then we should reimburse him in other areas. If I need to make dan for Wei Sheng, in the future, I won’t have time to teach him and will have to leave him to his own devices.” Speaking of it, she was slightly sorrowful and then raised her head, “I only have a request. Other than some special jade scrolls, all the jade scrolls in the sect should be open for him.”

“This... ..” Pei Yuan Ran was slightly hesitant. Shi Feng Rong’s request was against the sect’s rules. But when he saw the determination on Shi Feng Rong’s face, he still nodded, “Yes, I agree.” Nurturing Wei Sheng. The most important part was the supply of lingdan. On this point, Shi Feng Rong was extremely important.

Pei Yuan Ran was a charismatic person. He thought and then stood, “Since the situation is this bad, the jade scrolls would be garbage if they are in the pavilion. From today onwards, all the jade scrolls in the sect will be open to all inner sect disciples.”

And then the whole of Wu Kong Sword Sect shook!

Translator Rambling: So slightly major business first. I changed the term.

Second, I know and agree it totally sucks that the elders want to focus on Wei Sheng. Pei Yuan Ran is bribing Shi Feng Rong, who really is trying her

best within her limits since the other is her sect leader/boss. I'm going to play devil's advocate and say Pei Yuan Ran is investing in what looks to be the most profitable venture.

On the other hand, the elders are terrible at making money!

Chapter 90: Pu Yao's Counterattack

From any angle, Zuo Mo wasn't a slow person. Of course, Pu Yao might have his own opinions about this point.

The changes in the sect allowed Zuo Mo to smell a strange flavor. Master had sternly told him to work hard and not slack off. She also said the jade scrolls in the sect, including all the scrolls in Fragrant Ginger Yard, were all open to him and he did not need to spend a single contribution point.

A benefit that Zuo Mo could have only dreamed about in the past was placed in front of him, but he wasn't happy at all.

The sect leader and the other shibo had announced these measures immediately after coming back. This meant that something had definitely happened or was going to happen. After the experiences of these two years, he knew this very well – spells were jingshi! No matter which sect or organization, they wouldn't freely pass spells to people. In the past, it was normal that the sect required contribution points for spells. Contribution points were effectively jingshi. But the sect leader suddenly said that spells didn't need contribution points anymore. This clearly meant there was a problem.

Something was going to happen!

Zuo Mo felt out the situation by asking if he needed to go train his body under Xin Yan Shibo. Master's answer once again proved his guess. He didn't need to go. Xin Yan Shibo was going into seclusion to forge. After that, Master told him that she was going into seclusion to make dan and didn't have time to teach him so he needed to study hard on his own.

The conversation between him and Master lasted for a whole four hours. How to study and everything else, as though she needed to make everything clear.

The bad feeling Zuo Mo felt became even heavier.

In the end, Master had hesitated and urged him to spend more time

practicing the sword, it was fine if he was slowing in dan-making. If, at this time, Zuo Mo still didn't know that there was a problem, then he was truly an idiot. Master waved her hand to send him away. When he had stepped outside the door to the dan room, the weak sigh that Master had given, Zuo Mo had heard it extremely clearly.

Returning to the West Wind Yard, Zuo Mo's mood wasn't good, as though he was suffocating.

This day, he didn't cultivate.

At night, lying on the roof, his head pillowed on his arms, he looked at the stars in the sky in a daze. The sound tablet by his side quietly broadcasted all kinds of news.

"What are you worried about?" Pu Yao had come out at some unknown time.

"I feel that something is going to happen." Zuo Mo said as he looked at the stars.

"Something is going to happen?"

"En. Two years ago when I opened my eyes, all I thought of was surviving in the sect. At that time, I didn't have any ideas and never thought about the future. I got used to staying here, used to this mountain. After, Master was very good to me, even though her temper might not be good. And Wei Sheng Shixiong, Old Black, Li Ying Feng Shijie, Xiao Guo... .."

"Even if something is going to happen, you can't do anything about it." Pu Yao said unconcernedly.

"I know." Zuo Mo's eyes were slightly dark, "My power is so weak. If something was really going to happen, I can't help."

"Then isn't that all?" Pu Yao asked strangely.

"But I don't want... .." Gazing at the faraway stars, Zuo Mo lightly muttered.

Pu Yao became silent. He seemed to have remembered something.

The second day, early in the morning, Zuo Mo ran to the rented ling garden and did a round of maintenance. He was just preparing to leave when someone came searching for him.

Could you be Mister Zuo, Ling Plant Farmer Zuo Mo?" The person asked politely, his face intelligent.

Zuo Mo was slightly surprised, "That's me."

"This one has long heard of your name." A hint of joy came across the person's face but he still showed extreme control, "This one is He Rong and has a little shop. I heard that Mister Zuo Mo has planted a lot of Fiery Red flower. This one came to ask if Mister Zuo Mo is willing to sell."

Zuo Mo nodded, "I did plant a lot of fiery red flower. However, there's still some time until they mature."

He Rong smiled and said, "This one wants to reserve it first."

"Oh. What kind of reserve?" Zuo Mo hadn't thought that the market had such high demand. His fiery red flowers hadn't matured and there were actually people that were coming up to reserve them. Since he had planted this batch of fiery red flowers to sell, it was naturally better that people were finding him.

"How much has Mister Zuo Mo planted?" He Rong asked.

"Eighty mu."

He Rong mused for a beat and then said, "Right now, the market price of fiery red flower is about two pieces of third grade jingshi per tael. How much does Mister Zuo Mo think the harvest will be?"

"About twenty catties." Zuo Mo gave a conservative number.

"As expected of a ling plant farmer, the yield is astonishing." He Rong praised. He then followed up, "I'm willing to first give sixty pieces of third grade jingshi as a down payment. If the market price in the future is lower than two pieces of third grade jingshi per tael, I will buy at this price and add the remainder. If it is higher than this price, then I will pay according to the market price. What does Mister Zuo think?"

This price was already very good. Zuo Mo thought for a second before nodding, “Good.”

He suddenly asked, “What’s the price of second-grade fiery red flower?” His ling fields would produce some second-grade fiery red flower but there wouldn’t be too much.

“Fifty pieces of third-grade jingshi per tael.” He Rong was slightly shocked. When he thought about the fact the other was a ling plant farmer, he then added, “If there is second-grade fiery red flower, this one is willing to take as much as there is.”

“En.”

Zuo Mo then asked about the market for all kinds of herbs and medicines. He Rong was clearly experienced. He could almost unhesitatingly report the prices of all herbs. After that, the two created an agreement and exchanged imprints. The imprints, it was to leave behind one’s spiritual imprint on a blank jade scroll. This way, it was easier for the two to communicate. With imprints, the paper cranes could easily find the other for convenient communication.

Zuo Mo could not do flying sword messages. He could only use paper cranes.

Previously, other than the pink paper crane woman, Zuo Mo basically never used paper cranes. Paper cranes cost money. In the past, with his situation, he wouldn’t bear it.

Sixty pieces of third-grade jingshi, for Zuo Mo, it was a gigantic sum of money.

Maybe he should buy a suit of ling armor. The ling armor he was wearing now was the second-grade ling armor that Yan Le Shibo had given him. It really didn’t match with the fine third-grade talismans such as Water Drop sword. However, he only thought about it. It was naturally possible to buy a third-grade ling armor with sixty pieces of third-grade jingshi but what that amount could buy was normal third grade ling armor. It wasn’t enough for the finest armors.

After thinking, he decided to temporarily not spend the jingshi. He remembered his body still contained the great consumer of jingshi, Pu Yao.

As expected, when he returned to Little West Wind Yard, Pu Yao came out.

“I want the jingshi, Say, what do you want to exchange it for?” Pu Yao’s words were very proud but he then reminded Zuo Mo, “However, this little bit of jingshi, you won’t get much of a good thing in return.”

“What can I exchange it for?” Zuo Mo wasn’t dumb and tested the waters.

Even though Pu Yao’s intelligence was a bit low right now, but this person’s history was marked. He had forced through a lot of transactions.

“Hm, I hadn’t thought that you would have learnt.” Pu Yan scanned Zuo Mo a few times and then smiled cunningly, “But this is better, a fair business transaction. Just sixty pieces of third-grade jingshi, what you can exchange for is a little trick using the consciousness. How about it? Or you can first make a payment, learn a section, then pay to learn another section.”

“It’s better to pay all at the same time.” Zuo Mo understood Pu Yao’s character very well. If it was making regular payments, this guy would raise the price sky high. If he was stuck in the middle, he would definitely be in trouble.

“He he. Up to you. How about it? Do you want to learn this little trick?” Pu Yao smiled darkly, the blood eye was like it was looking at prey. Zuo Mo felt his hairs stand up.

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth, “Learn!”

He had kept on practicing [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] and his consciousness far surpassed the average person. However, he didn’t know how to use it. His only use of his consciousness was when he was monitoring the lingdan during dan-making.

“Ha ha!” Pu Yao smiled, satisfied. Ding ding dong dong. A stream of

sounds from jingshi hitting each other, and made Zuo Mo's heart ache.

Sixty pieces of third grade jingshi!

"Hm, here." Pu yao threw a ball of light at Zuo Mo, throwing down a, "We're clear!" Before disappearing.

Having had a previous experience, Zuo Mo took the ball of light. The moment the light ball touched his hand, it turned to countless characters that floated in his mind.

[Fragrance Knowledge]. Using the consciousness, able to remember the attributes of any female and never forget. Also, as long as the other was in a radius of five hundred li from the user, the user could detect the other's position and find them. When the user was skilled, if they used this scripture, even if the other was thousands of miles away, the user could easily find them. Also, this scripture could detect the quality of the ling potential females had. At the very end, Zuo Mo saw a final sentence in conclusion, this scripture is the essential scripture for every pervert who wants to do paired cultivation!

Zuo Mo wanted to spit up blood.

"Pu Yao! Ye will kill you! Return ye's jingshi... .."

In the Little West Wing Yard, a heart wrenching howl echoed!

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao sat on the gravestone, extremely smug and cunning, saying, "Ha ha ha ha, maze formation... .. humph humph, in the future, if anyone discuss formations with me, I'll discuss women with them! Ahaha... .."

Pu Yao still held a grudge against Zuo Mo's answer from last time. He was extremely exhilarated about this counterattack!

The next few days, Zuo Mo didn't not recover from this painful blow. Sixty pieces of third-grade jingshi exchanged for such an useless scripture, Zuo Mo wanted to tear Pu Yao to pieces and feed him to the dogs!

Deeply impacted, Zuo Mo decided to make Golden Crow pills to recover his losses.

Sixty pieces of third-grade jingshi! That was three hundred Golden Crow pills! Last time, he had made a few hundred Golden Crow pills and it almost killed him.

Carrying grief and motivation, Zuo Mo raced for Fragrant Ginger Yard, aspiring to furiously make Golden Crow pills. But quickly, he heard an unlucky news. Xu Qing told him that the ingredients in the sect for the fasting pill had been used up.

He hurried to ask Li Ying Feng Shijie and the news he received was like lightning on a clear day.

A certain ingredient was not being supplied anymore on the market!

According to Shijie's speculations, there was someone maliciously hoarding the ingredients. The use of this ingredient was extremely widespread. Many lingdan required it. One of his avenues of wealth now cut off, it was like a stick to Zuo Mo's head!

Accordingly, his hatred of Pu Yao quickly rose! Sixty pieces of third-grade jingshi, it only bought a scripture that didn't have any use, especially when he didn't have much money in the first place!

He could not bear it!

Zuo Mo murderously went to find Pu Yao.

Chapter 91: Merging Sword Essences

When Pu Yao saw Zuo Mo, he smiled.

“Pu Yao, I don’t want this garbage scripture. Either you return the jingshi, or exchange it for another scripture!” Zuo Mo’s eyes were red, like a furious thin zombie, hatefully staring at Pu Yao.

“Hee.” Pu Yao’s light laugh was like the hiss of a snake. He slowly drawled, “There’s no such thing as refunds and exchanges here.”

“In the future, don’t think about getting jingshi!” Zuo Mo hatefully said.

Pu Yao wasn’t affected. He propped up his chin, his peerlessly beautiful face full of mockery, relaxed and carefree, “I don’t need your permission anyway.”

Hearing this, Zuo Mo stopped breathing. Finally, he remembered that he didn’t seem to have any ways of stopping this guy.

He wasn’t satisfied, wasn’t satisfied!

Zuo Mo hated so much that his teeth ached but didn’t know what to do.

Being shut down by Pu Yao wasn’t a surprise. If he could have gotten something off Pu Yao, then it would be an amazing matter.

The making of Golden Crow pills was stuck, the Fiery Red flowers in the ling gardens hadn’t matured, Zuo Mo instantly lost all avenues of income. Especially right now when he was penniless. Without jingshi, he couldn’t do anything.

Zuo Mo could only stay in the little yard and cultivate, go to the ling garden. Any other times, he would go to Fragrant Ginger Yard to practice dan-making. He couldn’t make Golden Crow pills but the other dan medicines were not affected. It was lucky that his reputation was now great, and since Master was in seclusion to make dan, his tab with Xu Qing could be greater.

It was a pity that he couldn’t find a dan that was as easy to sell and as profitable as Golden Crow pill. From the accounts, he was more in debt.

Xu Qing wasn't concerned. This was normal. If people would earn jingshi from the moment they started learning dan-making, then everyone would be learning dan-making.

Zuo Mo remembered what Master had said to him, spend more time practicing the sword!

This sentence, he remembered it very clearly. The meaning behind these words didn't need to be said.

Okay, since he couldn't make jingshi, then he will practice the sword. He had already reached a pretty good level with [Li Water Sword Scripture] but he had reached a barrier. He didn't have any idea of how to develop it further. What he could think about now was to see if he could merge Xin Yan Shibo's tidal sword essence and Li water sword essence together.

This idea had sprouted when he had seen the sword river in his consciousness that was divided in two.

However, merging two different sword essences was an extremely difficult matter. Luckily, almost all the jade scrolls in the sect were open, including Xin Yan Shibo's [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture].

This time, the effect of opening the jade scrolls to the disciples wasn't large. Wei Sheng Shixiong was in the sword cave, Xu Yi Shixiong was obsessed with forging, Gong Sun Qing Shijie was packing up to travel to her betrothed, Luo Li Shixiong was still in seclusion, Xu Yi Xia and Hao Min didn't have much interest in the sword. Eldest Shixiong Qin Cheng was on a trip to manage affairs.

Overall, the person most interested in these sword scripture scrolls was Zuo Mo. What Zuo Mo was most interested in was [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture]. In reality, this was the jade scroll he was most surprised about when the scrolls had been released this time. They even let this one out?

The sect's strongest was [Void Sword Scripture], but in Zuo Mo's heart, [Ice Dragon Scripture] was the strongest sword scripture. He had never seen how powerful [Void Sword Scripture] was but he had personally experienced Xin Yan Shibo's terrifying sword essence many times and it had left a deep impression on him.

To be able to see the entirety of [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture], it was a matter that Zuo Mo was overjoyed about.

However, he quickly found that [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture] was like some of the jade scrolls in Fragrant Ginger Yard. The contents you were able to see were appropriate for the cultivation you had. If the cultivation wasn't high enough, you couldn't see the contents. This was to stop people who didn't have the cultivation but forced themselves to practice from damaging themselves.

Zuo Mo couldn't see much of the contents, just the impression method of the flying sword and some of the shallower contents. Seeing this, he couldn't help but sigh. Water Drop sword might be much higher in grade than ice crystal sword but it wasn't as suited as ice crystal sword for practicing [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture]. This firmed Zuo Mo's determination to merge the two sword essence. If for nothing else, it was worth it just for the Water Drop sword.

The language of [Ice Dragon Sword] was extremely profound and cryptic. But since Zuo Mo had a rough understanding of Ice Dragon sword essence, using it as a reference, he was actually able to understand the majority of the contents. After reading what was available to him, Zuo Mo put down the scroll and fell into contemplation.

This deep contemplation of his was ten days long!

He did not eat, drink, nor sleep, and did not rest for ten days!

On the tenth day, Zuo Mo suddenly opened his eyes and raised his hand to form a sword energy!

Poof!

A streak of cool yet fiery light, containing the sharpness of a sword, hit the ground. It left behind a deep hole. On the edges of the hole, there were many traces of ice.

It was a pity he could only force the two together like this. There were still many places in the new sword essence that Zuo Mo felt were very vague. It could only wait until Zuo Mo had a deeper understanding of [Ice

Dragon Sword Scripture] and continuous battle for comprehension before he would become familiar.

The new sword essence was with the li water sword essence as the primary and the Ice Dragon sword essence as the auxiliary. Originally, Ice Dragon sword essence was of higher grade than li water sword essence and it should have been Ice Dragon sword essence as primary and li water sword essence as auxiliary. But Zuo Mo's understanding of li water sword essences was far deeper than his understanding of Ice Dragon sword essence.

After the two were merged, the power of the sword energy increased dramatically!

In comparison, the merging of sword moves was much easier than merging sword essences. No matter if it was [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture] or [Li Water Sword Scripture], they didn't have complex or long moves.

It was a pity no one came for him to test his sword with. Zuo Mo suddenly started to miss those people from Ling Ying Sect. If, once in awhile, someone came for him to test his sword with, and also came with a fine talisman, how great would that be!

When Zuo Mo found out that his thinking had took ten days, he instantly jumped. Uncaring of anything else, he rode the grey beaked goose towards the ling garden. What he could celebrate was that the state of the Fiery Red flower and the other herbs in the ling garden were very good and there wasn't much change. He could finally release a breath.

Extremely tired, he simply laid down on the grass in the ling garden and fell asleep.

Dong Fu had recovered from the previous chaotic situation. This place had once again become a gathering ground for low level xiuzhe. Without those high level xiuzhe, the pressure that had been in the hearts of the low level xiuzhe instantly was swept away. The city became lively once again.

"Did you hear? The Dong Fu Sword Test Conference is going to begin!"

“I heard. You can go as long as you are zhuji. The qualification is really low this time!”

“Dong Fu Hall has really put in a lot of resources this time. So many prizes, they are really generous.”

“Che, so what? In the end, it would be Yu Bai who gets it. Just moving from the left pocket to the right.”

“That’s not so certain. Didn’t Wu Kong Sword Sect have a genius called Wei Sheng? I feel he could be a dark horse!”

“Wei Sheng? I also heard about him. Supposedly, Wu Kong Sword Sect also has a guy called the Scalping Zombie, extremely vicious!”

“Who isn’t vicious? It’s only us that aren’t vicious. Yu Bai, Zong Ming Yan, they are all vicious!”

“That’s so true... ..”

... ..

The news that the time for the Dong Fu Sword Test Conference was quickly approaching became the hottest topic in Dong Fu. The number and quality of prizes offered this time was enough to make everyone gape. No one understood what was going on in Tian Song Zi’s head that he would pay such a great price to hold a sword test conference.

Fourth-grade Green Pine sword, fourth-grade Hundred Desolation Lucky Beast belt, fourth-grade Fragmented Gold coronet, third-grade Rowan sleeve, third-grade Sky shirt, third grade Icy Cobra ling armor... ..

It had to be said that this move was extremely effective. The generous prizes greatly stirred the excitement of young xiuzhe, especially the poor disciples of those small sects. Where would they have the jingshi to buy talismans? They all drooled as they looked at the prizes.

Once the news was announced, the people who registered were numerous. Since it didn’t cost anything to register, it would be stupid not to. If they were lucky, they might be able to scoop up a talisman. They wouldn’t lose anything if they lost. However, they had to start from the

Preliminary Sword Test Conference and go through several rounds before entering the Sword Test Conference.

The more significant sects in Dong Fu had an allotment of slots. They could directly attend the Sword Test Conference without first going through the Preliminary Sword Test Conference.

Even though the treatment was different, the attendees didn't have many angry words. The lower the level of the xiuzhe, the more they understood the realities of the world. If the world was like this, what could they be angry about?

Other than the xiuzhe in Dong Fu's surroundings, the Sword Test Conference this time had attracted large numbers of skilled people from the other twelve primary towns!

Under the lure of a heavy reward, there would be courageous people!

Due to holding a sword test conference, Dong Fu became abnormally busy.

It was the second day when Zuo Mo woke up. The blinding sunlight woke him from a deep sleep.

With his body fully rested, he became as vigorous and energetic as usual. When he returned to the Little West Wind Yard, he went to clean out the ling fields, sorting out the ling grasses which had matured. He was planning on going to Dong Fu at some time. These ling grasses could be exchanged for some jingshi.

Just like normal, he burrowed into the stone room and started to practice [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] and [Vajra Profound Sutra].

Four hours later, he opened his eyes, revealing joy. Just now, his cultivation had broken through to the fourth level of zhuji. Different from his consciousness which had kept on stopping before reaching third breath, the increase in his ling power was very quick. In a very short amount of time, he had broken through to zhuji fourth level. This speed could be called terrifying.

Of course, the ling vein had played a crucial role. If it wasn't for this ling vein, he would probably still be at the second level.

Based on this speed, he would quickly break through to ningmai! By that time, he would finally have some measure of self-protection.

In Sky Moon Jie, jindan was undoubtedly the highest level of existence. The next level down was ningmai. However, the difference in power between different ningmai xiuzhe was very big but no matter what, if he reached ningmai, he would finally leave behind the ranks of low level xiuzhe.

If one didn't have much ambition, ningmai xiuzhe could live a pretty good life in Sky Moon Jie. The benefits and tribute a ningmai xiuzhe received wasn't on the same level as a zhuji xiuzhe.

After practicing [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], Zuo Mo started [Vajra Profound Sutra]. As to [Fragrance Knowledge], he threw the scripture to one side.

Studying women, it was better to study maze formations!

The version of [Vajra Profound Sutra] Zuo Mo practiced was the gravestone version. After practicing it for a length of time, he discovered the difference between the two versions was increasingly greater.

In meditation, Zuo Mo sat upright, his entire body was like a statue forged from dark gold.

Suddenly, his entire body started to tremble furiously.

Chapter 92: Yin Fire Bead Chapter

Zuo Mo's body shook like dice. The tendons in his forehead and shoulders were thick like earthworms, they were extremely horrifying.

Pu Yao had come out at some time. Seeing Zuo Mo's state, he seemed slightly startled.

Zuo Mo's body continued to tremble for almost an hour before ceasing.

Zuo Mo opened his eyes and heavily exhaled. His eyes looked slightly uncertain. Just now, he felt that his body seemed to have changed slightly, but as to what had changed, he didn't know. He lowered his head to inspect himself and didn't make any discoveries.

There wasn't any problems with the gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra], right? His heart jumped.

"Who taught you this?" Pu Yao's voice suddenly came from behind him.

Zuo Mo jumped in fright. Turning, he released a breath upon seeing it was Pu Yao, "When you were wounded, it was written on the gravestone."

Pu Yao didn't seem surprised. He only nodded his head: "En. Keep practicing."

Zuo Mo's heart finally settled. Since Pu Yao said for him to keep practicing, then there shouldn't be a problem. Even though he had encountered great pain when breaking through one breath with [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], but he had to admit that [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was a good thing. Up until now, Zuo Mo hadn't found a scripture higher in level than [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation].

"[Fragrance Knowledge] truly isn't suited for you." Pu Yao said something that surprised Zuo Mo enormously. He followed up, "I'll teach you another way to use your consciousness."

Zuo Mo stared at Pu Yao for a long beat. In the end, he couldn't resist asking, "Pu Yao, are you okay?"

Pu Yao didn't pay attention to him, stating, "You still have a dozen or so of yin beads. Your control of fire isn't bad. I'll teach you how to make yin fire beads."

Uh oh, Pu Yao really had been wounded in the head this time! The previous Pu Yao definitely wouldn't do something like this. Zuo Mo looked sympathetically at Pu Yao. Of course, he didn't say anything. If there was something to be gained freely and he didn't take it, then he would be stupid. Pu Yao was now acting stupid, but did he have to follow in stupidity?

He listened extremely carefully, afraid of missing a word.

Last time, yin beads had caused a great disaster in Dong Fu. However, that had also informed Zuo Mo of just how valuable yin beads were. Without a doubt, yin beads were good things! Valuable things! Something that even those jindan experts were fighting over, how could it not be a good thing?

The method of making yin fire beads wasn't complicated but the contents were extremely lengthy. After a while, Pu Yao was impatient and threw a ball of light at Zuo Mo, letting him read the entire [Yin Fire Bead Chapter] by himself.

To make yin fire beads, there were three requirements. The first was yin beads, the second was fire, and the third was spiritual power. The more pure and dense the yin bead was, the higher grade the fire was, the stronger the consciousness was, the greater the power of the yin fire bead produced. The entire chapter was completely about these three points. The density and formation of yin beads were related to the level of cultivation. The manipulation of spiritual power had a crucial effect during the creation of the yin fired bead. But in the entire chapter, most of the contents were descriptions of all kinds of fire seeds and flames.

In this chapter, the descriptions of fire seeds and flames were extremely detailed. It seemed to have ranked all of the fire seeds and flames that could be used to make yin fire beads. One of them was the fire that Zuo Mo dreamed of, Golden Crow fire. Due to the differences in fires, the

effects of the yin fire beads made were different. All kinds of rare and strange flames broadened Zuo Mo's knowledge and amazed him.

Until he finished, he was still hungry for more. He had never thought that there would be so many kinds of flame in the world. There were even many strange and relatively unknown flames in low grade flames.

This was also the most detailed and complete scripture that he had encountered up until now. He didn't know which sect the scripture came from. To be able to study fire to this depth, they were really skilled!

As he thought, his heart started to itch and he now wanted to make a few yin fire beads. According to the records in the scripture, as long as he could find a suitable fire, the yin fire beads that he could make would be something that even ningmai wouldn't easily meet head-on. Yin beads, this thing was really too sensitive. Even if he did make yin fire beads, Zuo Mo wouldn't easily use them. However, if he had this as one of his hidden cards, if it was a matter of life or death, it maybe could save him.

Thinking about it, Zuo Mo was even more tempted.

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao stood in front of the gravestone, smirking, "You finally couldn't bear it anymore! Three thousand years, your patience finally reached its limits? A guy who isn't willing to abide by your rules, even as old-fashioned as you, you actually compromised?"

The gravestone was silent.

Pu Yao suddenly became excited, sharpness in his blood eye, shouting, "Then why weren't you willing to compromise before?"

The gravestone was still silent.

Pu Yao closed his eyes. When he opened them, he was so calm that he seemed like another person. His alluring and handsome face had faint disdain, "You're dead yet you still want to leave behind your will. When did you become this stupid!" He raised his chin, coldly gazing at the gravestone, "Also, how can I let you do as you please? Dead, then you shouldn't leave anything behind! Hee, such an interesting game... .."

The gravestone was silent as usual.

Zuo Mo wiped the sweat off his face. He cut a sorry figure, his body covered in dirt and dry leaves. Wu Kong Mountain was situated among a vast stretch of mountains. The places that had some density of ling energy naturally were already occupied. What was abundant was a desolate landscape. Xiuzhe weren't interested in lands that had no ling energy. They also didn't have any use for normal lumber. Other than yao beasts, normal wild beasts were just a lump of meat in the eyes of xiuzhe. Now that every sect raised their own ling beasts, there naturally wasn't anyone who hunted these animals. The woods that were lacking in ling energy, no one usually cared for them.

Zuo Mo was in a poor backwater location now. It was a mountain valley, trees were growing in every direction, most of them were covered in ivy. The high mountain peak blocked the sunlight. This place never saw the sun. The air was filled with a rotting stench. It had been many years since someone had come to this mountain valley. The leaves covering the ground were extremely thick. This kind of place was a breeding ground for miasma but Zuo Mo had prepared and made some first-grade Detoxification Dan.

Over the last few days, he had been making his way through this vast forest. Right now, the elders of the sect were either out on errands or in seclusion. No one was looking over him. He was free and unrestrained. After he had seen the complete method to make yin fire beads, he had the idea of searching for a fire seed.

What he wanted the most was Golden Crow fire. [Yin Fire Bead Chapter] had a high opinion of Golden Crow fire. The yin fire bead that was created with Golden Crow fire would be extremely yang and extremely masculine, astoundingly powerful. But in the short term, he could only think about Golden Crow fire. Before he could find a substitute herb, he couldn't do anything. Even if he found an herb that could work as a substitute, he wasn't very confident that it was possible. It was better that he would first find a low grade fire seed. Anything would be better than the Streaming Fire seal formation in the dan cauldron. If he had a fire seed, he could naturally form flames and create some yin fire beads.

There were many low grade fire seeds that were introduced in the [Yin Fire Bead Chapter]. Zuo Mo was extremely motivated.

However, any place that could form fire seeds, it must be a place with plentiful ling energy. If this was in the past, he definitely wouldn't have any way. But now, he had a fourth-grade black gold worm. Even though this method seemed stupid, but Zuo Mo felt it was very plausible. He was full of confidence in this black gold worm. It could even find a place as hidden as the rock room. If there really was a ling vein, it definitely could find it.

But his luck wasn't that good. He specially picked backwater places. After searching in the mountains for a week, he still hadn't discovered anything. Each day, he would start as soon as the sun rose. Occasionally, he would be harassed by animals, yet his hands were empty. It would be a lie to say he wasn't demotivated. But when he thought of Wei Sheng Shixiong, Zuo Mo felt that this little bit of trouble really wasn't anything. He relaxed even more when he thought about it. If it could be easily felt, then he wouldn't have a chance at it.

Looking at the surrounding geography, he decided to try. Taking down a bamboo cylinder slightly thicker than a thumb from his waist, he uncorked it and cast a spell.

The black gold worm climbed out of the cylinder, its antenna nimbly moving and then started crawling deeper into a mountain valley.

Zuo Mo's mind became alert!

There was something!

This was the first time the black gold worm had reacted like this. He had already become suspicious that this gold black worm had degenerated.

He hurried behind the black gold worm, limping as he sprinted. The Water Drop sword quickly chopped in the front. Anywhere it passed, all the branches and ivy turned to pieces and cleared out a road.

Sprinting until he reached the bottom of a cliff, Zuo Mo saw a cave about half a person high. Weeds were growing over the opening. If he

didn't look closely, it would be hard to find. Zuo Mo only hesitated a while before bending down and pushing in. The inside of the cave was actually large and vast. The cold wind blew Zuo Mo's hairs on end. He scanned the surroundings. Entering his eyes was stalactites and stalagmites that had formed over thousands of years. The drip drop of water was abnormally clear in the quiet cave.

Zuo Mo quickly found the black gold worm. It had stopped over a non-descript stalagmite.

Compared to those wondrously shaped stalagmites, this stalagmite was only half a person tall, and didn't have anything that could attract a person's eye.

Zuo Mo suddenly remembered a part of the [Yin Fire Bead Chapter] and instantly became excited. He slowly inhaled, calming down his excitement before walking towards the stalagmite.

Under his control, the black gold worm reluctantly climbed down the stalagmite and moved to the side.

Zuo Mo raised the Water Drop sword, and following the top of the stalagmite, gently stabbed in.

The Water Drop sword easily entered. Zuo Mo suddenly had a joyous expression.

Raising the Water Drop sword, a milky-white flame suddenly shot out of the cut!

Second-grade rare fire seed, Stalagmite fire!

Greedy looking at this quietly burning milky-white flame, Zuo Mo restrained the excitement and joy inside. Gathering ling power on his hands, he reached towards the Stalagmite fire!

The spells to gather fire seeds were detailed in [Yin Fire Bead Chapter], even better than the spells Zuo Mo saw in Master's records room. Silently channeling ling power, his hands suddenly became attractive and with a hiss, this Stalagmite fire entered his body.

His expression suddenly became even more serious. Sucking the fire seed into his body didn't mean that he could celebrate. The next step was the truly important one!

Only by taming the fire seed could the fire seed be used.

But even though this Stalagmite fire was just second-grade, but it had passed through countless months, absorbed countless amounts of ling energy, in order to form and grow to this large.

How could it easily surrender?

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Translator Ramblings: Pu has his own story going on here. We will gradually learn about him over time since he and Zuo Mo aren't going to have a heart-to-heart any time soon.

Chapter 93: Stalagmite Fire

The milky-white stalagmite fire was born in the stalagmites of yin caves, and was a kind of cold fire.

Sucking it into his body, Zuo Mo felt a cold energy quickly spread through the channels in his body. Even though he had prepared before, his body couldn't help but shake, the ling power almost slipping out of control. Pushing aside his surprise, he tried to control the movement of ling power to surround this Stalagmite fire. This ball of Stalagmite fire was provoked, the cold energy increasing. The milky-white flame gave off a strong coldness. The coldness was also extremely humid. What was even more shocking was that, in such a freezing energy, the moisture hadn't been frozen into ice, but still existed as vapor.

Quickly, Zuo Mo felt the effect of the icy moisture! The unparalleled icy moisture, following the spitting of the flame, spread out in waves. The cold energy they contained was even more dense. Wherever they touched the channels, the channels would be damaged. They were like an extremely corrosive mist, leaving behind patches of frozen white wherever it passed.

The numbness of the channels was extremely uncomfortable. Zuo Mo gritted his teeth, continuing to control his ling power to suppress this Stalagmite fire.

The Stalagmite fire was like a trapped beast, furiously fighting, the flame spitting.

The freezing moisture was like the deadly energy that this white beast spat out, trying its best to damage Zuo Mo's channels.

Zuo Mo felt pain inside. He could only follow the method of taming fire seeds from the [Yin Fire Bead Chapter], furiously channeling ling power. The ling power in his body suddenly changed, quickly enveloping the Stalagmite fire tightly.

The Stalagmite fire seemed to have detected the change as it was covered by ling power, becoming more agitated than ever, furiously fighting.

Zuo Mo's ling power flowed away quickly.

The stronger the struggles of the Stalagmite fire became, the faster the ling power in his body would be used up.

Zuo Mo became slightly panicked. If this speed continued, his ling power would quickly reach the bottom. Damn it! By now, this wasn't a question of whether or not he could tame this fire, but whether or not he could keep his life. If the Stalagmite fire lost the suppression from ling power, it would start burning from inside his body until he was burnt into a pile of ice.

Who would have thought assimilating a second-grade fire seed would be so difficult?

This wasn't going to work!

At this time, Zuo Mo couldn't attend to anything else. He was like a gambler that was on the precipice of death, eyes red from losing! The step behind them was the fall off a thousand foot high cliff, there was no place to retreat! Since he could not retreat, then he would bet everything he had!

You're just a second-grade Stalagmite fire, you dare to fight with ge!

You don't know what you've done!

Strangely, the anger inside Zuo Mo suddenly erupted after he was pushed to death's door. At this time, he didn't use [Yin Fire Bead Chapter]. In his eyes, this Stalagmite fire was just a large pest that had burrowed into his body!

All of his spiritual power were gathered, and he unhesitatingly cast [Art of Aged Gold]!

Zuo Mo didn't have any remaining thought of taming it. He only had one thought. Kill it!

A handful of golden mist transformed into a little gold sword!

It was instinct after practicing the sword for so long. Without any need to think, the sword essence erupted!

The robust sword essence released itself through the little sword!

A golden light flashed on the little sword and it quickly melted, the golden liquid flowing and twisting. In the flick of a finger, a miniature golden Water Drop sword appeared inside Zuo Mo's body!

As the golden sword took shape, the robust sword essence quickly became murderous and cold! The coldness of the Stalagmite fire was like the heart-piercing cold in the deep of the cold spring, and the icy sword essence exuded by the little Water Drop sword was like the endless cold wind of the tundra, carrying ice, sharp as a knife!

Zuo Mo hadn't thought that, just at this time, [Art of Aged Gold] suddenly broke through to the fourth level!

Surrounded by ling power, the struggling Stalagmite fire suddenly stopped, motionless!

Zuo Mo's murderous intent, carried by the sword essence, was passed onto the stalagmite fire without any hindrance.

If you keep moving, I'll kill you!

If this Stalagmite fire still didn't listen, then the Water Drop sword would cut it into pieces. He was prepared to give up this Stalagmite fire. For a second-grade Stalagmite fire, to pay with his life, it wasn't profitable.

But the next scene struck Zuo Mo dumb.

The milky-white Stalagmite fire shrunk into a small ball, like a little kid holding his legs in a ball, shaking. This action was so like what a person could do that Zuo Mo's rage decreased slightly.

So weird, these days, even fire seeds bullied the weak and were afraid of the strong! Muttering in his heart, he didn't dare let down his guard. This time, the Stalagmite fire didn't stop Zuo Mo's consciousness from seeping in.

What Zuo Mo didn't know was that this Stalagmite fire, formed after countless years, had a basic intelligence.

Two hours later, Zuo Mo opened his eyes, giving a long exhale. He pointed out his index finger and a milky-white flame suddenly rose from

his finger, silently burning. Thinking about the danger that had just passed, Zuo Mo still had lingering fears. He had been yearning for a flame for a long time, but he was entirely ignorant about the process of assimilating a flame. Based on his cultivation, he would have had a difficult time taming this Stalagmite fire. If he just barely tamed it, he would only end up burning himself to death.

Thankfully, he had been inspired to use [Art of Aged Gold] and sword essence together to brutally suppress the Stalagmite fire.

However, Zuo Mo was completely ignorant of the fact that taming a fire seed was related to cultivation.

It was really dangerous. Having made a trip to death's doors and come back, Zuo Mo wiped the sweat off his forehead. Thinking about the simple description on [Yin Fire Bead Chapter], and his own dangerous encounter, he muttered, it seemed like he couldn't completely believe [Yin Fire Bead Chapter]. If he just followed the instructions, his little life would be gone.

In the end, it was still that the things that Pu Yao gave weren't reliable!

But upon further thought, he understood. Pu was a three thousand year old antique. The stuff he had naturally was the old things from three thousand years ago. Those things were so old their teeth would be falling out. How could there not be a problem?

Would antiques understand going with the times?!

Zuo Mo continued to rant, swearing at Pu Yao as though this was what he needed to comfort his wounded soul. Of course, he could only rant. He was still afraid. It was very lucky that he hadn't made Golden Crow fire before. The second-grade Stalagmite fire almost took his little life. The fourth-grade Golden Crow fire, he wouldn't even be able to stop it and would just burn to ash.

However, in all, Zuo Mo was still very satisfied. This Stalagmite fire was a second-grade rare fire seed as ranked in [Yin Fire Bead Chapter], extremely uncommon.

Zuo Mo's mind suddenly shifted. Holding the Water Drop sword, he

slowly cut away at the stone stalagmite. The inside of the stalagmite was hollow. When Zuo Mo saw a thin layer of milk-like liquid at the bottom of the stalagmite, he couldn't help but be overjoyed. This milky-white liquid was called stone milk. It was an extremely rare material for dan-making. He hurriedly took out a small jade bottle from his bosom and carefully gathered all of the stone milk, not leaving behind one drop.

When he saw the black gold worm that was turning on its spot restlessly, he first paused before laughing. He took out three drops of stone milk from the jade bottle and dropped it onto the body of the black gold worm,

“Ha ha, ge eats meat, you drink soup!”

As the white stone milk touched the shell of the black gold worm, it was like water touching sand, quickly being absorbed into the black gold worm. The sheen of the black gold worm's shell became even finer and shiny. The black gold worm seemed to be full, becoming motionless on the ground.

Zuo Mo knew that it was absorbing the stone milk. He took out the bamboo cylinder and put it back in.

Having gained the Stalagmite fire and stone milk, Zuo Mo was impatient to return to Wu Kong Mountain.

When the disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect saw Zuo Mo's sorry state, they were all shocked. Zuo Mo was focused on his goal, waving his hand at them, and like a burst of wind, headed straight for his own valley.

Returning to the Little West Wind Yard, Zuo Mo instantly started to examine the Stalagmite fire.

Stalagmite fire was a rare kind of second-grade fire seed, and naturally had its own unique attributes. It belonged to the ranks of cold fire. Just this, it was extremely rare in low grade fire seeds. Other than that, because it had been born in the humid, dark and cold of the cave stalagmites, it was both full of water and cold. Its flames would naturally give out cold moisture. In other words, it combined the two opposite qualities of water and fire in one entity. This attribute, it was even more rare in low grade

fire seeds.

In the five elements, water and fire opposed each other. However, in the natural world, there were many strange entities that could perfectly merge these two completely opposing attributes together.

The [Li Water Sword Scripture] that Zuo Mo practiced was to manipulate water like fire. From a certain perspective, it also contained attributes of water and fire. This was also the best and trickiest bit of the sword scripture. However, while [Li Water Sword Scripture] had the qualities of water and fire, but it was far from the wonders of something natural like the Stalagmite fire.

Manipulate water like fire. It was still water in the end. It just borrowed the shape of fire.

Stalagmite fire was truly something that had both fire and water. However, fire was definitely its primary attribute so it was ranked into the ranks of fire seeds.

There were many kinds of fire, but it was sorted according to the attributes. Generally, there were four major categories of hot fire, yang fire, yin fire and cold fire. Hot fire was the most commonly seen fire. Its most important quality was its high temperature. The Streaming fire from the Streaming fire seal formation was a classical hot fire. Yang fire were sorted based on being masculine and yang. The Golden Crow fire that Zuo Mo dreamed about was the epitome of yang fire. Yin fires, which were commonly also called ghost fire, were born from yin energy, such as Shura fire. Cold fire was also called Icy flame. Its unique quality was cold and icy. They usually were born in extremely dark and cold places.

There were also some strange and weird flames that were hard to sort. Those flames, they were usually the finest of flames and were treasures that every xiuzhe dreamed about.

But no matter the type of flame, they would have the basic quality of fire, melting. This was also one of the reasons why the fire method was the most mainstream methods for dan-making.

In the next few days, Zuo Mo studied the stalagmite fire. The present

Stalagmite fire was extremely tame. If he sent it east, it definitely wouldn't go west. Controlling fire depended on the consciousness. Zuo Mo's consciousness was his strong suit and he could control it with ease. He could even use some complex manipulations.

After playing for a few days until he was familiar, Zuo Mo thought about making yin fire beads.

Yin fire beads was only a general name. In reality, the yin fire beads that were made with different flames would all be different. Even the author of [Yin Fire Bead Chapter], who detailed so many fire seeds, he didn't have all of the fire seeds.

There were hundreds of fire seeds recorded in the [Yin Fire Bead Chapter]. Only sixty eight had a description of the related yin fire bead, There was nothing on what was the effect of the yin fire beads that would be created with the remaining fires. Stalagmite fire was one of the remainder.

Zuo Mo himself was extremely curious. What kind of yin fire bead would be created using such a special fire as Stalagmite fire?

He started to make his first yin fire bead.

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Translator Ramblings:

Zuo Mo is very ignorant but it's not his fault.

He doesn't know these things and Pu Yao takes them for granted.

Chapter 94: Why Do My Eyes Always Have Tears

In the stone room, Zuo Mo's eyes were closed, his legs coiled up. A ball of Stalagmite fire was floating in front of him. Between the milky-white flames, a yin bead could be seen.

His hands continuously formed the spell. Following the changes in his fingers, bursts of ling power were sent into the flame.

The important part of making an yin firebead wasn't ling power but spiritual power. His consciousness carefully controlled the fire. The spell was extremely complicated and Zuo Mo instantly felt a heavy burden, especially when he needed to endure these conditions for about an hour. The pitiful Zuo Mo didn't know that usually making yin fire beads wasn't something a zhuji xiuzhe could accomplish.

No one had told him. Pu Yao didn't tell him. The [Yin Fire Bead Chapter] didn't write of it.

If he knew, he certainly wouldn't have tried.

Sometimes, the ignorant had no fear. Zuo Mo, who had no knowledge, never even considered if his cultivation was enough to make the yin fire beads. Faithfully following the instructions on the [Yin Fire Bead Chapter], he carefully worked at making the yin fire bead.

One by one, mysterious light characters were sent into the Stalagmite fire and burrowed into the yin bead. However, there was no change on the Stalagmite fire or the yin bead.

Time slipped away. Sweat gradually formed on Zuo Mo's forehead.

Ling power was being used up too quickly!

Based on this speed, the ling power inside his body would quickly run dry. If his ling power couldn't be maintained, the yin bead would be ruined.

When he thought about it, the picture of the forest of signs in the Free

Market proclaiming [Purchasing Yin Beads At High Prices] floated up in Zuo Mo's mind. Something that even jindan were willing to pay high prices to buy, think of the price! The more he thought, the greater his flesh hurt. He seemed to see countless jingshi waving their hands at him and flying further and further away.

Damn it!

As expected, Pu Yao's things weren't reliable! What [Yin Fire Bead Chapter], it was a mistake chapter! What situation was this?

Zuo Mo was panicked, angry and unwilling!

Even though his own life wasn't in danger right now, but so many jingshi waving goodbye to him wasn't any different from being repeatedly stabbed by daggers. If he wasn't still in the process of forging, Zuo Mo probably would have ran over to Pu Yao to start arguing.

Just at this time, in his sea of consciousness, Pu Yao unconcernedly raised his head: "Forging this early? Young people are really full of motivation!" Finishing, he closed his eyes, mind at ease, and listened to his sound tablet.

If Zuo Mo heard this, he would be spitting pints of blood. He was very pitiful, still ignorant of the situation. The only thing he was certain of right now was that he hadn't missed one word.

Yet the situation in front of his eyes was completely different from the description in the [Yin Fire Bead Chapter]. According to the [Yin Fire Bead Chapter], he only needed to maintain it for an hour. Right now though, his ling power was almost empty. Was his cultivation not enough? Zuo Mo finally realized the problem, but his realization had come too late.

In the end, he couldn't bear to give up this yin bead, gritting his teeth and persisting. He'll keep going as long as he was able! He couldn't just stand by and watch as the yin bead was wasted. He suddenly thought about how he used his consciousness to monitor the dan during dan-making. He took out a small portion of consciousness to carefully skimp and control the ling power in his body.

The usage of ling power instantly lessened. However, if it kept on going like this, he still couldn't make it!

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and divided out another portion of his consciousness to carefully control a small ball of ling power. To avoid conflict with the continuously changing finger motions on his hands, Zuo Mo led the burst of ling power to the Gushing Spring point on the bottom of his feet. If he didn't have this little sliver of consciousness, Zuo Mo basically didn't have the attention to spare to control the ling power. Just the finger motions that could not be stopped were enough for him to deal with. But since he divided his consciousness, he could do three things as once.

The feeling of his head being divided into three was extremely uncomfortable. Just a little while, and Zuo Mo felt his head start to hurt.

This was an extremely familiar feeling!

Previously, when Xin Yan Shibo's sword essence had wounded his consciousness, it had been this feeling. It was that time that he had landed in Pu Yao's trap of [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation].

But for jingshi! For yin beads!

Zuo Mo endured!

Using all his power, he channeled the little bit of ling power towards the Gushing Spring point. He started to continuously revolve the ling power faster. The ling power started to revolve faster and gradually, it formed into a little whirlpool. There seemed to be suction force coming from the bottom of his feet. The ling energy in the surroundings seemed to slowly move towards the little whirlpool.

This was something Zuo Mo had never tried before. But for jingshi, Zuo Mo didn't care about it that much. Speaking of it, the inspiration for this came from the [Li Water Sword Scripture]'s [Seven Whirlpools]. If this was the speed at which he usually absorbed ling energy, then he would have run out. Without any other solution, Zuo Mo thought of this risky way.

The ling power on his feet quickened and ling energy gradually was suctioned in.

As the ling energy that was sucked in entered the little whirlpool, the whirlpool started to grow, the speed increasing. The ling energy in the surroundings seemed to be pulled, great amounts pouring towards the whirlpool in Zuo Mo's feet.

Hiss!

Zuo Mo inhaled sharply, the Stalagmite fire floating in front of his chest trembling, almost collapsing.

He felt like there were nails coming out of the ground, continuously being hammered into his foot. The Gushing Spring point might be one of the major points in the body, but Zuo Mo had never used it to absorb ling energy before. Using it so heavily right now, it would be strange if it didn't hurt!

But, for jingshi, ge will bear it!

Zuo Mo tragically and furiously continued to channel ling power, speeding up the rate of ling energy absorption. The ling energy from the air, when it was absorbed into the body, needed to go through a process of refining before it can be turned into cultivation. The purer the ling energy, the stronger the power, the more easily it could be controlled and would not influence the mind. Zuo Mo couldn't care that much right now. Impure ling power was still ling power. At least, it could work in a pinch. Right now, he was like a starving man who hadn't eaten in ten years. Any bit of ling energy, he would ravenously pull it in.

With the supply of new ling power, Zuo Mo could finally relax.

The quality of the yin fire bead that would be forged wasn't something Zuo Mo was going to consider at this point. He would thank the heavens and earth if he could just finish.

Ge's life is always so tragic! Zuo Mo was tragically angry. Absorbing the Stalagmite fire, he had almost lost his little life. Forging the yin fire bead, he was in great pain. The piercing pain from his feet, the jerking pain

from his consciousness being split in three, the tearing pain from the impure ling power moving in his channels... ..

Why do my eyes always contain tears, because I love the jingshi so deeply... ..

– Still painful!

Zuo Mo was shocked that he had the time for such nonsensical thoughts at this time, but he quickly didn't have the attention. Ling energy, not having been purified, it was much harder to control. The spells that he could easily complete before now became extremely difficult. The interior of his body was at a precarious equilibrium. The slightest shift and the balance would be broken, leading to a complete loss.

Therefore, he bore the pain and the tears, carefully maintaining the equilibrium inside his body.

In the rock room, Zuo Mo was like a whirlpool, the ling energy surrounding him flooding in.

As the ling energy entered his body, the Stalagmite fire in front of him grew.

Zuo Mo's clothes moved despite the lack of wind, flapping around. The sweat on his forehead continuously poured down. Even the dense ling energy in the rock room couldn't endure the ferocity of Zuo Mo's absorption and emptied out. Only the ling energy from the ling vein continuously entered the bottom of Zuo Mo's feet.

The bottom of Zuo Mo's feet were now bright red, like heated metal. If one looked closely, they would discover the rock-hard leg now seemed as though it had epilepsy, contorting and jerking.

When the last spell was cast into the Stalagmite fire, Zuo Mo couldn't stand up anymore, collapsing to the ground.

He was so tired he didn't even want to move a finger. His entire body was like a toad that had been de-sinewed, his limbs doing strange convulsing motions.

Pain!

As he lied down, he instantly started to wail. The tearing pain of his channels, the throbbing pain from his wounded consciousness, and the piercing pain from the bottom of his feet. They all reminded him how bad his state was.

After wailing for a while, Zuo Mo struggled up and crawled to pick up the yin fire bead.

The grey yin bead now seemed like clear glass. There were strands of white patterns inside, like clouds floating on a blue sky.

So beautiful!

Zuo Mo's eyes became intoxicated. He felt that the pain he had just suffered through was worth it. He didn't know how powerful this yin fire bead was but looking at such a beautiful bead, and thinking about how hard it had been to make it, did he bear to use it to test its power?

Like it was a treasure, he carefully put it away.

He struggled to stand and instantly shouted in pain. At some unknown time, his right foot had swollen into a ball. Just the slightest touch, much less walking, would result in a sharp needle like pain.

It really was people die for wealth, animals die for food!

Zuo Mo thought as he maintained a strange posture as he jumped on one leg out of the rock room.

For this yin fire bead, he had paid a serious price. It was relatively easy to deal with the wound in his consciousness. [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was specifically for healing consciousness wounds. What was more serious was the damage in his channels. He had to run to Fragrant Ginger Yard to find Xu Qing for a few medical dan in order to slowly heal him. Thankfully, for xiuzhe, channel damage might not be usual but it was one of the most common situations so the sect didn't lack for treatments.

When Xu Qing saw Zuo Mo's sorry state, she was very shocked.

Zuo Mo Shixiong's name was now known far and wide. At least, the

name of the Scalping Zombie was known in the area around Wu Kong Sword Sect. The wastrels from Ling Ying Sect, it had been quite a few days since they came to harass the sect. Who had beaten Shixiong this badly?

However, it wasn't her place to ask. She hurriedly took out five medical dan, handing them to Zuo Mo. Seeing Zuo Mo take them and turn around, she hesitated, and then weakly added: "Shixiong, it's one piece of third-grade jingshi for each dan. In total, it's five third-grade jingshi.'

The one-legged Zuo Mo's body shook. He almost fell down. He really made a great loss! And right now, he didn't have one jingshi left. He could only wave his hand, deferring: "On the tab!"

One piece of jingshi stumped heroes!

"Oh." Xu Qing nodded and then reminded Zuo Mo: "Shixiong, the payment deadline is in ten days, don't forget! Shixiong is owing, let me see." Finishing, she took out a little book and flipped two pages, reciting: "The materials that Shixiong had been using for dan-making hadn't been cleared yet. Adding on today, in total, it is thirty pieces of third-grade jingshi!"

Zuo Mo felt everything darken... ..

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Translator Ramblings: Everything for jingshi! Zuo Mo is really lacking in knowledge. It's a bit like telling a three year old how to make dynamite and telling him it explodes but not anything else.

Chapter 95: A Method Forced Out

Thirty pieces of third-grade jingshi!

If this was not long ago, he wouldn't feel it was anything major, but for him at the present, this was undoubtedly a large debt. He could not make Golden Crow pills so his most important income source was cut off. He did have a lot of yin beads but he didn't dare to sell them. It had caused such a ruckus recently and he had almost lost his little life. If someone found out that he had yin beads, no, if someone knew that the person who was selling yin beads last time was him, then his little life was definitely not going to survive.

Jingshi was valuable but his life was even more precious.

There was still some time until the Fiery Red flower in the ling gardens would mature, and he couldn't exchange for jingshi right now. He could risk it and sell the Moisture dan. But right now, he only had three Moisture dan. The efficiency of the water method really made people speechless. He could sell the Icy Cloud grass for a pretty good price, but for ling grasses this rare, if he sold it, it would be hard to buy in the future.

Gather together thirty pieces of third-grade jingshi in ten days. These recent days, it kept on circling in his head. Even when he was nourishing his channels, he was still pondering it. But as time passed away, and the deadline of ten days was coming closer, Zuo Mo still didn't have a solution.

Did he have to go sell some of the talismans?

His gaze landed on the talismans on his own body and ached in pain. These were all the finest of the third-grade talismans. It would be a pity to sell them. As to the vambrace and ling armor Xu Yi Shixiong and Yan Le Shibo sold him, the quality was so-so and wouldn't sell for a high price.

Why haven't the people from Ling Ying Sect come even once these days?

If a few more came, wouldn't this problem be solved? Not just thirty pieces of third-grade jingshi, even if it was double that, it wouldn't be a

problem. The people from Ling Ying Sect didn't have one cheap item on their body.

Those days were dangerous but he had suddenly become rich. Zuo Mo yearned for those days, the satisfaction and happiness that had risen.

Suddenly, his mind moved. They weren't coming to find ge, ge could go find them!

Once this idea popped out, Zuo Mo instantly became excited. He jumped up from the floor, limping as he paced back and forth, his mouth muttering.

The first reaction he had was: it was plausible!

However, he restrained the joy inside and started to ponder the problems involved. Being challenged and going to challenge was completely different things. If he went to challenge at someone else's territory, if he wasn't careful, he would be swarmed. He needed to make sure the other side would respond, yet wouldn't enrage the other side so they would swarm him, and he couldn't alarm the elders of Ling Ying Sect... ..

He needed to think about this, make a good plan... ..

In the dark room, Zuo Mo rubbed his chin, his zombie face expressionless. Only that pair of eyes flashed with the light of jingshi.

The Dong Fu Sword Test Conference was an extremely hot topic. From the size and the influence, the Dong Fu Sword Test Conference naturally couldn't compare to the Sword Test Conference of the entire Kun Lun Realm. However, the generous prizes attracted many young experts who didn't have much wealth, dramatically increasing the skill level of the Sword Test Conference. As the skill level of the conference increased, some young experts who were not tempted by the prizes into attending left their sects to travel to Dong Fu. This was a rare chance to spar with other sects. They didn't care about the prizes, but such a great chance to gain experience, it would be too much of a pity to miss it.

For these non-local experts, if they wanted to attend the Sword Test

Conference, they needed to start from the Preliminary Sword Test Conference. Consequently, even the preliminary conference became a very popular spectacle, lots of experts and a great viewing experience.

Gu Rong Ping, coming from one of the thirteen primary towns of Dong Fu, Clear Sky Lake, his [Heart Lake Sword] was untraceable. From the first round of the prelims, he was undefeated for all thirteen rounds. His appearance was extremely dignified and handsome, his conduct elegant, quickly becoming the best cultivation partner in the eyes of Dong Fu's females! Every one of his battles would be extremely noisy, the screams of the females ringing in the years. Starting from the fifth round, those women had formed groups to seek information, and do all kinds of things to disturb the opponent. Gu Rong Ping quickly became the opponent others didn't want to encounter the most.

Coming from another primary town, Gui Feng was the most eye-catching young talent. His [Little Ghost Sword] was strange and hard to predict, the power was astounding. Adding on his unpredictable footwork, he was labeled the hardest opponent to fight with.

Coming out of poverty, no sect, no family, Nan Men Yang brightened everyone's eyes. His talent was strange, extreme strength. The second-grade [Vajra Chant] was used with his [Mountain Breaker Sword] for an extremely offensive and powerful style, the broadsword moves strong like they could break a mountain. He attracted the eyes of many sects. Such a great piece of jade, if they would take him in, they would only profit.

Other young experts like Nan Men Yang who didn't have a sect or family started to come out and display their talents. The Dong Fu Sword Test Conference attracted the eyes of all the powers. Each sect was always hungry for talented disciples. No one who be bothered by having too many geniuses in their sect. A sect's prosperity and continuation wasn't dependent on one person.

Sky Moon Jie's well-known sects, other than sending their disciples for experience, also sent out their elders to discover those youths of great potential. The little sects hoped to rope in those disciples with no family or sect. The bigger sects even dared to go after the geniuses of the small

sects.

Persuasion, prices, promises... ..

Even the cause of it all, Tian Song Zi, had never thought that his action of holding the Dong Fu Sword Test Conference would actually cause a shuffling of the powers in Sky Moon Jie.

In the stone room, Zuo Mo stretched out, his bones cracking. He expressionlessly opened his eyes, his eyes glowing with a light like that of a wolf.

The damaged channels in his body had fully recovered. His consciousness had also recovered. These recent days, he had cultivated very hard. The progression of [Vajra Profound Sutra] was a surprise to him. He had originally assumed that the gravestone version would be significantly slower. Yet after the initial slow period, Zuo Mo's progression was extremely quick. However, the unexpected speed of improvement made him insecure. Many times, he had been doubting himself, suspicious that he was cultivating it incorrectly.

Recently, due to the string of incidents that he encountered in cultivation, it made Zuo Mo suspicious of anything to do with Pu Yao. Even though this [Vajra Profound Sutra] didn't come from Pu Yao, but the gravestone under Pu Yao's butt.

Other than healing, Zuo Mo spent all his time cultivating.

There were still three days until the deadline. Fully recovered and ready, Zuo Mo decided to set out. He had prepared very well already. Like the lingdan that could restore ling power, even if it was two pieces of third-grade jingshi, Zuo Mo still gritted his teeth and put five on the tab.

Ling Ying Sect was located at Ling Ying Mountain.

Coming to the mountain gate of Ling Ying Mountain, looking at the magnificent gate entirely made out of jade, Zuo Mo couldn't help but sigh at the wealth of Ling Ying Sect. Ling Ying Sect had nineteen peaks, the area they occupied was more than seven times the area of Wu Kong Sword

Sect. Supposedly, Ling Ying Sect had started out with one peak, but the sect leaders had been skilled at management and the other eighteen peaks had all been bought by the sect leaders with jingshi.

Ling Ying Sect's main gate faced the road, and could be reached by rock stairs. The location was extremely advantageous and many people passed by.

In reality, Zuo Mo's heart was beating hard. In Dong Fu, Ling Ying Sect's reputation was much more famous than Wu Kong Sword Sect. Ling Ying Sect had more than a few dozen disciples that were in zhuji alone. No matter how strong you were, if they all attacked you, you couldn't make it.

But thinking about the three days until the deadline, Zuo Mo felt a burst of courage. Looking at the mountain gates that were carved out of jade, Zuo Mo wanted to tear it down and lug it home, then sell it for jingshi!

Calm! He needed to be calm! Zuo Mo repeatedly told himself.

Thinking about the plan he had made earlier... ..

The disciples from Ling Ying Sect had noticed this stranger very early on.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" A Ling Ying Sect disciple shouted as his brows furrowed, "Don't you know this is Ling Ying sect?" He scanned Zuo Mo and said scornfully, "Our sect's rules, those improperly dressed cannot enter!"

The other Ling Ying Sect disciple said discontentedly, "Shidi, don't waste words with him. Just throw him out!"

This crowd of little minions, Zuo Mo naturally didn't take them seriously. To say nothing else, but the fact that these two didn't have much on their body was enough for Zuo Mo to disregard them. He was too lazy to pay attention to them, unconcernedly stating, "Call Wen Fei out!"

The expressions of the two Ling Ying Sect disciples changed. One of them lectured, "You dare to call Wen Shixiong... .."

"I am Zuo Mo of Wu Kong Sword Sect." Zuo Mo lazily interrupted.

The lecturing voice suddenly stopped, the faces of the two people

changing.

“The Scalping Zombie... ..” The two looked at each other, and the person who had been speaking shuddered. The other person instantly ran towards the mountain.

Seeing the reactions, Zuo Mo was very smug. It seemed that he did have a reputation. But then he became slightly discontent. This nickname was really not pleasing to the ear!

A short while later, Wen Fei and a group of people dressed in a multitude of colors appeared in Zuo Mo's vision. Zuo Mo's mind became alert, the light in his eyes increasing. They were like that of a wolf, having just seen a herd of fat sheep.

Each motion this crowd of people made, Zuo Mo seemed to see human-like structures composed of countless jingshi moving... ..

When Wen Fei saw Zuo Mo, his face instantly became dark. The old hate and the new hate collided and rose. He said coldly, “Brother Zuo coming here today, is it to return the talismans you have borrowed from me and my brothers?”

Zuo Mo silently thought that this person was cunning and really wasn't a friendly person. He snickered, “Borrow? Is Brother Wen joking? Our sect's rules, anyone that comes to challenge must leave behind a talisman to show the result. If this one lost, Brother Wen can also pick a talisman from this one's body to serve as a memento. This is our sect's rules, one battle, one talisman! It's a pity that Brother Wen's luck wasn't very good and lost to this one. If Brother Wen wants to take it back, you can challenge me again at any time. However, if Brother Wen loses, you have to pay another talisman~”

Zuo Mo bullshitted.

Having his defeat being mentioned in front of the public, Wen Fei's face was dark but he could not argue.

Tao Zhu Er saw Wen Fei was on the edge of losing control and thought the little rat was horrid. She could only stand out, “Then why has Brother

Zuo come this time? To show off in front of our sect?”

Zuo Mo's spine straightened, standing taller, the light in his eyes increasing, his two hands fisted as he bowed in the direction of Wu Kong Mountains, his voice deep and grave.

“Miss Tao is joking. There were five shixiong from Ling Ying Sect who came overall to challenge our sect. Our sect leaders have sternly taught us, our Wu Kong Sword Sect may be small, but needs to maintain our reputation. And has also said that matters between disciples should be resolved by disciples. This matter had started because of me and naturally cannot be given to someone else. I have not come with discourtesy but to ask for guidance from five of the Ling Ying Sect shixiong, one by one. After these five fights, no matter win or loss, this matter will be resolved! I heard that the shixiong of Ling Ying Sect have always been magnanimous and the sect's conduct is just. To be able to spar with five of the shixiong, one by one, this little disciple would be happy even if I didn't win. Please, help guide me!”

The passer-bys only saw that at the gate of Ling Ying Sect, a thin youth was facing the wealthy experts of Ling Ying Sect, dignified and calm, not afraid, and all stopped in their steps.

The words were loud and clear, extremely resolute. Passing through the air, the listeners felt their blood boil!

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Translator Ramblings: Warning, peaceful days are over for a little while.

Chapter 96: A Cold Light

Zuo Mo made a very detailed plan.

First, he had to declare his intentions. This seemingly useless action was in reality very important. It could effectively stop the incident from running out of control. If the two sides really ended up having a major disagreement, the ones who would lose would definitely be Wu Kong Sword Sect who had less people.

The second effect was to not alert the elders of the sect. Originally, Zuo Mo had thought of making an even bigger spectacle so the chances they would all attack him together would be smaller. But if too many people watched, the face of Ling Ying Sect would be damaged, and the elders of the sect would quickly find his elders. The sect leader definitely wouldn't forgive him. Even more, Zuo Mo had deliberately flattered them. What "disciples have always been magnanimous and the sect's conduct is just." It was all to push the other onto the rack to roast.

How could he make the other accept an one-on-one challenge? He needed to make sure they saw hope of victory. As long as the others felt they could win, they definitely wouldn't retreat. Especially when they were being challenged. Due to their confidence, their face, they would accept it.

Consequently, Zuo Mo challenged to fight five people one after the other. In his words, he had emphasized "one by one" twice.

The one that was at a disadvantage in this plan was Zuo Mo.

His core idea was very simple. He would first place himself in a disadvantageous position. The disciples of Ling Ying Sect, no matter if it was confidence, or face, it wouldn't be good for them to go over the line.

One person battling five in a row. If it was like this and Ling Ying Sect still lost, these people could only suck it up. Their elders would have nothing to say and wouldn't have the face to go to Wu Kong Mountain to make trouble for Zuo Mo. They couldn't afford the embarrassment.

Of course, one person fighting five in a row was extremely

disadvantageous for Zuo Mo. He wasn't so confident to the point he believed he could win over all five. But he didn't need to win all the fights. He had come for the jingshi. Everything was fine as long as he made a profit.

In other words, if he could win three out of the five fights, he would make a profit! Of course, the prerequisite was that the talismans on the losers didn't suck.

The level of difficulty in winning five fights was too high. Zuo Mo had never thought about it. Winning three battles, Zuo Mo felt that it might be risky but it was possible. In the last little while, his cultivation had increased greatly and the initial merging between Li Water sword essence and tidal sword essence had increased his confidence.

So after thinking it over, the large debts caused Zuo Mo to make a decision and come.

He had been very cunning with his virtuous words. When he saw the value of what this group of people was wearing, Zuo Mo's desire for battle rose. Luxury was a crime! Each of them had at least a few talismans that were not lower in value than what Zuo Mo had taken.

He wouldn't be making a loss today!

As to the one battle, one talisman, he had just made it up. In any case, no one would run to the sect leader to ask for proof.

"Great! This one admires Brother Zuo's bravery very much! Brother Zuo is right, disciples have a responsibility to the reputation of their sect. Since Brother Zuo has made a challenge, we will naturally receive it. Count me in!" One person walked out of the crowd of Ling Ying Sect disciples.

This person was the Eldest Disciple of Ling Ying Sect, Lin Yuan. His face was proud as he looked at Zuo Mo with a raised chin. Lin Yuan was the Eldest Disciple in Ling Ying Sect. He had strong connections to Ling Ying Sect, his family was a famous merchant clan in Sky Moon Jie, and his wealth was the greatest among all of the disciples. Due to the fact that his family's business provided great aid to Ling Ying sect, it caused his status in Ling Ying Sect to be very special.

Tao Zhu Er looked in sympathy at Eldest Shixiong, but tightly closed her mouth, not saying a word.

Eldest Shixiong usually was very conceited, and in Ling Ying Sect, where everyone competed on background and family, no one dared to go against him, gradually forming his conceited and arrogant temper.

Yan Ming Zi hid in the back, mockery in his eyes. Perhaps, out of all these people, he was the one who most accurately guessed Zuo Mo's aim. For some reason, when he saw Zuo Mo, he would think of the other's greedy expression when he was plundering.

Hu Shan and the others had tasted defeat at Zuo Mo's hands and smirked in the shadows. There were many disciples in Ling Ying Sect, constantly fighting, and their relationships were very complicated. They naturally were willing to see others trip up. That way, no one would mock them about this incident again.

They had spread the name of the Scalping Zombie far and wide but the great majority of people hadn't seen it for themselves. How could they believe it? Especially when it was the conceited and arrogant disciples of Ling Ying Sect. They only felt that Hu Shan and the others weren't strong enough. They didn't even pay attention when Wen Fei was defeated. Rather, they scorned Wen Fei.

So Wen Fei Shixiong who was the focus of the elders also had an inflated reputation! Even a guy from a little sect like Wu Kong Sword Sect whose main profession was making medicine could defeat him. If that wasn't an inflated reputation, then what was?

Wen Fei kept on feeling that there was smugness hidden deep in Zuo Mo's eyes. The two had fought before. He didn't believe one bit the words that had come out of Zuo Mo's mouth. When he saw Eldest Shixiong Lin Yuan step out, he instantly knew that it was bad. He was very clear what Eldest Shixiong's true power was. Even he had been defeated, how would Eldest Shixiong even be a match?

At this time, the cheers of the disciples caused the shadow over his heart to darken.

“Eldest Shixiong is mighty!”

“As expected from Eldest Shixiong! This composure, take a look at it. What’s called being a role model, this is called a role model!”

“Eldest Shixiong, let him have a taste of how powerful our Ling Ying Sect is! What Scalping Zombie, when he comes here, he’s the only one getting scalped!”

The flattery flowed like a flood.

The light on Lin Yuan’s face as he stepped out was even brighter. The head was raised high, like an arrogant and smug rooster!

Such honor, would they let Eldest Shixiong take it all?

Some opponents of Lin Yuan who were in secret conflict with him couldn’t restrain themselves and stood out as well.

“Count me in!”

“I’ll come.”

“Dare to bully our Ling Yin Sect. Humph, this one will see just how good you are!”

Another three people came out, all of them heads of various factions in Ling Ying Sect. If they didn’t stand up now, it would be hard to maintain power in their factions! As expected, when the three came out, their faction members became excited and felt it was a great honor, calling out flattery.

Wen Fei grimaced inside. He glanced at Zuo Mo out of the corner of his eyes. He felt that under the expressionless visage, the other would definitely be laughing! The people who step out, if it was machinations and scheming, partisan politics, they were very good. But if it was the sword... ..

He saw a few more people wanting to join in and could only push hard at the shixiong beside him and shout loudly.

“Chang Shixiong at the end!”

Chang Shixiong, who had been pushed out, looked with slight surprise at Wen Fei, and said, "I had assumed you would have another fight. Why push me out?"

"Please, Shixiong, help me take back my ring." Wen Fei had a pleading expression.

A surprised expression made its way onto Chang Shixiong's face. Wen Fei's actions directly admitted that he wasn't a match. He looked in interest at Zuo Mo. He turned his face to smile at Wen Fei, "Alright."

After Wen Fei shouted, all the voices suddenly stopped. The people who had been tempted all shrunk back. The mood became slightly strange. The fiery atmosphere suddenly became silent, completely silent. The expressions of the three who had said they would fight became slightly unnatural. There wasn't much change in Lin Yuan's expression, but the uncontrollable wariness in his eyes made Zuo Mo pay special attention to this Chang Shixiong.

It seemed this person was strong!

Tao Zhu Er, and the others, after hearing Wen Fei yell "Chang Shixiong at the end", they first paused and then became joyous.

"Ho, now that's something to see!" Hu Shan said in a quiet voice, unable to suppress the excitement in his voice.

"That's so true. After Chang Shixiong fought two years ago, until now, I've never seen Chang Shixiong fight again." Yan Ming Zi was extremely excited.

"Chang Shixiong has been resting his body and mind... .." Hu Shan said.

"Che, only ghosts believe that!" Yan Ming Zi said disdainfully.

Tao Zhu Er suddenly turned around and added, "Even ghosts don't believe it."

Lin Yuan was dissatisfied with the present mood. This damned guy called Chang, nothing good happened whenever he came out! He spoke to break the suffocating silence, "Alright. However, we'll say it first. If you

lose, I can take a talisman from you.”

“Naturally.” There was still no expression on Zuo Mo’s zombie face. No one could see what he was thinking. He weakly added, “But if you want this Water Drop sword, you have to wait until after the five fights for me to give you. I don’t have a substitute flying sword.”

“No problem.” Lin Yuan generously said. He looked like he was already the victor.

Lin Yuan’s supporters became excited again. They widened their eyes, afraid of missing a detail. Thinking about the picture of Eldest Shixiong beating this horrid zombie up, it would be very interesting!

The Water Drop sword floated in front of Zuo Mo’s chest like a leaf floating in water.

Chang Shixiong’s eyes focused. His eyes were very experienced. The Water Drop sword looked like it was quietly floating but in reality, it was making extremely small movements. It was like a snake that had already found its target and was waiting for a chance!

This was an extremely tiny detail. However, he had to re-judge the strength of this weak-looking youth.

In comparison, Wen Fei’s response was much faster and his face much uglier. He had fought with Zuo Mo before and he had a direct understanding of the other’s strength. Right now, this opening move gave him great pressure, pressure that hadn’t appeared when they had fought last time!

There was only one explanation. In this interval of time, Zuo Mo had become stronger!

Zuo Mo’s legs were naturally spread out, his face slightly lowered, his eyes looking down like an old monk in meditation.

Lin Yuan smirked and took out his flying sword. This was a flying sword that was entirely gold, countless seals carved on it. Between the seals, golden light flashed like ripples of water.

“[Yang Emperor Sword], fourth-grade!” he said proudly.

Hiss, the xiuzhe in the surroundings inhaled sharply, their eyes hot as they looked at the sparkling gold sword. A fourth-grade flying sword was very rare in Sky Moon Jie.

Enjoying the envious and admiring glances of everyone else, Lin Yuan's mood was very good. He postured, “You are a guest. This one will let you have three moves!”

Zuo Mo didn't move. It was like he didn't hear it.

Seeing the situation, Lin Yuan was dissatisfied with Zuo Mo's lack of cooperation and snorted, “If you are looking for death, then don't blame this one! Attack!”

The sound fell and Zuo Mo suddenly opened his eyes!

It was impossible to describe the cold light that flashed through Zuo Mo's eyes. It was like an extremely sharp and vicious sword energy, and also like a poisonous snake that had been hiding in the shadows who suddenly bared its fangs!

The Water Drop sword that had been quietly floating in front of his chest disappeared.

It suddenly appeared at Lin Yuan's neck, the sword point slightly spilling out a sword energy, just barely grazing Lin Yuan's neck.

Lin Yuan's expression was dumb as he stood, maintaining his posture. He was afraid to move. On his well-maintained and lily-white neck, a drop of blood was very bright.

The mountain gate of Ling Ying Sect was deathly silent!

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Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo planned pretty far ahead. Everything to make a profit. For the people who were commented on the name, I forgot to add that one factor in scalping zombie was that scalpers seek a profit and that really fits Zuo Mo.

Chapter 97: Lin Yuan's Plotting

Lin Yuan's entire body was still, beads of sweat sliding off his face, his eyes filled with terror. He could clearly feel the bone-aching coldness from the sword energy that was just touching his skin. All the hairs on his body were raised. He didn't tremble. It wasn't that he was bolstered by his bravery, but that he didn't dare to. He did his best to maintain his posture, afraid that the slightest bit of movement would cause the sword energy to move.

For some unknown reason, he kept on feeling that if there was an accident, the sword energy at the tip of the flying sword would unhesitatingly cut into his neck.

Maybe it was the steadiness of the flying sword, maybe it was Zuo Mo's eyes, maybe... ..

It didn't matter that he knew Zuo Mo didn't dare to kill him but he didn't dare to gamble.

"I surrender." Lin Yuan's voice was dry and raspy, nothing remaining of the past conceit and proudness. It echoed in a patch of silence and could be heard clearly.

The coldness disappeared from his neck without any warning.

Lin Yuan's heart finally settled down. He swallowed, looking in terror at Zuo Mo and the Water Drop sword that was peacefully floating in front of his chest. There was only one thought in his head. This person couldn't be provoked!

The spectators finally managed to react, dissolving into noise. Disbelief was on everyone's faces. No one could have thought that the entire battle would finish so quickly! When Lin Yuan took out the fourth-grade [Yang Emperor Sword], the great majority had already assumed his victory.

The gap between fourth-grade and third-grade flying swords was an extremely large one!

But, one move, and Lin Yuan lost.

In the crowd of spectators, a cold light flashed through a pair of eyes hidden in the shadows.

Lin Yuan focused. He pretended to be generous and opened, "I lost. You can take down any of the talismans on my body." People like him, what they were afraid of losing was both the fight and their honor. Losing in battle wasn't major. He hadn't created his power based using physical power. But if he lost his reputation, then it was really sweeping the floor.

His heart was still beating heavily. Please do not pick... ..

"Then the ling armor on Brother Lin's body." Zuo Mo said.

"Alright!" Lin Yuan rushed to answer, afraid Zuo Mo would take it back. He had been afraid that Zuo Mo would pick the fourth-grade [Yang Emperor Sword]. The [Moonwater Black Turtle Armor] might be a fine third-grade ling armor, and he had put a lot of effort into getting it, but it couldn't compare to [Yang Emperor Sword]. [Yang Emperor Sword] had been bestowed down by the sect leader. If it was lost, it would be bad for him.

Lin Yuan rapidly took the ling armor off his body, throwing it to Zuo Mo, deliberately pretending to be forthright, "Brother Zuo really is skilled, Lin Yuan has no compunctions about losing. I'll take Brother Zuo as my friend. In the future if you need any help, please speak!"

Zuo Mo raised his hands in a greeting, "Brother Lin's demeanor is extraordinary, this little brother admires it. To be able to interact with people like Brother Lin, this little brother feels very honored!" His hands, however, were extremely fast and impolite in putting the [Moonwater Black Turtle Armor] onto his body.

The [Moonwater Black Turtle Armor] was entirely black, constructed of thirty six black turtle shells, and forged with essence of moonwater. It was extremely durable. Zuo Mo could tell as he put the armor on that this was far better than the ling armor that Yan Le Shibo had given him. It was both comfortable and breathable, and the ling energy inside the Black Turtle armor slowly seeped into Zuo Mo's body, extremely pleasurable.

Zuo Mo felt extremely good inside, disregarding the sighs that came

from the surroundings. Of course, he knew that, based on just the price, the fourth-grade [Yang Emperor Sword] that Lin Yuan had far surpassed this [Moonwater Black Turtle Armor]. However, this was also where he was the smartest. If he demanded the [Yang Emperor Sword], even though Lin Yuan would give the [Yang Emperor Sword] to him due to face, but that way, this incident would increase in severity. A fourth-grade flying sword, there wasn't many of those in Wu Kong Sword Sect. In all of the disciples, only Wei Sheng Shixiong's [Splitting Rainbow] was fourth-grade.

Coveting this flying sword, that was waiting for the other's elders to come find him!

Not just that, he would also enter into an unsolvable disagreement with Lin Yuan. The other would certainly hate him! Also, [Yang Emperor Sword] wasn't suited for Zuo Mo. At most, he could sell it for some jingshi. But [Moonwater Black Turtle Armor], he could use it right now. Wearing it on his body, his defensive power would increase dramatically. He would have more confidence in making a profit this time.

On someone else's territory, being too arrogant meant a terrible death!

Zuo Mo got a bargain and gave Lin Yuan enough face. Lin Yuan managed to keep possession of [Yang Emperor Sword] and got face, his mood instantly rose. As for the [Moonwater Black Turtle Armor], just a third-grade talisman, he didn't care that much.

Lin Yuan threw a jade scroll at Zuo Mo, generously saying, "This jade scroll has the directions to use this [Moonwater Black Turtle Armor]. For this armor to land in the hands of a hero like Brother Zuo, this little brother is very honored." He then scanned the surroundings, and said clearly, "Brother Zuo is one against five. Everyone should admire his courage. However, is our Ling Ying Sect those that take advantage of others? This unskilled one suggests that, after each of Brother Zuo's fights, he can rest for an hour to recover his ling energy, and be fair. How does everyone feel?"

Lin Yuan's actions instantly aroused the agreement of many people.

"Lin Shixiong is really a honest person!"

“Didn’t think that a disciple of Ling Ying Sect could have a demeanor like this. It really isn’t easy, isn’t easy!”

No matter if it was the disciples of Ling Ying Sect or the other spectators, they all spoke praises.

Zuo Mo took the jade scroll, praising, “Brother Lin is really a genuine person!”

However, the faces of the three people who were going to fight next were extremely bad, their eyes hateful as they glared at Lin Yuan. Chang Shixiong, however, was staring at Zuo Mo, his expression pondering.

Zuo Mo hadn’t thought that the situation would change to be like this. Looking at the eyes of the other three people, Zuo Mo’s heart was like a mirror. He he, this Lin Yuan really helped him out!

With this jade scroll, he didn’t need to search on his own. One hour, it was enough for him to broadly grasp how to use this ling armor. As to recovering ling energy, the previous fight had been so quick he basically hadn’t used any ling energy at all.

Lin Yuan bowed with his hands at Zuo Mo and proudly went back to his troop. That demeanor, there was nothing remaining of his expression when he had just lost. The shidi that were dependent on him gave a flood of praise for Lin Yuan’s generosity. Lin Yuan pretended to calmly wave his hand, smirking inside. He didn’t have good intentions in giving the instructions to the [Moonwater Black Turtle Armor] to Zuo Mo. He had gone first and lost. If his competitors won, then no matter how successful his performance was, it wouldn’t make a difference.

He had been generous in giving the [Moonwater Black Turtle Armor] to Zuo Mo and suggested that Zuo Mo could rest for an hour between each fight so to undermine the people after him. Increasing Zuo Mo’s power was attacking his opponents. If those people also lost, he would have lost honorably. If the other people wanted to copy him, it definitely wouldn’t have the same effect.

The other people were not able to object to Lin Yuan’s “reasonable” suggestions. They could only stare with dark faces at Zuo Mo sitting cross

legged on the ground.

An hour later, Zuo Mo finally opened his eyes. He was extremely happy inside. As expected, this [Moonwater Black Turtle Armor] was very good. There were natural seal formations on the shells of black turtles. When they were used, flying swords would have a hard time breaking through.

The second Ling Ying Sect disciple had been impatiently waiting long ago. When Zuo Mo opened his eyes, he walked out.

He threw the bright red cape off his body, revealing the tight clothes underneath.

When the other tore off the cape, Zuo Mo's eyes became straight.

This guy... ..

Disregarding the glowing ling armor on his body, not saying anything of the finest third-grade vambrace, Zuo Mo wouldn't even look at the bright red [Crimson Blood Bull Boots], his eyes were staring fixedly at the other's waist, wrist and chest... ..

On the belt, there was a miscellany of paper seals, oh no, a collection of paper seals that would make someone think this guy sold seals for a living. Second-grade [Turtle Shell Seal], second-grade [Multiple Ghost Shadows], second-grade [Domineering Five Thunder Seal].

On the wrists, a circle of one-use talismans were tied, second-grade [Sharp-headed Prickly Snake Shuttle], second-grade [One Star Galaxy], second grade [Light Rain Twin Sparrows]... ..

There were a few pouches hanging on his chest, the smell of medicine wafting out. To Zuo Mo whose main profession was dan and medicine, he was too familiar with this smell. [Ling Returning Dan] that was used to recover ling energy, definitely not lower than second-grade; [Red Flower Dan] used to stem bleeding, also not lower than second-grade; the [Plum Colored Dan] that had a special smell, second-grade miasma... ..

On the outside of his legs, hanging on one of them was a second-grade [Great Sun Moon Wheel], the other a second-grade [Sky Net].

... ..

Not just Zuo Mo, all the spectators were completely dumbstruck.

Yan Ming Zi snickered, “It looks like Wang Shixiong is going all out. Using his ultimate medicine-seal-style from the start.”

Hu Shan looked with fear at Wang Shixiong who was standing fully armored, “Only upon personal experience can one know the power of Wang Shixiong’s medicine-seal-style!” He had once fought against Wang Shixiong, and had been completely suppressed for the entire battle, almost to the point he couldn’t raise his head.

Yan Ming Zi nodded sympathetically, “The shixiong that use medicine and seals in our sect cannot be counted, but to be like Wang Shixiong, to use the medicine-seal-style to such a degree, it had never happened before.”

Hu Shan, “Wang Shixiong does have some real skill.”

Yan Ming Zi added, “His wealth is really abundant!”

The two couldn’t help but fall silent. The disciples of Ling Ying Sect might all have wealthy families, but there were still very drastic differences between them. Like Wang Shixiong, who dared to use seals and medicine to such a degree, if he didn’t have the wealth to back it up, he wouldn’t dare to do so. Everyone could understand the core philosophy of the medicine-seal-style – to use jingshi to win. While everyone could understand the concept, but it was another matter if they could do it.

Wang Shixiong’s seal-medicine-style once again proved a truth that had existed for countless years, this world, when you throw enough jingshi at someone, the great majority of the time, you could win.

Maybe, as a person, Wang Shixiong was not as personable as Lin Yuan but his seal-medicine-style was still very famous in Ling Ying Sect. When he tore off the cape and revealed all he owned, all of the Ling Ying Sect disciples suddenly became excited. That was because, in Ling Ying Sect, the absolute majority of disciples believed deeply in one truth, the person with the most jingshi was the one that was right!

To the xiuzhe that were passing by, this scene was an extremely heavy blow.

These days, there was someone who could armor himself to such a frightening degree?

Chapter 98: Zuo Mo's Fury and Heartache

After a long while, Zuo Mo's soul finally returned to his body.

Even though his own attire had improved dramatically over the past, but seeing the other armed to the teeth, Zuo Mo couldn't help but lose his soul. Of course, this wasn't due to shock at the other's power, but shock at so many talismans, paper seals, and lingdan.

Damn it!

Zuo Mo's eyes were bloody red. He looked as though he wanted to strip the other bare.

When ge is penniless, you

Zuo Mo, who had come to fight for thirty pieces of second-grade jingshi, felt a burst of anger leave his chest and rush upwards. He was completely infuriated.

"Come!" Wang Shixiong shouted confidently, and moved first!

He was extremely wary of the [Flowing Water] that Zuo Mo had sent out. Untraceable and fast, he didn't have a grasp on whether he would be able to combat it. Learning a lesson from Lin Yuan's fight, he decided to attack first so after he spoke, he attacked.

The [Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal] that had already been gripped on both his hands beforehand made a light bang. Everyone felt their eyes blur and then five Wang Shixiong suddenly appeared on the battlefield!

"As expected, it is still this unrivalled and wretched starting move!" Hu Shan sighed.

Second-grade [Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal]. It could make two fake illusions that were exactly the same as the user. Using two of them simultaneously, there were instantly four illusions. Adding on the real one, it was hard to detect the real Wang Shixiong. This [Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal] evidently had been made well. It was extremely detailed to confuse the fakes with the real one. Other than cultivating a spell like [Sky Eyes] [Ghost Eyes] or [Yinyang Eyes], it was basically impossible to tell.

Zuo Mo hadn't practiced a spell like that. He also hadn't thought that the other would use up two second-grade [Multiple Ghost Shadow Seal] at once. This expenditure, it was frightening! One second-grade [Multiple Ghost Shadow Seal] would require at least twenty pieces of third-grade jingshi. Two of them was forty pieces of third-grade jingshi!

Ge was aching to hit someone like you!

Zuo, a poor guy, Mo's fighting spirit started to burn like a prairie fire, almost lighting up all the blood in his body.

Since there are five of you, then all of you can accept it!

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth, raising his hand for [Seven Whirlpools], and it completely surrounded all five figures. This move was an extremely wide-range attack, perfectly suited for dealing with [Multiple Ghost Shadow Seal]. The fake ones were, in the end, fake. When they were torn by the sword energies, they instantly broke.

It evidently was not the first time Wang Shixiong had encountered this situation. He wasn't panicked, his two hands blurring, whoosh whoosh whoosh, three paper seals leapt from his hand.

[Turtle Seal], [Vajrapani Seal], [Empty Explosion Seal]!

Two layers of protection were added to Wang Shixiong's body. The inner green one was [Turtle Seal], the outer one was [Vajrapani Seal]. The moment the [Empty Explosion Seal] was thrown out, it exploded with a bang.

A large shock occurred on the battlefield, an invisible high speed air wave viciously spread out. The [Seven Whirlpools] that had just destroyed the fake illusions instantly were smashed to pieces by this explosive air wave. At the center of the explosion, Wang Shixiong was not afraid. He had just put on two defensive paper seals on his body. The effect was evident at this time. The [Empty Explosion Seal] was astoundingly powerful, but it still could not break through the two layers of protective armor. He was untouched.

The spectators jumped in fright. Such an unreasonable way of battle,

this was the first time they had seen it.

The blood of the Ling Ying Sect disciples were all boiling. They all knew that once Wang Shixiong was at an advantage, just wait for the storm to arrive!

Zuo Mo was both sorrowful and furious.

Second-grade [Turtle Seal] fifteen pieces of third-grade jingshi, second-grade [Vajrapani Seal] fifteen pieces of third-grade jingshi, second-grade [Empty Explosion Seal] thirty pieces of third-grade jingshi.

This string of numbers flowed across Zuo Mo's heart... ..

Wang Shixiong's practiced response allowed him to take the initiative. He unhesitatingly started his attack.

[Sharp-headed Prickle Snake Shuttle], [One Star Galaxy], and [Light Rain Double Sparrow] were like a pack of wolves that smelt blood, murderously howling as they leapt at Zuo Mo.

The howl of the [Sharp-headed Prickly Snake Shuttle] was able to shock a person's soul. The three cun snake shuttle suddenly transformed in midair into a thin black snake. Like a streak of black lightning, it displayed its vicious and sharp fangs!

[One Star Galaxy] was seven dots of blue light, like a galaxy. It seemed extremely beautiful, without any killing intent.

When [Light Rain Double Sparrow] flew into the air, it turned into two blue fork-tailed sparrow. With simultaneous calls, they flew a strange shape and headed straight for Zuo Mo.

Wang Shixiong's move this time was extremely beautiful. All of Zuo Mo's retreats had been sealed shut. He had no place to escape.

These one-use talismans were much more expensive than paper seals! Thirty pieces of third-grade jingshi, forty pieces of third-grade jingshi, thirty pieces of third-grade jingshi, another string of numbers flew past Zuo Mo's heart.

Every time a number flowed past, Zuo Mo's heart felt pain. Up until

now, he had successively felt pain eight times. Any person, who was in pain for eight times, if they still seemed normal, then they were very skilled. But clearly, Zuo Mo wasn't! After his heart broke for the eighth time, the anger in his chest instantly reached a climax.

If fire was used to describe someone's anger, than Zuo Mo was composed entirely of fire, blood-red flames streaming out of his body and into the sky!

If he could tolerate this, what else couldn't he tolerate?

No one could tolerate this!

All the anger gathered and compressed at this instant. His eyes widened angrily, his hands moving as though he was throwing a large ball, crouching forward. The Water Drop sword gave a clear ring and flew into the sky.

The fifth move of [Li Water Sword Scripture] – [Banana Rain]!

Wang Shixiong felt the sky above him darken and reflexively raised his head. His pupils suddenly widened, his expression changing!

Not paying anymore attention to the talismans that had left his hand, he raised his hand and threw out two [Domineering Five Thunder Seal], and then whipped his hand to throw out a little red umbrella.

The little umbrella was extremely small, about half the size of a pen. When it was sent out, it started to grow, flying above his head and protecting him. This was a one-use second-grade talisman [Sleeve Umbrella]. Even though it was a one-use talisman, it was extremely expensive! Even Wang Shixiong, when it wasn't a crucial time, didn't bear to use it. However, the present situation was dangerous and he had no hesitations about using this card!

Once the two [Domineering Five Thunder Seals] left, it turned into two strings of five interconnected thunder exploding in the air.

The [Banana Rain] referred to the rain hitting the banana plant. Other than this, there was another meaning. It was rumored, in the ancient era, there was an eighth-grade talisman called the Banana Fan. A gentle wave

of this fan would create endless flames. Many heroes had been killed with this little Banana Fan. It had then become one of the most famous five attributed talismans. The banana of [Banana Rain] had the meaning of fire.

The rain was a rain of fire, the fire was a snowy-white cold fire.

The area of Ling Ying Sect suddenly became cold. Even the completely jade mountain gate had a thin layer of frost. The fire had not arrived, but the coldness had explosively started to spread.

Having merged in the Tidal Sword essence composed of countless icicles, the li water sword essence had been completely changed. Originally, it had been a clear fire shape of water, right now, it seemed slightly similar to Zuo Mo's icy Stalagmite fire.

The fire rain which was white and cold gave off the feeling that it was snowing instead.

However, no one was entranced by this beautiful scene. They were all shocked by the fatal murderous intent. In the white fire rain, sword essence criss-crossed, cold and icy, sharp, unable to be broken, endless!

The five interconnected thunder crackled and howled as it rushed towards the slowly descending rain of fire in the sky.

Many people silently praised the quickness of Wang Shixiong's reaction. The two [Domineering Five Thunder Seal] were very powerful. If it could block for a while, the three one-use talismans he had put out earlier could successfully attack Zuo Mo.

The white fire rain that seemed to be slowly moving met the five thunder.

Crack crack crack!

Like the sound of electricity flashing in the water, the two strings of five interconnected thunder didn't even last for a second before strangely vanishing.

Everyone who was watching all were shocked. In the middle of it all,

deeply feeling the power in Zuo Mo's move, Wang Shixiong wasn't just shocked. This time, his face was slightly pale!

He was praying that the [Sleeve Umbrella] would be effective. As an afterthought, he quickly threw out the [Great Sun Moon Wheel] and [Sky Net]. Between protecting his life and killing the enemy, he chose to protect his life.

Facing the three talismans that were gearing for him, Zuo Mo didn't dodge. He activated the [Moonwater Black Turtle Armor]. A blue light suddenly erupted from the black armor. A circle of light that was like water waves suddenly appeared around Zuo Mo. To be secure, he also started [Vajra Profound Sutra]. A layer of dark gold quickly appeared on the arms, head, and other parts that were exposed to the outside.

Between protecting his life and killing the enemy, Zuo Mo chose to kill the enemy!

He was gambling. Gambling that the other would choose to protect himself! He had won his gamble. The three one-use talismans that didn't have a person controlling them seemed powerful, when they hit the water-like blue light around Zuo Mo, the circle of light did shudder fiercely, and Zuo Mo's insides were affected and took a few steps back.

However, these three one-use talismans had no lasting power, and turned to light, disappearing into the air.

Zuo Mo had blocked these three one-use talismans, that meant that his risky endeavor had been successful and had taken the initiative. Right now, he could easily control the [Banana Rain]. Anger boiling, Zuo Mo smirked coldly. This move had just begun!

The [Sleeve Umbrella] managed to stop the fire rain for a while. Even though the sword energies in the fire rain created cracks when they hit the umbrella, but this talisman that he had spent so much jingshi to buy now showed it was worth that many jingshi, managing to block off the fire rain.

However, he couldn't be on the defense, that would mean defeat!

Wang Shixiong was an extremely experienced fighter. Looking at the seemingly untouched Zuo Mo nearby, he gritted his teeth. But when he saw the light coming off the other's armor, his hate towards Lin Yuan was even greater! However, he didn't become dumb due to anger. He knew, if he won this match, that was slapping Lin Yuan's face in front of everyone. The acting that Lin Yuan had done beforehand would be completely wasted!

Only he could be the hero!

His hands reached for his waist.

Seeing the other take out a stack of red and green paper seals from his waist, Zuo Mo, anger burning up his body, seemed to see rows of numbers flying past his eyes, his heart also seeming to feel throbbing pain.

Wastrel! Shameless!

Zuo Mo bared his teeth, the furious anger that covered his body exploding, his anger reaching its maximum. He unhesitatingly sent out the killing move that he had been readying for a long time!

*

Translator Ramblings: The plant is 芭蕉 or Musa basjoo, commonly known as the Japanese banana. The author took the famous banana leaf fan of the Journey to the West and moved it into this world.

Without me noticing, we've crept past 10% of the chapters. 817 chapters to go!

Chapter 99: Seal Soldier

[Layered Wave]!

The white fire rain that was covering the sky gradually started to gather, merging into a white pillar of rain. The rain pillar shook, creating sprays, one wave after another, like an enormous white snake shaking in the sky, continuously shaking its body to attack that red umbrella. The power kept on gathering, kept on increasing!

If it was said that it had been the rain hitting idly the banana leaf before, now it was a storm, the intensity having multiplied.

[Sleeve Umbrella] was still a one-use talisman in the end. It had not been nurtured for a long time. At this time, it couldn't bear the attack anymore and scattered with a boom. [Great Sun Moon Wheel] wasn't a defensive talisman in the first place and was even weaker, basically torn to pieces. The [Sky Net] was also shredded by countless sword energies.

The questions relating to the power of talismans were extremely complex. Other than their grade, it was also connected to the time the xiuzhe spent imprinting on the talisman. Usually, the longer they spent imprinting on it, the talisman would be more nimble and easier to control. The power would also be greater. This was why talismans had to be "nourished". Other than this, some xiuzhe who were skilled in seal formations, as their cultivation increased, they would forge the seal formations inside the talisman.

Like Zuo Mo's Water Drop sword, if it landed on Xin Yan Shibo's hands, and was reforged, it could easily rise to fourth or fifth-grade. But with Zuo Mo's pitiful cultivation, he didn't have the power to control it if it was fourth-grade.

It wasn't always, the higher the grade, the better the talisman. It depended on whether or not the talisman was suitable. The fourth-grade [Yang Emperor Sword] that Lin Yuan had was able to be controlled by zhuji cultivators and was a very rare specimen.

The benefit of a one-use talisman was that it did not need to be

imprinted to be used. However, its power was far from the same grade talismans that had been “nourished” for a long time.

People only had limited amounts of time and energy. The more talismans they had, the less they could spend imprinting on each talismans. Consequently, a true expert wouldn't have an abundance of talismans. They would only focus on imprinting a few and rely on those for most of their fights. If they could not easily manipulate their talismans in battle, it was an easy opportunity for their opponents.

Talismans could aid or subdue each other. There were many patterns involved, and it was hard for people to predict all the situations encountered in battle. If they could stock up on a few one-use talismans that did not need to be imprinted, they would get a few more choices. It was the same rationale with paper seals.

However, it was extremely rare for someone to use talismans and paper seals to such an extreme as Wang Shixiong. In the eyes of truly powerful experts, one-use talismans could work in an emergency, but it was too weak. In the lower level fights, this kind of expendable strategy would almost always win.

It was a pity that he had encountered Zuo Mo who had comprehended sword essence!

Sword moves that had sword essence as the core, the power would increase and would surpass the cultivator of the same power level.

Only now did Wang Shixiong suddenly realize in shock that the white flame falling from the sky was not fire, nor rain, but sword energies!

He almost could not believe this discovery. A guy in zhuji, how could he give such a terrifying sword move? But in front of this many people, would Wang Shixiong be content with surrendering like this?

He had his own pride. Red flashed through his eyes. He gritted his teeth. All in!

A gold paper seal instantly appeared on his hand.

“Seal soldier!” Someone from Ling Ying Sword Sect who had been

spectating shouted in shock, causing the crowd to rumble. Everyone's eyes were instantly attracted by the little gold paper seal. For the first time, Chang Shixiong had a serious expression. Among the crows, there was also a pair of eyes which suddenly became bright in the shadows.

Chang Shixiong seemed to have perceived it, turning to glance over the crowd.

Yan Ming Zi muttered dazedly, "This is a seal soldier?"

Hu Shan gaped, speechless.

The families of most Ling Ying Set disciples were wealthy. Their experiences and knowledge wasn't something a poor guy like Zuo Mo could compare with. Zuo Mo might not recognize what this seal soldier was, but listening to the shocked murmurs of the crowd, he also knew that it was something magnificently powerful. However, at this time, his chest was filled with the sharp sword essence and he could not retreat!

Wang Shixiong's face was solemn, his fingers moving, and his mouth quickly recited, "Powerful Warrior Protects Master!"

As he finished speaking, a golden-armored soldier three zhang tall appeared beside him.

The features of the golden armored soldier were not clear. His entire body was enveloped inside the golden armor. He was standing without a weapon, but a heavy killing aura swept the whole field, and people couldn't not help but be in awe. The golden armored soldier, as it appeared, turned his head up towards the white rain snake in the sky, his hand pushing up, and boomed, "Ha!"

Everyone felt their ears ring, like someone had taken a hammer and gave a blow to them. Everyone was shocked! Even Chang Shixiong who had been calm all this while slightly changed his expression.

It was like the mighty white water pillar met an invisible barrier and splashed in all directions. Wang Shixiong, who was positioned underneath it, was untouched.

Zuo Mo's chest felt like it was hit. He grunted. A sweet fishy taste spread

out in his mouth. He could help but be aghast. What was this?

At this time, he could not retreat. He refocused and once again attacked.

Pew!

Wang Shixiong, who had been standing underneath the golden armor soldier suddenly spat out a mouthful of blood. The golden armored soldier towering over him wavered and then vanished like it was an illusion.

“I lost.”

Wang Shixiong’s face was as pale as powder. He clearly had been wounded. He staggered as though he could collapse at any time.

Zuo Mo finally released a breath. This fight had been really dangerous. If the other had used the paper seal at the start, he would have been the one to lose. His eyes couldn’t help but look at the gold paper seal that had landed in front of Wang Shixiong. The gold of the paper seal was much duller than before.

“This seal soldier can only be used one more time.” Knowing what Zuo Mo was thinking, Wang Shixiong said.

“Then I’ll take it!” Zuo Mo said unhesitatingly. Even though he didn’t want to have a grudge with the other, but the impression that this seal soldier gave him was too deep. He had never seen such a powerful, terrifying paper seal!

Wang Shixiong didn’t waste words. He threw the seal soldier to Zuo Mo and then a jade scroll. “This is the spell for the seal soldier.”

Zuo Mo carefully took the seal soldier and jade scroll. This seal soldier was something that could protect his life. Jingshi was important, but his little life was even more important. Something that could protect his life, the more he had, the better. This guy called Wang might be a bit of a prodigal son, and was of few words, but Zuo Mo felt he was much easier on the eyes than Lin Yuan.

Wang Shixiong walked back among the disciples. He didn’t have the energy to mind anything else, dropping to the ground, and sat cross-

legged. His wounds were not insignificant.

This battle had really been a series of up and downs. The people who had watched were also alarmed and shocked. Wang Shixiong's loss had caused many of the Ling Ying Sect disciples' faces to turn ugly, especially the two that were up next, whose faces were like dirt. They were far from being as strong as Wang Shixiong, and had less jingshi than him.

Just at this time, Chang Shixiong, who had been placed at the end, walked out. The Ling Ying Sect disciples who had been making a commotion instantly quieted, their eyes looking straight at Chang Shixiong.

Zuo Mo's expression changed slightly. He just had received light internal injuries. This guy named Chang, it could be seen he wasn't a simple character. Was it that he couldn't wait any longer?

Chang Shixiong suddenly turned, beckoning at the two who were up next, "Come here."

The two exchanged a look, hesitated but still forced themselves to walk over.

"You two do not have to fight, you aren't a match." Chang Shixiong said serenely. Turning, he said to Zuo Mo, "Pick two items."

Zuo Mo was in a daze. Looking at the two people, he couldn't help but hesitate.

Chang Shixiong turned his face back, his eyes landing on the two. The two were like frightened rabbits, hurriedly saying, "Chang Shixiong can make the decision!"

Zuo Mo was not polite in demanding a belt and a pair of vambraces from the two. They were pretty good among third-grade items. The two did have pain on their faces, but obediently took it down, handing it off to Zuo Mo.

When Zuo Mo took them, Chang Shixiong said to Lin Yuan, "One [Red Flower Dan], third grade."

Lin Yuan grimaced. Without a second word, he took out a third-grade [Red Flower Dan], throwing it to Chang Shixiong. Chang Shixiong then threw the third-grade [Red Flower Dan] to Zuo Mo. "Heal yourself first."

Finishing, he sat down himself to rest.

Zuo Mo wasn't sanctimonious and shoved the [Red Flower Dan] into his mouth. Up to now, this third-grade [Red Flower Pill] was the highest grade lingdan that he had ever consumed. It turned into a hot stream, spreading through his organs, extremely comfortable. He didn't dare to slack off, channeling ling power to dissolve the power of the medicine.

There was a strange silence. It was like the peace before the storm, making people feel suffocated.

Yan Ming Zi said in a low voice, "Let's move back a bit."

Hearing this, Hu Shan and Tao Zhu Er also were startled awake, hurriedly falling back about seven zhang. There were many people who also had the same idea as them. All the Ling Ying Sect disciples seemed to understand each other and all moved back. The only people standing in their original spots were Wen Fei and a few others.

The surrounding xiuzhe watched this migration. However, they did not move. They felt that the distance right now was enough to be safe.

"Ha, they'll regret it later." Yan Ming Zi mocked.

"Yes, the horror of Chang Shixiong, you would only believe it after you experience it personally!" Hu Shan said empathetically.

"Who do you think will win?" Tao Zhu Er asked.

"Do we need to even discuss it? The Scalping Zombie might have some skill but can he compare to Chang Shixiong? Let's hope that there won't be any blood, there isn't anyone here that could stop him... ..." Terror filled Yan Ming Zi's eyes.

"Should we back up a bit more?" Yan Ming Zi shuddered and couldn't help saying.

"说得是，你带神行符了没？"燕明子连忙点头。

“That’s true,” Yan Ming Zi nodded. “Do you have the Spirit Travelling seal?”

“I have two.” Hu Shan took out two Spirit Travelling seals.

“Give me one.” Yan Ming Zi hurriedly snatched one, holding it in a death grip.

At the side, one person couldn’t stop himself, “Do you have to exaggerate so much? Hasn’t Chang Shixiong been relaxing and cultivating his personality?”

Yang Ming Zi, Hu Shan, and Tao Zhu Er first paused and then all had sympathy on their faces as they looked at the person.

The person couldn’t bear the three’s gaze, his face flushing. “Chang Shixiong is always writing sutras everyday. I’ve seen it myself. He also raises ling beasts... ..”

“So dumb.” Yan Ming Zi shook his head.

“Idiot.” Hu Shan rolled his eyes and spat out.

“Let’s move back a bit more.” Tao Zhu Er directly disregarded the person and said to the other two.

At this time, Zuo Mo finally stood up.

*

Translator Ramblings: The little Ling Ying Sect Sect trio is pretty humorous and a source of information. Zuo Mo has gotten much better at fighting compared to his first ever fight a long time ago.

Chapter 100: Bloody Chang Heng

The moment Zuo Mo stood up, Chang Shixiong opened his eyes and also stood.

“I am Chang Heng.” Chang Heng made a simple introduction. It looked as though he was talking of daily life with a friend.

“I am Zuo Mo,” Zuo Mo warily answered. For some reason, this Chang Heng that didn’t show any signs of power made him feel pressure. A kind of pressure that he had only felt from Wei Sheng Shixiong. Taking the chance, he closely examined the other. A short pale green and grey robe that had faded from washing. It was abnormally different among the magnificent brocades of the Ling Ying Sect disciples. A round face, short hair, the hair like wires, each strand sticking up.

“You surprised me,” Chang Heng continued, “I heard that your Shixiong Wei Sheng had comprehended sword essence but hadn’t thought that you also had comprehended sword essence.”

A rumble instantly sounded from the surroundings!

They might have inexperienced eyes and did not see Zuo Mo’s true power, but everyone knew what comprehending sword essence meant. The faces of Lin Yuan and the others relaxed. To say nothing of anything eyes, it wasn’t an embarrassment to lose to a genius who had comprehended sword essence. Even Wang Shixiong who was sitting on the ground couldn’t help but shake his head with a bitter smile. If he knew that Zuo Mo had comprehended sword essence, he definitely wouldn’t have stepped out to fight.

Everyone’s eyes as they looked at Zuo Mo were completely different, full of awe and respect. Of course, there was also some jealousy and envy among those.

Zuo Mo shook his head, “I can’t compare to Shixiong,” He was extremely shocked inside. Chang Heng could tell his power level with a look. His own cultivation definitely wasn’t weak.

“You do not have to be too modest.” Chang Heng carelessly waved his hand, “I will find Wei Sheng in the future.”

Seeing the other speak so carelessly of Wei Sheng Shixiong, Zuo Mo was very uncomfortable inside, and snorted, “Let’s compete first before saying so.”

Chang Heng shook his head, “You are not a match for me.”

“How would you know before we try?” Zuo Mo said, discontent.

“I’m on the verge of becoming ningmai.” Chang Heng’s light words made Zuo Mo speechless. Zuo Mo had to admit that Chang Heng was right. The cultivation between them differed too much. His cultivation had grown furiously but it was only the fourth level of zhuji right now. The other was on the verge of ningmai which was the tenth level of zhuji.

Even though he had once won against a zhuji xiuzhe when he was a lianqi, but he was very clear that half of the reason could be attributed to his opponent.

His opponent now was Chang Heng. Zuo Mo couldn’t help but glance at the other. The steadiness of the other’s attitude, and the oppressing pressure made him believe the other was very strong. Zuo Mo’s battle experience was now extremely rich. What people he could fight, what people he should avoid, Zuo Mo was very clear.

“I surrender! Which item do you want?” Zuo Mo blurted out very quickly.. He had come for wealth. Now that he had made so much, even if he surrendered this one, he had already won four. Such rich prizes, he was already content.

From a glance, it could be seen that he wasn’t on the same level as Chang Heng and definitely had no chance of victory. It would be better to admit defeat. If he was wounded by the other, then he would have a deficit. As a businessperson, a sense of when to retreat was essential. Zuo Mo comforted himself.

Chang Heng started at Zuo Mo for a beat and smiled, “You are a smart person.”

“I just know my limits,” Zuo Mo said as he raised his hands. He wanted to leave very badly. The longer he stayed, the more he felt this mediocre looking man was dangerous. “Chang Shixiong can pick whatever item you want. This little brother will present it with both hands.”

Chang Heng was not moved, his eyes looking in the distance, indifferently saying, “If you can survive one of my moves, then leave with the things. If you can’t receive it, then leave behind everything.”

Zuo Mo’s heart jumped. The easier Chang Heng talked, the more unsafe he felt, “Chang Shixiong, this little brother... ..”

“The place I stand, you have to abide by my rules.” Chang Heng didn’t turn his eyes.

The surrounding crowd were silent. Even the air seemed to become dense and murderous. Everyone couldn’t help but stop breathing. They all knew that the most spectacular part of the day had arrived. All of the Ling Ying Sect disciples were excited. The dominance that Chang Heng Shixiong displayed totally conquered them. Even Tao Zhu Er’s large eyes didn’t want to leave Chang Heng Shixiong’s body for an instant.

Up until now, Chang Heng hadn’t displayed any power, and didn’t make any motions. However, he was like the owner of the land, extremely matter of fact, and unable to be doubted.

Zuo Mo took a deep breath. He realized that he could not avoid this fight.

The request the other gave was not outrageous. He only had to endure one of the other’s moves, and it would count as Zuo Mo’s victory. If he didn’t agree, then all the victories he had today would instantly turn to dust. The other had enough reason to surround him. The move that Chang Heng used was the one that Zuo Mo used before. He first put himself at a disadvantageous position, and then forced the other to walk the path he picked.

This feeling, it really was bad! Zuo Mo shook his head, and threw these distracting thoughts to the back of his head.

Today's battle, it was all on this one move!

However... .. even a ningmai cultivator, they shouldn't be able to say they could get rid of him in one move. Since he could not avoid it, then come!

Thinking it through, Zuo Mo adjusted himself into position and said calmly, "As Shixiong wishes!"

"Not bad. I like you," Chang Heng nodded in praise.

He then opened his clothes, revealing a bare upper half. In between his clavicles, there was a copper ring.

What was that for?

The xiuzhe in the surroundings were also puzzled. They began putting their heads together and discussing it. It was the complete opposite of the Ling Ying Sect disciples. Excitement was on all of their faces, each one arching their necks, staring tightly at Chang Shixiong as though some exciting thing was going to happen.

Zuo Mo was also slightly puzzled but he kept his guard up, not daring to slack off.

Chang Heng closed his eyes, his right hand touching the copper ring between his clavicles. Then he did a move that shocked everyone – he slowly pulled on the copper ring!

Hiss!

Connected below the copper ring was a blood red blade. It was slowly pulled out of the flesh of Chang Heng's chest.

There wasn't any pain on Chang Heng's body. Quite the opposite, his expression was slightly warm and intoxicated.

Zuo Mo's hairs stood as he looked at the weird and bloody picture in front of him. Not just Zuo Mo, but almost everyone in the surroundings had a terrified expression. Some that were less brave already had run to the side and started to heave.

"Too... .. savage... .." Yan Ming Zi trembled, saying with excitement.

When this blood red sword was completely pulled out of Chang Heng's body, the terror reached the bones of every single person. This was a very strange sword. The sword was not long, about one chi long, two fingers wide. The body was entirely blood red. There was no sword guard or grip. The blood red blade connected directly to the copper ring. The width of the ring was just enough to be worn on the fingers.

What was strange was that there was no wound on Chang Heng's body, the spot between his clavicles was smooth and markless.

The scene was just a man holding a slightly strange red flying sword, but anyone who had seen what had preceded it definitely would not be able to forget it. Such a weird and bloody scene.

Chang Heng opened his eyes, his expression normal. His voice hadn't changed at all compared to before. "This ring sword is called [Blood Spider]."

Zuo Mo felt his skin prickle. As though he was facing a great enemy, his hands as they held the sword couldn't help but start sweating.

If the pressure that Chang Heng had given him before could be said to be faint but omnipresent. Then the Chang Heng with [Blood Spider] on his hand gave him an ocean of pressure, without any place for him to escape! The sudden change in pressure could cause those who had weak minds to collapse in that instant. Zuo Mo had a feeling that everyone in front of his eyes gradually became dyed with a layer of blood red.

Zuo Mo reflexively tightened his grip on the Water Drop sword. The sword suddenly passed him a warm and serene water essence. Even though it was extremely faint, at this time, it dramatically decreased his nervousness.

No! If this kept on going, he would lose without even fighting!

Zuo Mo closed his eyes and stopped his breathing. Then he started using [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. The ling power in his body started to move, and his consciousness started to become lively.

Gradually, the terror in Zuo Mo's heart started to decrease. His fretful

heart gradually became serene.

At some time, a blood line appeared in Chang Heng's eyes. He gave a praising glance at Zuo Mo. In the eyes of other people, this look caused a coldness to spread from the bottom of their hearts, like a savage blood spider coldly focusing on his prey.

He lightly swung his finger. The [Bloody Spider Sword] on his finger spun rapidly, creating a bloody red circle of light.

As the [Blood Spider Sword] spun faster, it started to ring. Gradually, the ringing became an extremely icy hiss. An extremely domineering and savage presence, with Chang Heng at the center, appeared!

At this time, the spectators nearby had pale faces. They all wanted to turn and escape. However, they found that their legs were wobbly. Crash, crash, they all fell to the ground.

There was only someone wearing a black gauze hat standing at his original spot. His clothes flapped in the wind, but the gauze in front of face didn't move at all. What could be barely made out through the gauze was a pair of narrow and knife-sharp eyes.

Zuo Mo felt that he was in a sea of blood. Enormous blood waves roiling and howling, smashing against each other, blocking out the sun. He was like a little boat, extremely small, floating uncertainly as though he would be swallowed by the gigantic waves at any instant.

Suddenly, a blood wave rose in front of him, transforming into an extremely ugly blood beast, opening his jaws and howled as it leapt at him.

Gripping the Water Drop sword, having stopped his breathing and closed his eyes, all of Zuo Mo's ling power had all been sent into the Water Drop sword. The Water Drop sword was like a little river, waves rippling, changing constantly.

As the gigantic mouth was going to swallow him, he slowly raised the little river in his hand!

The little river that had been the Water Drop sword suddenly changed. Flames rose out of the water, spreading a shocking cold. The short little

river moved and swayed like the tide. If Zuo Mo could see it, he would find that the present appearance of the Water Drop sword was the same as the sword river in his consciousness.

Blossoms of water-shaped flames, as they spat, they would also create countless icicle-like sword energies. The movement of the tide continuously became larger, the water-shaped flames burning fiercely, the icy energy rising!

It was as though Zuo Mo was holding a ball of flame in his hand. All the clothing on his body turned to pieces. With an angry shout, using all the energy in his body, from the bottom rising against the current up, he forcefully sliced!

The first time after he merged the sword essences – [Li Water Burning Heavens!]

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Translator Ramblings:

Chang Heng's Bloody Spider is approximately 33.3cm long and 3.33 cm wide.

Chapter 101: All In!

One zhang is 3.33 meters.

A handful of glowing water jumped like a fire, the fire turning from clear to a deep blue, a faint mist surrounded the flame, shooting upwards.

Chang Heng gently threw out the blood wheel that was rotating on his hand. The moment the blood wheel left, everyone felt their eyes darken. The blood wheel turned into a ball of blood mist, heading for Zuo Mo's head. The blood mist that boiled restlessly was like a strange beast, occasionally giving a low howl, like there were countless ghosts shrieking and screaming, shaking the souls of listeners.

The blue fire carrying mist and the blood mist smashed together.

Ding!

A crisp sound like that of an icicle rang out. Immediately after, countless howls and screams came out of the blood mist. The spectators felt their eardrums hurt. The people who were close had blood streaming out of their ears.

Pew pew pew! The blue flame continuously released countless tiny sword essences. Anytime the blood mist neared, it would be frozen by the icy and sharp sword essences into tiny red ice drops.

The sword energies of the blue flame seemed to be endless. Having been wounded, the restless blood mist was like a provoked beast, even more furiously boiling. The shrieks coming out of the blood mist even more piercing and furious.

The center of the blood mist seemed to suddenly collapse. The blood-colored mist started retreating at an astounding speed. In the blink of an eyes, the ten zhang wide blood mist had disappeared. On the empty ground, there was a blood-colored spider. The spider was slightly taller than Zuo Mo, and had numerous black patterns all over its body, which seemed like character seals. Big and small reverse hooks covered the

spider's legs, gleaming with a cold light. Anyone who saw them did not doubt that if they were caught, flesh would be easily ripped out. The eyes of the spider, each the size of two fists, stared emotionlessly at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo's heart was shocked. The blood spider in front of him didn't have the powerful presence of the blood mist before it, but it made him even more wary.

However, at this time, his heart was completely filled with sword essence. Even if he was facing a terrifying blood spider that he had never seen before, his mind had never wavered!

Seemingly feeling the resolve in Zuo Mo's heart, the blue flame, carrying along its mist, turned into a stream of light, shooting at the blood spider.

The blood spider suddenly lifted its head, and opened its mouth.

A piercing and dissonant shriek flooded from its mouth. With it as the center, the air seemed to have been pulled, and rippled, visible to the naked eye.

The flame that had turned to a stream of light suddenly brightened. The mist that surrounded it became denser, speeding up even more. With the flame as the center, countless tiny sword essences criss-crossed, forming a shapeless sword essence net!

Zuo Mo's body slightly wavered, shocked inside. The shout from the blood spider actually could harm his spirit! If his spirit wasn't much more powerful than normal xiuzhe, he would have been greatly wounded by that.

The surrounding xiuzhe were much worse off. Most of the xiuzhe that had been lying on the ground paled. Their consciousness were greatly wounded. Only the xiuzhe that was wearing a hat was not moved, seemingly unaffected.

"Lucky we went back far enough!" The Ling Ying Sect disciple that had been objecting to Yang Ming Zi and the others was full of relief. Even though they were far enough away, but he still was affected. His chest seemed to be roiling and wanting to throw up. His eyes as they looked at

Chang Shixiong instantly filled with awe.

No one paid attention to him.

Yan Ming Zi gaped. Pointing at Chang Heng, he suddenly turned his face to ask, "Who said Chang Shixiong was relaxing and cultivating his mind?"

Hu Shan and Tao Zhu Er looked in shock at each other. Chang Shixiong's power, compared to a few years ago, was even more terrifying.

The battle had reached the climax.

The blood spider didn't dodge. Instead it raised its head and reached with its forelimbs to slice at the Water Drop sword!

The stream of blue flame that was the Water Drop sword accurately hit the blood spider's forelimbs.

The moment the two impacted, a thick bloody light rose around the blood spider, sheltering it.

The blue flame's sword essences hit the blood light around the blood spider, icy spraying but basically unable to break its defense.

Boom!

The true body of the blue flame directly hit the blood light.

The blood light, which hadn't moved at all before, suddenly started to shake. The bloody light moved relentlessly as though it could shatter at any time.

Argh! The blood spider gave a sky-shaking howl, it's voice filled with fury!

The blood light around its body suddenly increase, the thick blood light seeming composed of countless amounts of fresh blood, so congealed it seemed real.

Zuo Mo instantly felt the pressure increase. The pressure in front of the Water Drop sword was so great that he had never felt it before. It was like murderous intent was hitting in from all directions. The Water Drop sword was like a fish caught in a net.

At this time, Zuo Mo didn't have any other thoughts. Jingshi, talismans, they were all thrown out of his head. In his eyes, there was only the blood spider and the Water Drop sword!

The ling power furiously moved. He didn't need any benefit or simulation. The blood spider gave Zuo Mo a pressure of death that he had never felt before, forcing him instinctively to use his full power!

He forgot this was a spar, forgot the agreement of one move.

All the ling power in his body was channeled into the Water Drop sword. The flood of battle spirit, and the terror of death at the bottom of his heart, entwined like twins, deeply provoked Zuo Mo. All of his calmness, all of his intelligence turned to dust at this time. What remained was the most basic instincts, the instinct to fight, the instinct to live!

At some unknown time, Zuo Mo suddenly floated into the sky.

The next scene struck everyone completely dumb.

"What... .. what is that?" Yang Ming Zi stammered to ask.

Hu Shan's face was full of shock, unconsciously muttering, "It isn't possible... .. this isn't possible... .."

Tao Zhu Er's face paled like paper. Wang Shixiong who had been sitting suddenly jumped up, looking in disbelief at Zuo Mo. The expression on Wen Fei, who had been watching attentively, suddenly changed. Lin Yuan, not far away, also stared in shock. The black gauze of the hat-wearing xiuzhe who had been standing steadily rippled fiercely, like a furious wind blew past.

Even Chang Heng who was coldly standing behind the blood spider showed shock.

The ling energy surrounding Zuo Mo as he floated in mid-air, headed for Zuo Mo at terrifying speeds. He was like a whirlpool, crazily absorbing the surrounding ling energy.

In reality, the ling energy at the gates of Ling Ying Sword Sect wasn't dense. However, the suction inside Zuo Mo's body was too powerful. After

he sucked in the ling energies in the surroundings, he started to pull on ling energy from further away. This kind of rough suction of ling energy, no one had seen it before. Even more, this was sucking in ling energy as he fought.

This... .. this was too fantastical!

Zuo Mo didn't know the shock he gave others. Right now, he was like a beast at death's edge, all of his attention on the blood spider in front of him. He put all the ideas he could think of into use.

Gambling everything!

He completely disregarded the tearing pain from his channels. Without calculating the consequences, he furiously took in the surrounding ling energy.

The blue flame became even brighter. As the impure ling energy was sent in, it didn't burn quietly anymore, but with crackles and bangs! If the blue flame had previously been as quiet as a virgin, then the present flame was like an infuriated brawny man!

A sliver of fear came through the blood spider's eyes but it quickly became even more furious. This average little boy in front of it dared to repeatedly challenge its dominance. It had even been, for one moment, afraid of him. He was completely infuriated!

Awrooooooooooooooooooooo!

The size of the blood spider exploded. In the blink of an eye, it had increased multiple times. Standing there, it was like a little mountain. The blood light on its body turned from light to dark. It was like there was a thick layer of congealed blood covering its entire body. Occasionally, dark red blood would drip to the ground, sending up wisps of green smoke, a burnt hole appearing on the ground.

Everyone knew that the battle had reached the most crucial time.

Suddenly, one red light and one blue light moved at the same time! They chose to use the most straightforward and brutal way, like two raging bulls, crashing together.

Boom!

Everyone felt a blinding light and couldn't not see anything else. The ground under their feet shook. Other than feeling fear, they hurried to steady themselves.

Before they could open their eyes, they heard Zuo Mo's voice come out of the air.

"Chang Shixiong's teachings, this little brother has managed to pass and will bid farewell now. See you in the future!"

When everyone opened their eyes, where could they find Zuo Mo's figure? The last round just now had been too amazing. Almost everyone had lost focus, dumb where they stood. When they regained their minds, and looked towards the field, the blood spider seemed depressed. The several cun deep marks on the two forelimbs were alarming to see. There was nothing remaining of the bravado and fierceness just before.

Chang Heng Shixiong was standing, eyes closed, his legs buried in the rock floor up to his knees. He was motionless. No one dared to go closer.

A moment later, a sword light landed from the sky. It was an elder of Ling Ying Sect. He scanned the surroundings. Noticing the wounded and dejected blood spider, his face slightly changed and sternly shouted, "What just happened?"

The disciples murmured. Lin Yuan saw the eyes turn towards him and could only go forward to give a simple narration.

"Hmph, Wu Kong Sword Sect is too bold!" The light in this Ling Ying Sect elder's eyes grew as he snorted coldly. When his eyes moved towards Chang Heng that was still motionless with closed eyes, joy suddenly came into his eyes.

Just at this time, Chang Heng opened his eyes, a flash of blood red flashing and disappearing from his eyes!

He raised his head and howled to the sky!

Wen Fei first paused and then had a gleeful expression.

Chang Heng was extremely refreshed. He had managed to smoothly break through the barrier that he had been stuck at for a long time. Today, he finally entered ningmai! After a while, he looked in the direction that Zuo Mo had disappeared in, an amused expression on his face.

The xiuzhe wearing the hat looked for a moment at Chang Heng and turned to leave.

On the grey-beaked goose, Zuo Mo's face was grey. His clothes were covered with blood. He had been gravely wounded in the last round, and had spat blood multiple times. In order to leave earlier, he had forced his ling power out and relied on it to head straight towards the place he had put the grey-beaked goose. This was why his wounds had been worsened. He only had one thought in his head, to get back even quickly to the sect.

Heavily wounded, Zuo Mo felt his body was increasingly heavy. He motionlessly laid on the back of the grey-beaked goose and became unconscious.

The grey-beaked goose seemed to know that the situation was grave, powerfully waving the wings and furiously flying in the direction of Wu Kong Sword Sect.

Suddenly, a five-colored light lit up on Zuo Mo's chest. Inside the five-colored light, lines of green colored energy came out and, following the channels in the body, spread into Zuo Mo's limbs and organs.

In the consciousness, Pu Yao was looking in interest at this scene.

"So interesting, I really want to crack it open... .."

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Translator Ramblings: So it's a draw! Chang Heng got super lucky and broke through with this fight and Zuo Mo is heavily wounded again.

Chapter 102: Couldn't Understand

Zuo Mo slowly woke up. His face was pasted to the ground, dirt in his mouth. He felt slightly secure once he realized he was in his little yard.

When he inspected his body, his heart finally relaxed. The situation was better than he had expected. Even though his injuries were serious, especially in his channels, but it was much better than he had imagined. What he was most afraid of was damaging his basic vitality. That was a fatal wound that even jindan xiuzhe could not save him from.

Still alright, alright... ..

He struggled up from the dirt floor. He was used to the soreness of his entire body. Thinking about it now, he always ended up causing his own sorry state. If it happened multiple times, then one would get used to it. Even something like enduring pain was like that.

However, when he saw the grey-beaked goose splattered like mud lying nearby, he was very shocked. He hurriedly stumbled over. It definitely was this female bird's labor that he could come back. If he didn't have it, he would have been very badly off! Coming to the grey-beaked goose, he carefully inspected her before his heart settled down. This female bird was just exhausted. Zuo Mo was very moved.

Running to the stone room, and taking out the stone milk that he treasured so much, he dropped three drops to the grey-beaked goose.

"Silly Bird, Silly Bird, ge is pretty good to you!" Zuo Mo said to himself.

For xiuzhe, using stone milk by itself didn't have much of a beneficial effect, but for ling beasts, this was a natural treasure. Other than Zuo Mo, no one would feed three drops of stone milk to a second-grade grey-beaked goose. From the perspective of jingshi, three drops of stone milk was much more valuable than a second-grade grey-beaked goose. However, this person and bird had great camaraderie. Even though this female bird had once taunted him, but ge is generous, and won't hold a grudge with you silly bird, Zuo Mo thought.

The effect of the stone milk was, as expected, extremely clear.

Just seconds later, the grey-beaked goose stood up again, but

Looking at the grey-beaked goose, like a person, her wings tucked behind her back, puffing up her chest, walking the steps, Zuo Mo was dumbstruck. But it didn't manage to maintain it for very long before it became fretful, jumping about in the yard, jumping up and down. Zuo Mo gaped with wide eyes. But after a while, even jumping would not satisfy it. That pair of wings started to endlessly make strange movements. It looked like a convulsing strange bird dancing.

It was really too horrible to look at, no sense of beauty at all... ..

Zuo Mo could only give this cruel review.

After thinking slightly, he understood what had happened. He had given too much stone milk to the grey-beaked goose. The potential of the grey-beaked goose was very average, and was not able to tolerate such a large amount of stone milk. Too much of the medicinal power was unable to be absorbed and caused it to act so crazily.

Suddenly, Zuo Mo paled. This silly bird was running towards the ling fields!

"Stop!" Zuo Mo couldn't resist and swore, "If you ruin my fields, I'll break your legs!"

Frightened by Zuo Mo, the grey-beaked goose rushed to a stop and its head plunged into the ground, head down and tail up. It was still slightly frightened of Zuo Mo. When it swayed as it pulled its head out of the ground. Zuo Mo saw the situation was bad and yelled, "Are you dumb? Go fly into the sky!"

The grey-beaked goose used its wings to hit its head, its face giving an expression of realization. Then it shook its head drunkenly, flapping its wings and staggered as it shot into the air.

Zuo Mo patted his chest in fear. These days, even birds were this strong!

Having managed to stabilize the silly bird, Zuo Mo dragged his half-

crippled body into the stone room. Once he crawled in, he entered meditation.

He spent much longer in meditation than before, a full twenty hours before he woke up. Even though he hadn't been wounded too severely, but the wounds in the channels inside his body were not insignificant. The damaging power of the impure ling energy was extremely serious. At that time, he really had been crazy. For jingshi, to not even care for his life? However, thinking back to it, he felt that it wasn't right. Why had he been so reckless? He couldn't pin down a reason.

That last attack, there were many places for him to savor.

He and Chang Heng were not on the same level of power. It could be seen from the fact the other had forced him to the precipice with one move. Thinking about it now, Zuo Mo still felt fear. It wasn't that he hadn't thought about Chang Heng's level of power, but he hadn't thought he would have struggle so much to stand up under just one of Chang Heng's moves. It really was a miracle that he was only wounded this little.

He wasn't dejected. From level of cultivation, there was too much of a difference. Chang Heng was at the peak of zhuji, someone heading for ningmai. Zuo Mo was only the fourth level of zhuji.

However, he was now at the fifth level. Just now, after a meditation of twenty hours, he had accidentally entered the fifth level. This wasn't all of the gains from the battle. That was why Zuo Mo wasn't leaving after he woke up, but sitting, savoring the entire battle.

The battle had been extremely short, just one move, yet the changes involved were not simple. Quite the opposite, there were many changes that Zuo Mo had never even thought about before. He had even done something as damaging to himself as sucking ling energy into his body to just barely make it through one of the other's moves. There were too many actions of Chang Heng that were worth learning from. The precision of ling energy usage, the attack on the consciousness, the usage of presence and pressure... ..

This meditation was another ten hours.

When he truly finished, he felt that he was extremely hungry. Running to the stores, he found some ling grains. Not caring about his cooking skill, he personally made a ling grain meal. The terrible cooking skills caused the taste of the meal to be rather bad. Zuo Mo did swallow up every bit of it. The ling energy contained in the ling grains was extremely useful.

After filling his hunger, he started to inspect his spoils of war.

When he put all the trophies out, he instantly became excited.

[Moonwater Black Turtle Armor], [Seal Soldier], one third-grade belt, and a pair of third-grade vambraces.

He was familiar with the attributes of Moonwater Black Turtle armor. The seal soldier could be used only one more time. That was something to use to save his life at a crucial time. Zuo Mo naturally wouldn't be so dumb as to try it out. After memorizing the spell, he carefully put away the seal soldier.

The important ones were the belt and the vambraces. Zuo Mo had to admit that he had slipped up on the belt. The gold glittering belt only had one formation: Martial Bearing. Zuo Mo thought this was a formation that had no use at all. Its purpose was to make the presence of the wearer more outstanding, and look stronger and magnificent.

In other word, this was a decorative formation. Zuo Mo wanted to spit blood. He felt that it could be understandable that women would wear talismans of this type, but a guy, wearing a belt carved with [Martial Bearing] formation in broad daylight, they were too much of a showoff. The belt was made up of soft Gold Sky silk. The quality was outstanding. Such good material carved with a formation that had no real use, what a waste!

Zuo Mo was extremely frustrated. Why did he pick such a useless item?

However, what could be celebrated was that the vambraces did not disappoint him. There were two formations on it: [Thirty Thousand Catty] and [Nimble Fingers]. [Thirty Thousand Catty] was able to greatly increase his power. In the eyes of other xiuzhe, especially sword xiu, this might be a

useless formation, but Zuo Mo liked it very much.

Wasn't it just perfect to match with [Vajra Profound Sutra]?

Thinking about having a pair of dark gold hands with the power of a thousand catties, unable to be destroyed, easily breaking down other people's flying sword, Zuo Mo's heart jumped in excitement. Of course, this was just a fantasy. No one would let their flying sword get caught by another person's hand. However, as a trap, this was still one that people could not defend against.

[Nimble Fingers] was a formation that was widely used. Its attribute was to increase the nimbleness of fingers. However, this was not that useful for Zuo Mo. In low-level xiuzhe, his finger motions was already very strong. The increase it would give him was almost nothing. [Nimble Fingers] was more effective the less familiar a xiuzhe was with finger motions. Those that were familiar, there wasn't much of an effect.

Okay, people shouldn't be too greedy. Zuo Mo muttered inside. He needed to go to Dong Fu right now, and sell a talisman to gather up the jingshi needed to clear his debts. The belt probably couldn't sell for much jingshi. If it really wasn't enough, he had to sell this pair of vambraces as well. He was slightly reluctant. Vambraces that had [Nimble Fingers] on it were easy to buy. What he was reluctant to sell was the [Thirty Thousand Catty] formation.

But he was poor, Zuo Mo had no way around it.

The grey-beaked goose had flown away, so Zuo Mo could only flip out his flying paper crane.

"Lil' Yellow, Lil'Yellow, it's time for you to perform!"

Sitting on the paper crane, Zuo Mo swayed and staggered his way to Dong Fu. The outer sect disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect, when they saw Zuo Mo riding a paper crane, first paused, and then their faces were full of admiration as they bowed to Zuo Mo.

"Did you hear? Shixiong went alone to challenge Ling Ying Sect! One against five and managed to beat all of them! All of Dong Fu has heard it!"

On the paper crane, Zuo Mo's body froze and he started to sweat. This rumor... ..

"Yes, yes! Such a stunning incident, how could I not have? I heard that there was a ten zhang tall spider, whose gigantic mouth could swallow a bull whole, Zuo Shixiong used only one move to beat it until it begged for mercy... .."

Sitting on the paper crane, Zuo Mo almost dropped off. It was more like he had almost begged for mercy... ..

"So strong! Look at Zuo Shixiong, such a powerful person, and is riding a first-grade paper crane. What is called living frugally? What is inscrutable? This is!"

"Yes yes!"

Zuo Mo finally couldn't bear it any longer and fled.

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An extremely well attired middle aged person was repeatedly examining a soft gold belt, expression excited and heated.

"Good thing! Really a good thing! Tsk tsk, look, this weaving, seventy two joyful crane technique, isn't something any master can knit out. Look at the style, the two words, extremely noble! Very classic form, won't go out of style for at least fifty years. Soft gold silk is a good material. Gold yet not blinding, bright but not crass. Only this kind of fine material can display it to the best advantage. If it something lesser, it would be too cheap, and the comfort would be less. Someone who can buy something like this, who would buy it if it wasn't comfortable? See this lucky knot, skilled. Using lucky knots to lock the edge, I've never seen something like it. This time, I've really broadened my visions. This [Martial Bearing] formation has had great care in it. This position, it perfectly covers the entire body. Wearing it, if you don't look elegant and grand, it must be the base material is terrible... .."

Zuo Mo dazedly came out of the store, the hundred treasures pouch at his waist full and bulging. He felt like he was in a dream.

A soft gold belt carved with a martial bearing formation was actually the most expensive of all these talismans.

These days, was it him that was crazy, or them that was crazy... ..

He couldn't understand, couldn't understand!

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo doesn't understand what vanity is. The [Thirty Thousand Catty] is really nicer as [Thousand Jun], one jun being thirty catties. It usually describes the great magnitude of the power which is unable to be blocked.

Chapter 103: Inspiration

Zuo Mo had felt before that he had a very good understanding of the world over that last two years. At least, he knew the area of Dong Fu very well. But when a decorative belt carved with [Martial Bearing] sold for such a price, he suddenly felt that there were still many things he did not understand.

He quickly recovered from the blow that jingshi had dealt him.

Refocusing, Zuo Mo found that there were many more people on the street than before. Strangely and exotically dressed people passed him by, and were clearly not locals.

“Bro, there’s so many people. Is something big happening in Dong Fu recently?” Zuo Mo found a shopkeeper that was waving a bell outside.

This shopkeeper discreetly swept across the talismans on Zuo Mo’s body and pushed out a smile, respectfully answering, “Elder may not know. These people have all come for the Dong Fu Sword Test Conference. This sword conference has really shook Sky Moon Jie. For the last half year, almost all of the young experts have gathered in Dong Fu,” He then made a little flattery, and earnestly said, “This one sees that Elder is young but is powerful. If you go to try, you certainly come out on top.”

Zuo Mo finally understood. So it was the sword test conference. He had heard that Dong Fu was planning on holding a sword test conference but hadn’t thought that it would be an event of such magnitude. He was very surprised.

Having understood the situation, Zuo Mo didn’t have much interest left. Something like a sword test conference, it didn’t have too much to do with him. A place where all the experts will gather, since he was only a zhuji there was nothing for him to do there. If Wei Sheng Shixiong was attending, he would go watch. Other than that, he didn’t have any interest.

It was more practical to earn jingshi, and cultivate. He hummed a little tune, sitting on the paper crane and swaying as he flew back to Wu Kong Mountain.

Walking into the Little West Wind Yard, he was struck dumb.

A snow-white big bird was standing on his rooftop, posturing. The proudness of the aura, it was like a princess high up, dressing up in front of a mirror.

These days, when did birds become show-offs?

He seemed to feel that this white bird was somewhat familiar, but no matter how hard he thought, he didn't remember who in the sect would have such an extraordinary looking big bird. This big bird was entirely snow white without one feather discolored. The beak was a pure clean sky blue. It looked extremely anthropomorphic, and intelligent. This mount, it definitely would be expensive.

Who lost their mount? Zuo Mo couldn't help but wonder.

The snowy bird that had been posturing saw Zuo Mo standing at the door out of the corner of its eyes, and its body froze.

Zuo Mo caught this little movement. He first paused, and then unhesitatingly swore, "Silly Bird, get down!"

So this was his grey-beaked goose. But, why did it change to look like this? Zuo Mo wondered inside. Was this the effect of the stone milk?

The snowy bird bashfully came down from the roof, running on front of Zuo Mo and rubbed fawningly against him.

The hairs on Zuo Mo's body stood up, "Stay away from me, female bird!"

The snowy bird seemed to hurtfully lower its head.

"Ah, so the feathers changed. Oh, your body got slightly larger," Zuo Mo made two circles around the snowy bird. Seeing Zuo Mo examining her, the snowy bird instantly puffed up its chest, exuding a proud demeanor.

Seeing the snowy bird act like this, Zuo Mo was infuriated. He slapped the snowy bird's head, angrily saying, "You almost ruined ge's ling fields, did you know that? Ah! I'm telling you, if you dare to damage the ling fields one bit, ge will pluck your feathers and cook you!"

Hearing Zuo Mo say "pluck", the snowy bird was aghast, its pair of wings

securely blocking its chest as it stumbled back a few steps.

Seeing the anthropomorphic move of the snowy bird, Zuo Mo grinned. He really didn't have to argue with a silly bird.

"Just go somewhere else."

Zuo Mo threw down these words and then went into his rooms.

His life had finally returned to normal. After clearing his debts, the remaining jingshi had been silently taken away by Pu Yao. Zuo Mo could not do anything. Pu Yao was just too skilled. He didn't need Zuo Mo's agreement, and it didn't matter where Zuo Mo hid it, he could always find it easily, and then unceremoniously take all of it.

When Zuo Mo found out, the jingshi had disappeared for a few days. With fury, Zuo Mo ran over to talk with Pu Yao. Each time, he was defeated by Pu Yao's indifference.

To go from wealthy to penniless in the blink of an eye, Zuo Mo wanted to spit blood.

However, what comforted him was that, perhaps it was the effect of the jingshi, the sea of flames inside his consciousness had recovered greatly.

Without jingshi, he couldn't do anything. Zuo Mo could only live.

The growth of the Fiery Red flower in the ling garden was very good. They would be ready for harvest soon. In comparison, the ling grasses that he had planted in the ling gardens matured first. This made him very excited. All of these ling grasses had been planted in preparation for him to make new dan. He hadn't planned on selling those.

Twenty mu of ling grasses, it was enough for his own use. After harvesting all the ling grasses and processing them, he gained such a large amount of ling grasses that he had to set aside a room specifically to store it.

He did not need to go to the dan-room to make dan anymore. With the Stalagmite fire, he could make dan anywhere. This was also why every person who did dan-making or forging dreamed of having a fire of their

own. Adding on the Streaming Fire core management formation on the jade pendant, the biggest barrier to making lingdan for him was his cultivation. The highest dan medicine that a zhuji xiuzhe could make was second grade. If he wanted to make third-grade lingdan, he must have a cultivation of ningmai.

Without jingshi, Zuo Mo had great motivation. He decided to not leave his rooms, furiously making dan every day.

Bone tempering dan, evil removing dan, and spirit increasing dan. Under his furious efforts, the number quickly increased. The effect of these low level lingdan was not outstanding in anyway, but Zuo Mo planned on using quantity to overcome quality. Without heed to anything else, he just used up all his materials.

Two hundred bone tempering dan, two hundred evil removing dan, and two hundred spirit increasing dan. Zuo Mo used three gourds to store these dan-medicine separately.

What amazed Zuo Mo was that he had accidentally made ten second-grade bone tempering dan, eight second-grade evil removing dan, and ten second-grade spirit increasing dan. First-grade was worthless, but second-grade could sell for a pretty good price. However, Zuo Mo didn't plan on selling even one of them. The jingshi he would get would all be taken away by Pu Yao.

Consuming a bone tempering dan, Zuo Mo started to channel the gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra]. As expected, a burst of medicinal energy entered his body. Each time that he used an evil removing dan first before cultivating, some black stains would appear on his body. The effect of consuming spirit increasing dan was the most evident. Eating it and then practicing [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], he could clearly feel the medicinal energy entering his mind.

Seeing that this method was effective, and having so much of the lingdan, Zuo Mo furiously shoved lingdan in his mouth each time before he cultivated.

After more than ten days, there was significant progress with [Vajra

Profound Sutra]. Golden patterns appeared on his chest. If he channeled ling energy, the Water Drop sword could not wound him. The progress of his spirit was even more apparent, without him detecting it, he had reached fourth breath. In the void of his sea of consciousness, four stars lined up in a row.

This was all from eating dan. He had ate several dozen of the first-grade ling dan but no dan had much of an effect. So he could only eat the second-grade lingdan. After eating the second grade lingdan, he experienced the gigantic gap between grades. The effect of the second-grade lingdan was more than ten times the first-grade lingdan!

There was about one hundred pieces of each type of ling dan. They wouldn't sell for much jingshi if he sold it. It was both obscure and low level, there was no market.

He decided to feed the rest of the lingdan to the silly bird and the Black Gold worm.

The Black Gold worm ate lingdan like thin crisps, crunch, crunch crunch. The lingdan would visibly shrink. Silly Bird ate lingdan more like it was eating beans, ga-bang ga-bang. Seeing them enjoy eating so much, Zuo Mo would become hungry as well, and ate them as snacks, chewing on them once in awhile.

After Silly Bird transformed, Zuo Mo had pulled it to be assessed. Right now, it was a third-grade blue-beaked snowy bird. The value of it had increased exponentially. Right there, someone had asked Zuo Mo whether he would sell it, and was willing to pay two hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi. Zuo Mo was extremely tempted. Seeing the situation, Silly Bird hurriedly ran in front of him and pretended to be pitiful. It even used that pair of wings to pretend to wipe tears. Zuo Mo didn't know to laugh or cry. The people in the surroundings were amazed, and thought this bird was extremely intelligent. The price instantly flew to five hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi.

Zuo Mo still refused. He looked at the smug face of Silly Bird and thought to himself. Oh, it wasn't that ge didn't bear to part with the bird,

but if he had jingshi, it would only fall into Pu Yao's hands.

All of his attention was on cultivation. At the beginning, he had used the "whirlpool ling sucking method" to make the yin fire beads and found it very useful. The amount of ling energy taken in was much more efficient than any other scripture. However, the impurities in the ling energy taken in this way was extremely high. If he could think of a way to get rid of the impurities in the ling energy, then his cultivation would increase extremely quickly.

He suddenly thought about the process of using the Stalagmite fire to make dan. The Stalagmite fire could burn away the unnecessary impurities and provide what he needed.

Maybe, he could use the Stalagmite fire to get rid of the impurities in the ling energy.

The more he thought, the more plausible he found the idea.

Without anything else to do, he started to experiment with this strange idea. Zuo Mo was never afraid of trying out new things. Like the Golden Crow pill, like the whirlpool ling suction method, like merging sword essences. No one told him what was possible so he had to try for himself.

In any case, his cultivation was low. Even if he was injured, it wouldn't be too major, he frequently comforted himself with this.

There were too many problems involved. Like how to use the Stalagmite fire to purify, no jade scroll had ever mentioned that it was possible to use fire seeds to burn ling energy. This process also had to be carried out inside his body. After ling energy was taken into the body, it would pass through the channels. In other words, the setting to forge the ling energy had to be in his channels. Zuo Mo was very doubtful and felt that this was extremely unlikely that his fragile channels could contain something as terrifying as the Stalagmite fire.

Then that led to another problem he had to overcome, he needed to strengthen his channels, making sure the Stalagmite fire would not damage his channels.

A stream of complex questions gave Zuo Mo a headache. He felt that he had no place to start.

For some reason, he suddenly thought of Chang Heng who had beaten him so terribly. The dejection that had come into his heart was replaced by motivation.

He gritted his teeth, saying to himself, “Ge holds grudges!”

*

Translator Ramblings: Silly Bird has evolved! Zuo Mo tries self-improvement and gets stuck.

Chapter 104: Hesitation

The first problem was strengthening his channels.

Only stronger channels could tolerate the Stalagmite fire. Otherwise Zuo Mo would be frozen into a popsicle by the Stalagmite fire. This first problem was enough to trip Zuo Mo up. The only scripture that he had related to strengthening the body was [Vajra Profound Sutra]. The effects of the [Vajra Profound Sutra] didn't look very bad right now, and Zuo Mo tried to find a section on it relating to strengthening channels.

He was quickly disappointed.

There wasn't too much in [Vajra Profound Sutra] on strengthening channels. Zuo Mo, unsatisfied, ran to the records room, searching everywhere for scriptures that could strengthen his channels. He quickly found related content from some of the body cultivation jade schools. However, he was even further disappointed. Each of the jade scrolls clearly wrote that strengthening channels was a very profound field.

Body cultivation first trained the flesh, then the tendons, and then the bones before the channels.

With his weak zhuji cultivation, he couldn't even start to think about it.

Zuo Mo was not discouraged. This was not the first time he had encountered an obstacle like this. The jade scrolls that he had struggled so much to obtain were unclear in many places. That required him to think about it himself. If one path did not work, he would change to another. He could always find a workable solution.

Since it was not possible to strengthen his channels, that meant that he could not carry out his idea of purifying ling energy in his channels.

What about on the outside? If he could purify the ling energy outside the channels, then the ling energy he would absorb into his body would become pure ling power. Zuo Mo sank into deep thought. How could he purify ling energy outside the body to turn it into ling power? Inside the body, ling energy was invisible and non-tangible. How could he purify it?

Each question seemed to be beyond his limits, but he did not plan on giving up.

—

“For this sword test conference, who are we sending?” Yan Le looked at Sect Leader Pei Yuan Ran. There was only the two of them in Wu Kong Hall. Xin Yan was in seclusion forging. Shi Feng Rong was in seclusion making dan.

“Naturally, Wei Sheng will have to go. I just don’t know if he’ll come out in time,” Sect Leader said, “Zuo Mo can also go.”

“Ha ha, the little guy ran to make a fuss at Ling Ying Sect. I heard he was extremely impressive,” Yan Le smiled. The Ling Ying Sect, just by relying on their wealth had always been extremely arrogant towards the other sects of Dong Fu. There were many that thought them an eyesore.

“En, Zuo Mo’s talent is not bad. It’s a pity he cannot focus on the sword,” Sect Leader said with regret, “It could be considered an honorable defeat, that he lost on Chang Heng’s hands.”

Yan Le shrugged carelessly, “It’s good even if he does not focus on the sword. In the future, the sect needs people like Zuo Mo.”

Sect Leader nodded and did not say anything. He turned to say, “You can go take a look at Luo Li. The incident last time really shocked him. He should have improved.”

“Just these three?” Yan Le asked.

“En, just these three,” The sect leader added, “there’s no rush. There’s still time until the preliminary sword test conference.”

Yan Le excitedly clenched his hands, “I’m looking forward to it. If Wei Sheng gets out in time, he will definitely shock everyone.”

The sect leader gave a light smile. Even though he did not say anything, but the flash of light in his eyes revealed his thoughts.

—

The great harvest of Fiery Red flower once again bloated Zuo Mo’s

purse. The price of Fiery Red flower had risen again during this time, to now two and a half third-grade jingshi per tael. The eighty mu of ling garden had, in total, produced twenty two catties of first grade Fiery Red flower. Other than that, there was almost one catty of second-grade Fiery Red flower. The price of second-grade Fiery Red flower had grown to sixty pieces of third-grade jingshi per tael. Taking off the previous payment of sixty pieces of third-grade jingshi, in total, Zuo Mo's income was one thousand and ninety pieces of third-grade jingshi.

This was his biggest payout of jingshi yet.

To stop Pu Yao from secretly taking it like usual, Zuo Mo decided to attack first. Based on income, Zuo Mo definitely was in the high ranks of Dong Fu, but all of his jingshi was stolen by Pu Yao before they even got warm in his purse.

Pu Yao saw Zuo Mo's nervousness, and mocked, "Just one thousand pieces of third-grade jingshi, it's just two pieces of fourth-grade jingshi, do you have to be like this?"

Zuo Mo was completely unaffected. "I'll exchange it for something." He then added: "That I can use."

Pu Yao said slowly, "Haven't you been looking for a way to purify ling energy recently?"

Zuo Mo's mind became alert. "Yes! Do you know how?"

"There's nothing wrong with your idea." Pu Yao snickered, "But you know too little. Even if you have a good idea, you cannot solve it."

"I'll exchange for this!" Zuo Mo unhesitatingly said.

"Hee hee." Pu Yao lightly swept his sleeve. A stream of clinks of jingshi hitting each other sounded, but Zuo Mo did not feel pain this time. He only stared at Pu Yao, waiting for him to keep talking.

"Then I will teach you. In reality, this is a very simple method." Pu Yao's face resumed its habitual indifference. "Tsk tsk. Even though your idea is only superficial, but to think of it with your skill level isn't easy." Pu Yao's indifference gradually disappeared without him noticing, his voice

becoming serious.

“Xiuzhe, yao, mo, the three of them, the one that has the hardest time to create ling power is xiuzhe,” Seeing Zuo Mo’s surprised eyes, Pu Yao laughed lightly, “You must find it weird, that the xiuzhe who focus on ling power as their primary have the hardest time with ling power. No matter if it is yao or mo, they are born with the ability to communicate with nature. Like us yao, once we are born, we can manipulate ling energy of the world. Mo, their bodies can automatically absorb the ling energy of the world, and naturally get rid of impurities, that they use to temper their body. They do not need to do anything for their blood and flesh to be filled with ling energy. Based on natural talent, xiuzhe cannot be compared to us. However, they are very good at learning. You have practiced many scriptures now. Do you know what is the core of scriptures?”

“What is it?” Zuo Mo, entranced, asked reflexively.

“Formations,” Pu Yao’s eyes became extremely deep, as though he was looking through the ages, “Each scripture is a kind of formation. Scriptures, most of them are divided into parts. The first is absorption. If it cannot take in ling energy of the world, then the scripture is useless. Then it is forging. If it cannot purify the ling energy, then it is not useful, and would harm the user. After that, it is storage. If it cannot store the power, it’s useless no matter how much is absorbed and purified.”

Zuo Mo was dumbstruck. No one had broken down scriptures like this before. Pu Yao stated it so simply, without any part that was difficult to comprehend. Zuo Mo finely pondered it, and instantly understood. It really was so!

“Good scriptures, the efficiency of taking ling energy is higher, the purification is faster, and it can store more ling power. Hm, it’s just this simple.” Pu Yao sighed. “You must be wondering why us yaomo can naturally absorb ling energy? That is because us yaomo have natural formations in our body. This is a blessing from nature! It is a pity that our intelligence is not as great as xiuzhe, ignorant of the treasure in our possession. Millions of years, we only knew to act according to our instinct, never thinking of the mechanisms behind it. Only when xiuzhe

started to rise did we start to study, but by that time, we were too far behind xiuzhe and could only develop in two other directions.”

“Oh, that’s off topic.” Pu Yao suddenly gave a smile. “Let us return to your question. Your problem is easy to solve for all time. How about it, do you want to try?”

Pu Yao was already extraordinarily beautiful. That smile, it seemed to light up the sea of consciousness. Even Zuo Mo was shocked. He was suspicious that, if Pu Yao appeared in Dong Fu, there wouldn’t be a woman in Dong Fu that would be able to resist his spell. But, a male growing up to look like this, it really was a crime!

“What method?” Zuo Mo asked, slightly hesitant. You had to reverse Pu Yao’s words. If he said something like it would be solved forever, then it most likely would be continuously troublesome in the future.

“Your luck isn’t bad. You encountered me” Pu Yao resumed his lazy expression, “Didn’t I already say to you just now, yaomo can naturally gather ling energy and purify it. Coincidentally, this kind of natural seal formation, I have a little knowledge.”

“Such a thing as good as this, how could those experts give up on it?” Zuo Mo didn’t quite believe it. The yaomo that xiuzhe had captured could not be counted. If there really was some secret on the bodies of yaomo, it should have been discovered long ago.

“Ha!” Pu Yao smiled mockingly, “They’ve been angling for this thing for a long time. Pity, nature blessed us Yao with this just so yaomo will not go extinct! How about it, want to try?”

“How high can it increase? Is there any side effects? Would it conflict with practicing scriptures?” Zuo Mo asked a string of questions.

“Hee hee, how much can it increase, this depends on your body. At least, it would be multiple times what it is now. Side effects? Of course there would some. In this world, is there anything that is only beneficial? Losses and gains, I shouldn’t have to teach you such a simple tenet. As to cultivating scriptures, it wouldn’t affect it, definitely wouldn’t affect it.” Pu Yao resolutely said.

Zuo Mo lowered his head, sinking into his thoughts. Pu Yao did not hurry him, idly sitting on the gravestone.

For some reason, Zuo Mo had a feeling that the following decision would change and influence his entire life. He did not know why he would have such a feeling. He had learned many things from Pu Yao, but never had a feeling like this before. This feeling was so strong, so clear.

He was hesitant.

He had been very happy these recent days. Even though he was still worried about jingshi, but everything was developing so well. He had improved step by step. Each day was very full. If he kept going like this, he definitely wouldn't have to worry about jingshi in the future, and could live a very good life. In the sect, he would also have a pretty good position.

He could study ling plants, could study dan-making, could study... ..

But that repeated dream, like fate, it always seemed to accidentally guide him towards another direction. Changing features and erasing the mind, his body was still carrying a past of unknown hardship and cruelty... ..

Head down, Zuo Mo's hands fisted unconsciously, his entire body minutely trembling.

What was it that he wanted?

What was it that he could not avoid?

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Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo goes back to farming and gets some money. Then Pu Yao finally introduces the world to Zuo Mo. A lot of weird information to build up the world and will become important later. Pu is a very good teacher and his attitude about all three races is really evident here.

Zuo Mo thinks of weird things to do like purifying ling energy outside the body because he doesn't know anything about the world. It's like how he thought he could make yin fire beads but didn't know that his cultivation was not enough. He breaks convention because he is not aware

where convention is. Of course, that also trips him up when he is not aware some people have already invented certain things.

Chapter 105: Mo Matrix And Yao Seed

Zuo Mo looked slightly scared at the variety of ling grasses and strange knick-knacks placed in front of him, like three sticks of incense made from the ashes of burnt Sky Net Yao hair, a small bottle of Bitter Dove Mo blood, a nauseatingly smelly Ferret Mo gallbladder... ..

He had bought all those things according to Pu Yao's orders. He ran all over Dong Fu, and made a trip to see He Rong before he managed to gather all of it. These weird things were all extremely expensive. He spent all of the thousand pieces of third-grade jingshi. Pu Yao was strangely generous this time, proactively taking out the jingshi.

These strange materials, there were all parts of some yaomo's body. The corpses of yaomo killed in the Yao Hunt would be speedily be broken down by skilled professional butchers to useful parts. The bodies of yaomo were rich in ling energy, and had many wondrous effects so they were used in great amounts in dan-making and forging. The organs and flesh of yaomo can be added to dan, the hides of yaomo were usually abnormally strong and good materials to make ling armor. Their teeth and claws could be forged into high-grade flying swords and talismans.

In thousands of years, the practice of the Yao Hunt had never stopped. Other than revenge, it was mostly motivated by profit.

However, the dangers in the Yao Hunt were too high and the gains were not much. Therefore, raising ling beasts had become popular. The attributes of ling beasts could not compare to the yaomo, and the raw materials after killing the beasts were not as high-grade. It competed on the numbers and the low cost. Even a small sect like Wu Kong Sword Sect had its own specialized stables. It could be seen just how widespread raising ling beast livestock was.

Pu Yao had high demands for these materials. They had to come from yaomo and not ling beasts. This was also why it was so expensive. Any material relating to yaomo were not cheap.

But... ..

Zuo Mo looked at the strange things on the table and his heart shook. He felt that it seemed like they were going to hold a dark ritual, and these strange fleshy organs were the tribute. He usually studied formations and scriptures, and it was not as terrifying as this.

“There’s nothing really good. We can only just compromise.” Pu Yao said, slightly helplessly. “These things, they can just barely create the lowest kind of mo matrix.”

“Mo matrix? What is that?” Zuo Mo pushed down the terror in his heart to ask.

“This is very complicated to explain.” Pu Yao picked up the materials and inspected as he talked, “You can think of them as a kind of formation, a natural formation. It is a formation made out of blood, fur, feathers, and vitality. Hmph hmph, xiuzhe always want to decode the mystery of this, but the mechanisms in here, it’s not so easy to crack.”

“Then what are we doing now?”

“Don’t be dumb, do you have to ask me such a simple question?” Pu Yao looked at Zuo Mo like he was an idiot. “Of course it is to make you a mo matrix.”

“Make a matrix? Mo matrixes can be made? Didn’t you say no one has cracked it?” Zuo Mo was very shocked.

“They cannot, that does not mean that I cannot.” Pu Yao snorted, and said conceitedly, “Before... ..” He suddenly seemed to have realized something and closed his mouth.

Pu Yao didn’t want to say it. Zuo Mo was curious but he didn’t ask. Pointing at another pile of ling grasses, he asked, “These ling grasses? Also for the mo matrix?” The materials on the table had been clearly divided into two piles, one of ling grasses, another of yaomo parts.

“That is to add something else to you.” Pu Yao snickered, “A very interesting thing.”

“Oh.” Zuo Mo nodded, not understanding. Suddenly, he felt his eyelids became heavy, he was so sleepy... ..

“Don’t forget!”

“Even in death, you must not forget!”

He was having a dream again. Zuo Mo sighed. He was like an indifferent spectator watching his own dream. He knew that it was useless whatever he said, no one would reply to him, or rather, this dream just wanted to give him a question.

He was waiting to wake up.

When he opened his eyes, he saw Pu Yao’s handsome and enchanting face.

“Welcome back!” Pu Yao said smugly and with deep meaning.

Zuo Mo sat up and instantly felt pain. There seemed to be wounds over every part of his body. He could smell the thick scent of blood in the air.

“Was it successful?” Zuo Mo was frightened by his own voice. It was completely dry.

“Success? I’m ashamed to use such good words for this kind of trash. But there’s no way around it. You are too poor. What you used were my funds. You have to pay me back soon.” Pu Yao said, slightly disdainful.

Seeing Zuo Mo grit his teeth in pain, Pu Yao seemed very happy. “I added a very simple mo matrix to your body. Oh, this matrix, I found it on the body of a Copper rhino. It’s very primitive and simple. It can automatically absorb in the ling energies from the surroundings and strengthen your body. Your body will appear copper colored. Since you have been practicing [Vajra Profound Sutra], you can use it as a disguise and no one would be able to see it.”

Zuo Mo struggled up and instantly became alarmed. Two thick red lines went from the center of his palms, following his arms to his chest and intersecting there. From the chest, they separated again downwards, following his legs to the center of his feet. The intersection at his chest was like the two red lines had made a knot.

Seeing Zuo Mo’s wariness, Pu Yao said unconcernedly, “Don’t worry,

after two days, these lines will merge into your flesh. Even if someone has something like Sky Eyes, they can't see it."

Zuo Mo couldn't help but sigh. If he went about with such an alarming tattoos like this, he wouldn't have good days to live.

"This mo matrix is relatively simple so don't expect it to have many abilities." Pu Yao said irresponsibly. "You are just too poor. Without jingshi, there naturally isn't anything good."

Zuo Mo felt the space between his brows hurt and couldn't help but reach up. When his hand touched his forehead, his fingers seemed to have encountered something abnormal.

"What is that?" Zuo Mo suddenly remembered that Pu Yao said he was adding something else.

"Hee hee, a yao seed." Pu Yao was extremely smug. "This thing cannot compare to a true yao seed but for you, it's more than enough."

Zuo Mo knew about yao seeds. Yao had yao seeds, mo had mo cores. This was the standard to judge the importance of yaomo. Xiuzhe would also form gold cores, but this gold core was made from ling energy and was not some tangible object. It would automatically dissipate after death. Yao seeds and mo cores, they were tangible objects that grew in the body and were an extremely important material. He had only heard of it before, but had never seen it.

"Yao seeds?" Zuo Mo asked in alarm. "What does it do?"

"Just try and see." Pu Yao said.

Hearing this, Zuo Mo hurriedly started [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation].

As it started, he instantly detected the difference. The ling energy in the surroundings competed to rush into him. All the openings in his body naturally opened, the ling energy easily slipping into his body. His flesh was like a wondrous filter net, easily filtering out the impurities of the ling energy which turned to sparks of light that then entered his flesh and bones.

Zuo Mo was slightly dumbstruck. It really was as Pu Yao said—just as easy as breathing. There was none of the usual struggle. The ling energy seemed very close and intimate with him.

He was exhilarated!

With the mo matrix, the speed of his cultivation would multiply.

He thought about the yao seed that Pu Yao mentioned. Even though he did not know what a yao seed looked like, but it definitely was related to the consciousness. As expected, he quickly found the yao core on his forehead. It was a blood red crystal, a bit like the blood crystals on Pu Yao's ears, but in terms of brightness and clarity, it was far worse.

What Zuo Mo found extremely wonderful was that, with a yao seed, the shape of his spirit had transformed.

His consciousness had been like a ball of mist before. Now, his consciousness was like a jellyfish, having lots of thin slender tentacles with the yao seed at the very center. These thin spiritual tentacles, with Zuo Mo as the center, floated in the surroundings. Everything in the surroundings was clearly mirrored in his mind. After he started cultivating his spirit, his sixth sense had become extremely sensitive. With the yao seed, this sensitivity had multiplied.

His mind moved and those spiritual tentacles nimbly danced around him according to his wishes.

Having been worried beforehand, Zuo Mo finally could not disguise the glee inside. To say of nothing else, just dan-making, his success rate would definitely improve dramatically.

The benefit from these two things, even if he had to pay a price, it was worth it!

With the mo matrix and the yao seed, the speed of his cultivation would increase multiple times.

Just as Zuo Mo was celebrating, Pu Yao broke in, "Don't be happy too early. I've never done this mo matrix and yao seed to anyone before. If there's any side effects, you just have to deal with it yourself. You need to

study formations now. The speed of taking in ling energy is faster, but if you cannot store it, it's all useless."

Zuo Mo gradually calmed down from his joy.

Pu Yao was right. Right now, the rate of taking in ling energy was multiple times what it had been, but if he could not solve the problem of storing it, it truly was useless.

"Learn formations." Pu Yao said with a rare seriousness. "Right now, you only need to study formations."

"Only study formations?" Zuo Mo was slightly puzzled. He felt Pu Yao's words were too definite.

"Yes." Pu Yao explained. "No matter if it is dan-making, or sword scripture, they are formations in the end. You have to learn on your own. The formations of xiuzhe are too complex and broad, yet completely different from the understanding of us yao. We have a hard time understanding many things."

"You cannot understand them?" Zuo Mo didn't believe it. Even though he felt Pu Yao was just a dumb yao, but in the matters of cultivation, one Pu Yao was worth a hundred of him. Something that even Pu Yao could not understand, how could he understand it?"

Extremely rarely, Pu Yao had a grave expression. He said something that Zuo Mo did not understand, "It has nothing to do with methods, it has to do with belief."

Even though he could not understand it, but Zuo Mo felt that Pu Yao was extremely serious when he said this. It should be the most serious thing that Pu Yao had said up until now. He silently memorized this sentence.

"Then dan-making? Sword scriptures?" Zuo Mo was still slightly hesitant.

Pu Yao had finally reached the end of his patience with Zuo Mo. "Idiot, they are also formations. Don't be tricked by appearances. In any case, just concentrate on formations."

“I don’t have jade scrolls... ..” Zuo Mo weakly said.

Pu Yao irresponsibly spread out his hands. “I don’t have a way either.”

Suddenly, Pu Yao smiled darkly. Zuo Mo’s heart couldn’t help but have a bad feeling. As expected, he heard Pu Yao formally say, “Alright. I feel there is a need to discuss the matter of my payment.”

*

Translator Ramblings: Just to put in perspective, the xiuzhe are killing intelligent, self-aware beings for their body parts. Of course, this world is not our world so things are slightly different.

Pu is being a mad scientist! Zuo Mo gets tattooed up and a crystal in the middle of his forehead. Guess what’s the payment?

Chapter 106: The Half-Finished Product Processing Maniac

“You know I do not have jingshi.” Zuo Mo could only say.

“Oh, you can just owe me.” Pu Yao said unconcernedly, “This time, you spent two pieces of fourth-grade jingshi. Oh, adding on my wages, seeing that everyone is so familiar, let’s give a discount, just eight pieces of fourth-grade jingshi. In total, ten pieces of fourth-grade jingshi. Oh, repay it in three months. One month over, it will be two times the number.”

Zuo Mo’s limbs felt cold, “Pu, this price is too outrageous... ..”

“Oh, no no no, I’m a Sky Yao, my appearance fee is very expensive!” Pu Yao shamelessly said.

Ten pieces of fourth-grade jingshi, that was five thousand pieces of third-grade jingshi... .. three months... ..

Zuo Mo felt dizzy. He made one last effort, “This is impossible to complete!”

“Oh, don’t worry, I like interest!” Pu Yao gave an intoxicating smile.

In Dong Fu, Zuo Mo sat in the store, all his attention on controlling the Stalagmite fire. In that ball of white flame, there was a glowing liquid boiling. A xiuzhe was standing at the side, not daring to breathe, as he stared nervously at the milky white ball of flame.

Suddenly, the Stalagmite fire disappeared, a clear medicinal fluid floated silently in front of Zuo Mo. A fragrance instantly spread out in the air. Zuo Mo skillfully urged the medicinal fluid into the already prepared jade bottle. When the fluid entered the bottle, he instantly shoved a cork in.

“Your Bell grass fluid, twenty pieces of third-grade jingshi.” Zuo Mo expressionlessly said.

“Bro, can you be a bit cheaper? This is the ninth time I’ve come here!” The xiuzhe pleaded.

Zuo Mo raised his expressionless face, “My appearance fee is very

expensive.”

The other was speechless and could only painfully take out twenty-pieces of third-grade jingshi. Zuo Mo didn't even look, just shoved it into the Hundred Treasures pouch at his waist before closing his eyes to recover ling energy. After a while, he opened his eyes, “Next one.”

Li Ying Feng hurriedly let another person in. Ever since Zuo Mo had come to the store, she was shocked at the popularity of the business. Zuo Mo Shidi had gotten a strange white fire from somewhere that was extremely icy. Zuo Mo Shidi had also displayed his business skills. He received all kinds of weird jobs, like purifying and making medicinal fluids, forging certain raw materials. These jobs that she had never heard of before, Zuo Mo Shidi could do all of them.

She quickly found that all the jobs that Zuo Mo Shidi provided were middle-men jobs such as purification. He actually did not take requests for dan-making. She had once been extremely puzzled at this. Zuo Mo Shidi was most skilled in dan-making! Only later did she understand the meaning of it. That was efficiency. Just making the intermediate product, with Zuo Mo Shidi's terrifying recovery rate, the efficiency was shockingly high.

He was like a human-shaped stove, not knowing exhaustion.

In comparison, Shidi's terrifying control of fire did not shock her too much!

Up until now, Zuo Mo Shidi had not failed once. Li Ying Feng was amazed but not shocked. Zuo Mo Shidi was a genius at dan-making. It was normal for him to be skilled at controlling fire. His terrifying success rate quickly became famous in Dong Fu. Everyone knew that Dong Fu had a store called the Wu Kong Grocery store that had a zombie-like guy who had godly talents at controlling fire, and even rarer, it was a white cold fire. The grade of that white cold fire was not high, but it was extremely powerful. The processed products that were created were all of high quality.

Cold fire was hard to find in the first place, and the number of xiuzhe

that had cold fire was pitifully few. Usually, a xiuzhe that had a fire was either skilled in dan-making, cooking, or forging. Who was willing to work on intermediate products? A xiuzhe that only made intermediate products suddenly appearing out of nowhere, the xiuzhe that had a need instantly flowed in.

This person was wearing a hat. When he saw Zuo Mo, his steps paused.

“What do you want me to forge?” Zuo Mo said, not even raising his head.

“Fourth-grade Cold Magnet.” The other said.

Zuo Mo was slightly surprised. He raised his head to glance at the other and shook his head, “I can only process third-grade. Fourth-grade is out of my limits. Please find someone else.”

Stalagmite fire was only a second-grade fire seed. If it wasn't that his consciousness was strong, and his ability to control fire was high, he could only process second-grade items. Even so, third-grade was Zuo Mo's present limit. He didn't even need to think about the fourth-grade Cold Magnet.

The other said in a deep voice, “Can you cut this fourth-grade cold magnet into four pieces?”

Cut? Zuo Mo thought and then said, “I can try.”

The other took out a black stone. Embedded in the rock was dots of blue ice. He handed it to Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo didn't take it, “The payment will be two hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi.”

“Okay.” The other replied simply.

Rich person! Zuo Mo's heart was full of disdain but his hand quickly took this fourth-grade cold magnet.

The reason that he had thought of making intermediate products was that he had been forced by the demand for jingshi. After taking on the huge debt of five thousand pieces of third-grade jingshi, Zuo Mo had to

work his mind to find ways of earning jingshi. Planting Fiery Red flower was a pretty good method, but that meant that he had to rent a ling garden five times what he had rented before. What he felt helpless about that was, even if he used all the ling farmer spells he had, the growing period of the Fiery Red flower wouldn't be shorter than five months!

He unhesitatingly dismissed this plan. If it went over a month, it would multiply. Five months meant that Zuo Mo needed to pay back twenty thousand pieces of third-grade jingshi.

Without any other way, he could only plan around the Stalagmite fire.

Hoping that he could earn five thousand third-grade jingshi by selling dan in three months was not realistic. After he finished learning, it would have been too late. An idea had suddenly sparked and he thought of making intermediate products. He was extremely practiced at purifying and concentrating ling grasses right now. The purification and tempering of forging was not hard to learn.

Stalagmite fire was a rare cold fire, extremely suited for processing those yin and cold attributed ling materials and ling grasses. The number of xiuzhe that had fire seeds was pitifully small, those that had cold fire was even less, and Zuo Mo was the only one willing to make intermediate products!

Originally, this business was not very profitable since it was just for intermediate profits and he could only take the processing fee. However, after getting the yao seed, Zuo Mo's control of fire increased dramatically. The Stalagmite fire was almost alive in his hands and the efficiency was astonishing. With the mo matrix, his ling energy recovery rate was extremely high. After meditating for a little while, he would be back at full power.

Zuo Mo had not solved the problem of storing ling power. Even though his absorption rate of ling energy had increased and the effects showed in tempering his body, but the increase in his cultivation had been limited. Due to this problem, he had gone to discuss it with Pu Yao many times. There was too much of a difference in the mo matrix from what Pu Yao

had advertised and the reality. Zuo Mo had requested a reduction in his debt.

In the face of reality, Pu Yao could only admit it and reduce Zuo Mo's debt by one thousand third-grade jingshi.

The debts of four thousand third-grade jingshi caused Zuo Mo to take a breath of relief. He quickly found the most effective method of using the mo matrix. Since its ability was to increase the speed of taking in ling energy, then he would rapidly use up the ling energy, then quickly replenish it. If he repeated it like that, wouldn't it work?

He quickly found that the yao seed with the Stalagmite fire was the perfect combination with the mo matrix!

Other than the business being average the first few days, the following days, the business was extremely hot because xiuzhe were coming in to Dong Fu from the outside to attend the Dong Fu Sword Test Conference. Zuo Mo's processing fee was not cheap. Basically, it started from twenty pieces of third-grade jingshi. If it was something good, it would immediately jump to forty pieces of third-grade jingshi.

Yelling two hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi was just him being outrageous, and he had not thought that the other would unhesitatingly agree.

According to his normal income, he would take in, on average, two hundred pieces of jingshi per day. According to this speed, he would quickly pay off his debts. This kind of business depended on the time. If this wasn't the time of the Dong Fu Sword Test, just with the local Dong Fu xiuzhe, it would have been good if he could earn forty piece of jingshi every day.

However, he had gained quite a lot from this kind of furious labor.

He managed to learn and arrange the Stalagmite fire into a Three-Turn fire formation which could greatly increase the effect of the fire to the point of being able to melt some fourth-grade ling grasses. However, he did not easily take jobs involving fourth-grade materials. The main reason was the risk was too high. If he accidentally ruined someone's material,

then he couldn't even pay them back.

The price of fourth-grade materials, it was sky high.

This time, the other only asked him to cut the Cold Magnet. Zuo Mo felt the risk was not that high. Since the other had not even negotiated on his opening price of two hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi, he felt the profit was extremely high.

Speaking of sharpness, nothing was as sharp as flying swords. However, some materials could not be cut with flying swords because it would ruin the material. Cold Magnet was one of those materials. There were many considerations in cutting a Cold Magnet. The magnetism was not evenly distributed. It was extremely complicated to try to preserve the magnetism of each piece.

However, this was not too hard for Zuo Mo. The yao seed seemed to have been born for [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. Even he felt afraid at the speed of improvement in his spirit. After his consciousness became stronger, it didn't require much effort to inspect third-grade materials. It was not that easy for fourth-grade material, but if he used those spiritual tentacles, he could quickly finish it. Other than increasing his control fire, it allowed him to study the material very well, and made him much more efficient at processing it.

Since it involved two hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi, Zuo Mo was extremely careful. Each time he worked on a fourth-grade material, it was a rare experience.

Closing his eyes, he inspected this middle-sized Cold Magnet multiple times with his spiritual tentacles. After he was completely certain of the magnet location, he opened his eyes.

The black-gauze hat wearing customer only saw Zuo Mo holding the cold magnet and resting for a long time before suddenly opening his eyes.

The Cold Magnet in Zuo Mo's hand slowly floated into the air. At the same time, a milky white flame quietly appeared, the surroundings becoming cold.

Behind the black gauze, a surprised expression flashed in the eyes.

Zuo Mo sat calmly, no expression on his face. Only that pair of eyes could make others feel his concentration.

The pair of hands half resting before his chest started to move and change, stirring a string of afterimages.

The Stalagmite fire floating in the air turned into an extremely thin white flame thread, swimming around the cold magnet like an extremely slender white snake.

Suddenly, the snaking fire thread speeded up. The black gauze hat wearing customer felt the white fire was like lightning, circling around, the head reaching the tail!

A Three-Turn fire formation suddenly formed!

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Translator Ramblings:

Anyone want to do the conversion to second-grade jingshi? Zuo Mo is obviously starting to learn things from Pu Yao.

Chapter 107: Seeing Shixiong Again

With the Three-Turn fire formation forming, the temperature of the room became cold.

Even the hat-wearing customer couldn't help but move back a step. The coldness exuded from the roiling fire formation seeped into the bones.

Three-Turn fire formation was not a complex seal formation. It could increase the power of fire seeds, regardless of if it was cold or hot fire. Each extra turn would double the power. The most Zuo Mo could complete right now was three turns. Four times the power for him was completely enough.

His eyes focused, all of Zuo Mo's consciousness was awakened. Even though he had a yao core now, and his spiritual control had increased, but the difficulty of a Three-Turn fire was still high for him. Using his consciousness to carefully control the Stalagmite fire, he felt the ling power inside his body disappear at an alarming speed and the exhaustion that accompanied it.

Zuo Mo suppressed it, carefully controlling his consciousness.

With a light hiss, the Cold Magnet fell down in four pieces.

Zuo Mo released a breath. Two hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi. Speaking of it, a person's limits was a very scary thing. Not long ago, his yearly income was just a few dozen second-grade jingshi. In the turn of an eye, his one-time income was two hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi. Just based on income, Zuo Mo definitely had entered the levels of high-earners in Dong Fu, but he had never felt that he was wealthy. Quite the opposite. He found that he seemed to have sunk into a strange cycle of lacking money more and more! He obviously was earning increasingly more jingshi but he was eternally penniless. It was better even now, he had shoulder huge debts.

However, he quickly released it. These days, what things were free? He had already gotten a cheap bargain. If there wasn't Pu Yao, he might not have these debts, but he would not have [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual

Cultivation], no yin fire bead, no Stalagmite fire. He might not even have successfully entered zhuji.

“Success.” Zuo Mo handed the four pieces of cold magnet to the customer.

The hat-wearing person took the cold magnet and praised, “Brother Zuo’s control of fire is truly amazing!” He then crisply paid two hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi.

“You are too complimentary.” The majority of Zuo Mo’s attention was on the two hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi, and he responded absentmindedly.

“Is Brother Zuo going to register for the sword test conference?” The other seemed to want to have a discussion with Zuo Mo.

“No.” Zuo Mo didn’t have the time to talk with the other. The Three-Turn fire formation had almost cleaned out all of his ling energy just now. Even though the mo matrix was continuously strengthening his body, he still felt uncomfortable.

After getting the mo matrix, [Vajra Profound Sutra] had improved the fastest. In a short period of time, Zuo Mo had reached the third level of [Vajra Profound Sutra]. When he channeled it, even the flesh under his skin started to have dots of gold. This was the “Golden Flesh Clothing”.

[Vajra Profound Sutra] was not a quick scripture. According to what was written, people usually had to practice for five or six years in order to reach the third level of “Golden Flesh Clothing.” The fourth level, “Red Lotus Flowing Gold” needed ten years. After reaching “Golden Clothing of Flesh”, the defense strength rose. The entire body would be like a piece of gold, very hard to cut with a normal flying sword.

Zuo Mo’s body was much stronger than before. But for some strange reason, his physique was still thin and weak. Adding on his trademark zombie face, he was easy to recognize.

The ling power that the Three-Turn fire formation had taken was too much. He desperately needed to recover now. Seeing the other did not

seem to want to leave, he had to raise his head, “Do you have something else?”

“Haha, I’ll come find Brother Zuo in a few days.” The other laughed before leaving.

Zuo Mo was too lazy to pay attention, closing his eyes to start [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. A while later, his mind had recovered. At the side, Li Ying Feng saw his state and hurriedly yelled, “Next one.”

Other than jingshi, Zuo Mo gained many other things. The requirements of each customer were different. The things he needed to process and make were different. On average, he would have to process around ten strange things each day. Some were ling grasses, some were ores, someone had even taken out a Snow Bear yao gallbladder.

Just ling grasses, he had processed no less than a few hundred types these few days. His experience had grown and it would be great help for him in dan-making. He celebrated making the decision before. If he was in the sect, he wouldn’t have seen so many ling grasses, much less the rarer specimens.

It was a pity that the Stalagmite fire was a cold fire, and could not process many things. Most of the materials he encountered were yin and cold.

“What? You can’t make it? If you can’t make it, why are you opening shop?” A man was holding a third-grade fire jade, swearing.

“I have a cold fire. It is not suited for fire and yang materials.” Zuo Mo said calmly.

“Damn, you wasted my time, you have to pay me for my losses... ..”

The other’s voice suddenly stopped. He looked at Zuo Mo with a face full of terror, frozen to his spot, not daring to move.

Zuo Mo serenely took back his sword essence, “I’m sorry. Why don’t we both pardon each other?” It was not the first time something like this had happened. Zuo Mo was more experienced now.

The man didn't say anything before leaving, crestfallen.

Time was important!

Zuo Mo could deeply feel the importance of time. An inch of light was an inch of gold, there was nothing more true than this!

Fragrant Fall leaves, Lotus Texture branch, Lapis Lazuli Light stone, Eternal River stone... ..

After a whole day, Zuo Mo worked until his mind was numb. He finally couldn't persist anymore, yelling, "Everyone, come tomorrow."

According to the line, Li Ying Feng gave each person a wooden card carved with a number. The lineup tomorrow would start according to the number on the card. Zuo Mo released a breath. He really made a profit today. A gigantic order worth two hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi, it was a whole day worth of work.

As usual, he gave Li Ying Feng a third-grade jingshi. This was for the sect since he was borrowing the shop from the sect. After seven or eight days, he would be able to clear this enormous debt. That made him feel much better.

Just going to rest, Zuo Mo heard a call from behind him, "Shidi!"

Zuo Mo stopped in his steps. Turning, he saw Wei Sheng Shixiong standing outside the doorway to the store.

"Shixiong!" Zuo Mo happily ran out. Wei Sheng seemed a totally different person than when he had bid farewell last time. Even though he was still wearing a short worn tunic like before, but the sharp sword essence that swarmed restlessly around his body last time had completely disappeared. Wei Sheng Shixiong's appearance was average in the first place. With this attire, he didn't have any presence. His entire person seemed like an extremely normal low-level xiuzhe.

From this, it could be seen that Wei Sheng Shixiong's cultivation had increased greatly!

Very quickly, Zuo Mo became even more shocked. Wei Sheng Shixiong

had broken through to ningmai! His consciousness was extremely sensitive and he had fought with Chang Heng who had been on the verge of ningmai, causing him to instantly detect it.

How... .. how was this possible?

When Shixiong had gone into the sword cave, now he had successfully entered ningmai!

Zuo Mo had thought that his own progression could be considered monstrous and that had been because Pu Yao was there. But Shixiong, when Zuo Mo had gone to the sword cave with Pu Yao before, he hadn't found anything special about it.

Shixiong was a true genius!

Zuo Mo had heard all kinds of praises these days and became alert now. He only had happiness in his heart. He felt that Shixiong's achievement was extremely natural. If a person like Shixiong was buried and unknown, then it would be strange.

"When did Shixiong come out?" Zuo Mo asked dumbly. He suddenly thought of something, "Shixiong, I entered zhuji!"

Li Ying Feng heard the noise and ran out. Seeing Wei Sheng, a happy expression came onto her face, "Shixiong!"

Wei Sheng first greeted Li Ying Feng before his eyes landed on Zuo Mo and forthrightly laughed, "Let's go drink! Us brothers will drink until we are drunk!"

The night was like water, dots of starlight scattering.

Wei Sheng and Zuo Mo were sitting on the rooftop, the wind blowing as they gulped down alcohol.

"This isn't bad! Where did Shidi get this?" Wei Sheng could help but take a few more mouthfuls.

Zuo Mo was already slightly tipsy, "He he, this is Wang Shao's alcohol. Wang Shao wanted to buy Golden Crow pills. Since Shixiong came, how can there be no alcohol? I went to get some from him."

“Ha ha! This is nice, nice!” Wei Sheng leaned back and swallowed.

In the yard underneath, Li Ying Feng kept on shaking her head. Wei Sheng Shixiong who was usually so calm, and Zuo Mo Shidi who usually was so wooden and indifferent, once they drank alcohol, they seemed to be completely different people.

“Shixiong managed to be in time for the sword test conference. There’s so many people this year. I saw many strong people these days.” Zuo Mo slanted his eyes and drunkenly said, “However, Shixiong needs to beat them all, beat them into the ground!”

Looking at the charmingly pleasant Zuo Mo, Wei Sheng roared with laughter, “Yes! Beat all of them!”

Zuo Mo snickered and swallowed some more alcohol. Holding the jar, he suddenly became silent.

Detecting Zuo Mo’s abnormality, Wei Sheng asked concernedly, “Shidi has something on your mind?”

“Shixiong, what do you think people live for?” Zuo Mo asked after a beat.

“What do people live for?” Wei Sheng automatically straightened his spine, his eyes looking into the distance, “I do not know what other people live for. My thoughts are very simple. I want to see what this sword, when it reaches the extreme, looks like.”

“Sword at the extreme?” Zuo Mo muttered. His eyes also looked into the distance. Sitting on the rooftop, they could see the night scenery of Dong Fu, the distant lights, and the barely perceptible calls. He shook his head, “Before, I wanted to live better so I studied ling farming. But now, I want to become strong.”

“Become strong?” Wei Sheng turned his head and said in surprise, “Why?”

There was bitterness in Zuo Mo’s voice, “To find what I have lost and cannot forget.” He didn’t tell Shixiong that his features had been changed and his mind erased. If Shixiong knew, he would be furious. There was no

need to make Shixiong also unhappy over his own personal matters.

Wei Sheng comforted him, “Don’t rush, Shidi. You will eventually remember your past.” Everyone in Wu Kong Sword Sect knew that Zuo Mo had amnesia. Wei Sheng assumed that Zuo Mo was depressed over that today.

“Ha ha. Yes, what would come will always come! Today, it is the reunion of us brothers. I really shouldn’t say such depressing things! Let’s keep drinking!” Zuo Mo raised the alcohol jar and swallowed.

“Haha!” Wei Sheng also gave a wide smile and raise the alcohol jar, “Drink!”

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Translator Ramblings: Wei Sheng and Zuo Mo get drunk. Wei Sheng is now a whole stage above Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo keeps working away at his debts. Zuo Mo is a sad drunk.

Chapter 108: Two Paths

Wei Sheng Shixiong left Dong Fu early in the morning.

Zuo Mo resumed his furious life of making jingshi.

“It really exceeded my expectations. You actually managed to repay all of it in such a short amount of time.” Pu Yao said with slight regret.

Zuo Mo felt his entire body was light. The enormous debt had given him great pressure these past days. He asked about another problem, “Pu, has there been any new developments about storing ling power?”

Pu Yao shrugged, “Nope.”

The rate that Zuo Mo absorbed ling energy was multiple times after than before, but strangely, if the ling energy that was absorbed was not quickly used, they would gradually dissipate, and could not be stored inside. For any xiuzhe, the amount of ling power represented their cultivation. If they didn't have ling power, basically, they could not cast more than seventy percent of all spells. The higher the spell, the more ling power it required.

He was very suspicious it was caused by the mo matrix that Pu Yao had carved into his body. He could clearly feel the difference of progression in his cultivation after the mo matrix was carved. He was extremely worried.

“Pu Yao, if I cannot store ling power, it's hard for my cultivation to increase. If my cultivation cannot increase... ..” He wanted Pu Yao to recognize that this was a serious problem.

Pu Yao was unconcerned, “What does that have to do with me? I delivered the product.”

“You renyao!” Zuo Mo instantly exploded due to Pu Yao's terrible attitude and started swearing, “Lying to me about this mo matrix and yao seed. Now, you put out this disgusting demeanor of not caring! In the future, don't think about getting one piece of jingshi from ye!”

“I can take it myself.” Pu Yao was not angry and giggled.

Zuo Mo smiled angrily, “From today, ye won't take one jingshi, only

items, jade scrolls! Go take it! Ye will see where you take it from!”

“Oh.” Pu Yao rubbed his chin as he talked to himself, “That is a problem.”

Zuo Mo smiled coldly as he looked at Pu Yao, wanting to chop this androgynous guy into meat dross! This dross! False profit! Greedy, dishonest, amoral, evil pervert!

Pu Yao innocently spread his hands, “I hadn’t thought this would happen either. Things like formations, they are too complex for us yaomo. However, there isn’t anything that cannot be solved in this world. I can help give you ideas. Hee hee, it can be free this time!”

Zuo Mo suppressed the impulse to tear apart this guy, asking, “Keep going.”

“Look, since the growth of your ling power is slow now, you can work from two different areas.” Pu Yao’s thin lips bent into a curve, “One is to work at the root. Your body is like a complete formation. If one attribute has changed, then it is definitely that a part of the formation has changed. You only need to find the cause of the change to be able to correct the formation and the cause will be resolved easily.”

“How can I find it?” Zuo Mo had to admit that what Pu Yao said was very reasonable.

“I can’t help you there. In any case, you have to work through seal formations. You xiuzhe are much better than us yaomo at formations.” Pu Yao said, shaking his head.

After all this, he just spoke useless words! The rage inside suddenly shot up!

“Rather than wasting your time complaining about things that have already happened, it would be better to start studying early.” Pu Yao snickered.

These words instantly extinguished Zuo Mo’s rage. Pu Yao was right. Since it was like this already, then complaining about something that had already happened was just wasting time. He raised his head, “And the

other area?”

“Oh, that one’s much easier. Since your cultivation is growing slowly now, why don’t you increase your control over ling power?” Smugness flashed through Pu Yao’s eyes, “If you can precisely control every strand of ling power, the same amount of ling power, you can use it to cast more spells. Don’t envy other people for having more jingshi, you just have to use each jingshi on the edge of the blade.”

“Precise control?” Zuo Mo instantly understood. When he had been in lianqi, this had been a question that he would frequently ponder because he needed to cast [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] for many ling fields. Just like Pu Yao had said, he needed to use every single drop of ling power effectively. However, after he entered zhuji, his life had quickly become wealthy and he had gradually lost sight of this problem.

“Right! Like the processing and purification you have done these days. You need to be sparse in using ling power. Something that can be done with one strand of ling power, you should not use two. When you can precisely control every strand of ling power, you will find that you only need a tiny bit of ling power to cast a spell that you used to need lots of ling power to do.” Pu Yao added, “Most wealthy tycoons, when they started, they were like this too.”

The previous length of words, Zuo Mo had uncontrollably been enhanced. Pu Yao’s figure suddenly seemed much larger. But with the words he added after, he instantly shrunk back.

Puh! This scum!

As the victim, Zuo Mo was seething with righteous fury. His mind, however, kept on pondering what Pu Yao had said.

Li Ying Feng found that Zuo Mo Shidi’s situation these past days was not normal. The speed he worked clearly had slowed down, and after each job, he would sit there in a daze. He was like a completely different person than before. Was it that he had made enough jingshi? She couldn’t help but think. Shidi should take a rest. These few days, no one was clearer than her just how much jingshi Shidi had earned.

Even now, she almost couldn't believe that this wooden and cold Shidi had such a terrifying ability to make jingshi. The jingshi he had made by himself was worth five months of the gross income for the store she was managing. This was an extremely shocking number. If Shidi was in ningmai, she wouldn't find it so strange. But he was only zhuji. She had never heard of a zhuji disciple that could earn so much.

Maybe, Shidi was a genius too.

Very quickly, her thought seemed to have been proven. Shidi still took business, but he did not accept jingshi, only jade scrolls for payment. However, what she found strange was that Shidi seemed like any other jade scroll collector, accepting all kinds of jade scrolls, as long as he had never seen it before. After observing for a few days, she found that the jade scrolls that Shidi liked best were formations.

Shidi was really smart! She praised silently. Their sect was a sword xiu sect. The most they had were sword scriptures, and the rest were pitifully little. With Shidi's intelligence, he was suited for studying formations. It would be of great benefit to his dan-making in the future. She had a feeling that Fourth Shigu may not be able to teach Zuo Mo Shidi anything in the future. At Zuo Mo Shidi's age, Fourth Shigu wasn't this strong!

Formations was necessary knowledge for all cultivators. It was the most basic of all basics. Dan-making, forging, jinzhi, all of them were connected to formations. This was something everyone knew, but even if they knew, if they didn't have the conditions, they could not learn it. Wu Kong Sword Sect was not some rich sect. Where would they get the wealth to collect these jade scrolls?

She suddenly felt it a bit pitiful. If Shidi was in a large sect, he might be even stronger!

"Sky Fragrance liquid. This is the limit of what I can process it." Zuo Mo tiredly handed a small jade bottle to the customer.

The customer hurriedly took it. Taking out the cork, a expression of joy made its way onto his face, and he praised, "Master Zuo's spell is really amazing! Spectacular!" He carefully put the jade bottle away and then bid

farewell before rushing away.

Zuo Mo did not stand, but took out the jade scroll that he had just received. He couldn't help but feel slightly uplifted.

To process that sky fragrance liquid, he had really done everything he could to barely process it and received this jade scroll in payment. He did not know which sect had passed down this jade scroll. It seemed quite old. There were three formations inside, all of them extremely special.

Pu Yao came out. He was extremely dissatisfied with Zuo Mo's recent actions, "I told you two paths. You aren't following the rules!"

"Really?" To have tripped Pu Yao up, Zuo Mo felt extremely good. He slowly put the jade scroll away and glanced at Pu Yao, saying, "Did we have an agreement? I am going according to what you pointed out! You told me to study formations, but you don't have any formations jade scrolls. So I have to get them myself!"

Pu Yao paused. He finally remembered that they really didn't have an agreement last time. He suddenly raised his head to smile, "Right, right, hee hee... .."

Looking at Pu Yao's dark smile, a cold feeling rose in Zuo Mo's heart.

Don't be afraid, don't be afraid! To get one over this renyao, it's worth it even if ge will suffer a bit! Zuo Mo hurriedly comforted himself.

After Pu Yao disappeared, Zuo Mo quickly sank back into his work.

In this period of time, his control of ling power had increased quickly. After Pu Yao pointed out the problem, he started to pay attention to his technique in this area, becoming even more "miserly" in using ling power to process materials. However, even though he progressed quickly, he was still unsatisfied. It was still hard to avoid wasting ling power in unnecessary places.

He quickly found the crux of the problem. To be able to perfectly use ling power, it was impossible to achieve it just by relying on the precision of using ling power. It also required having a deep understanding of the formations used. Only when the two were both present would the use of

ling power be most efficient.

Because he only took jade scrolls in payment, Zuo Mo's business received a bit of side-effects.

But the people who came to him were mostly zhuji xiuzhe of some skill. They usually would have one or two pretty good jade scrolls. Quickly, the customers knew that Zuo Mo preferred formation jade scrolls. They would try to pick one or two quality jade scrolls. Zuo Mo's actions were not strange. The stronger the xiuzhe, especially xiuzhe in non-combat professions, when their skills grew, their need for jingshi would increasingly become smaller.

These kinds of skilled craftsmen, they usually would have many weird and strange demands. Demands like jade scrolls or rare materials were actually the most common.

Even though he took fewer jobs than before, but the number of jade scrolls that Zuo Mo possessed grew at an astonishing rate.

These jade scrolls came from all areas. The great majority were normal things, but there were a few of high quality. The jade scroll he had just received was one of those.

Suddenly, Li Ying Feng walked to Zuo Mo's side with a weird expression and whispered a few words to him.

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Translator Ramblings: What's a little bit of side effects? It's only just... ... your cultivation stops growing... ... when your main goal is to grow your cultivation. Pu has been really helpful these last chapters, that's the power of jingshi.

Chapter 109: Inky Black Lotus Seed

“Three ningmai xiuzhe have come.” Li Ying Feng’s words made Zuo Mo pause.

Three ningmai... ..

Since Zuo Mo had started this business, it wasn’t that there wasn’t ningmai who had come. The hat-wearing person who needed the Cold Magnet cut last time should have been a ningmai. Zuo Mo loved it and hated it when ningmai came to him. What he loved was that the payment they could give was far higher than normal people. What he hated was the things they needed him to process would be of high difficulty. High difficulty meant high risk. If it failed, Zuo Mo could not afford to pay his debts. As to not paying? He didn’t even need to think about it. The other’s power was much higher than him. If a conflict happened, the one that would lose would be him.

Now three had come together!

“Hmph, a zhuji guy dare to posture in front of us! Provoke me, I’ll burn this place down!”

“Third Brother, don’t speak nonsense!”

The voices passed clearly from the door. Clearly, the three people were starting to be dissatisfied. Zuo Mo felt the start of a headache. He could only pass, “Please come in!”

The three people walked in. The one at the front was a red-robed male, striding confidently and projecting an aura of power. At his left was an eagle-nosed male, expression dark. It could be seen with a glance that he wasn’t an easy-going person. On the right of the red-robed male was a brawny man whose face was set in a snarl. His body was like a mountain of meat. When he came in, he started to look everywhere.

“Greetings to Master Zuo.” The red-robed leader had a slight smile as he saluted with folded hands to Zuo Mo in a bow.

“Greetings to the three Elders!” Zuo Mo didn’t dare to posture, standing

and raising his folded hands to return the greeting. Seniority among xiuzhe was extremely complex and hard to manage so most of the time, everyone measured according to cultivation. Zuo Mo's cultivation was one stage lower than the other, so he was naturally a junior.

The three seemed to be extremely satisfied with Zuo Mo's attitude. Even the dark face of the eagle-nosed man relaxed slightly.

"Master Zuo is too courteous." The red-robed male smiled, stating his purpose, "Coming here, it's because we have something to ask." Following, he took out a lotus seed that was entirely black. "This fourth-grade Inky Black Lotus seed has an extremely hard outer coat and cannot be cut open by flying sword. Coming this time, it's asking Master Zuo to take off the outer coat. We have heard about Master Zuo's rules and this jade scroll is a complete set of [Skyring Moon Sound Formation]. This formation is the finest among fourth-grade formations and has many special attributes. We heard that Master Zuo likes formations. This [Skyring Moon Sound Formation] will be payment."

"But I'll say the ugly first. If you ruin it, I won't forgive you!" The snarling man rumbled.

"Third Brother, don't speak nonsense!" The red-robed man reproached. He turned to say to Zuo Mo, "Master Zuo, don't listen to him. You just have to focus on processing it."

Looking at the three, Zuo Mo's back had already been soaked in sweat at some unknown time. These three were all very powerful. Zuo Mo wouldn't be a match for even one of them. The three of them together, he wouldn't even have the chance to escape. Having climbed up from an outer sect disciple, he was very good at perception and knew that none of these three were good people. Don't see that the red-robed man spoke so friendly, but if he really ruined the Inky Black Lotus seed, he definitely wouldn't have a good ending.

Zuo Mo's consciousness was above other people. There was an energy of blood fiends surrounding the three. Even though it was not as terrifying as the blood fiends he saw in the sword cave, but they exuded an extremely

faint viciousness. The three used some unknown method to disguise the energy of the blood fiends but how could they conceal it from Zuo Mo's consciousness?

This business was not an easy one to take! This was Zuo Mo's first response.

He shook his head, "My sincere apologies for having the three elders come here for nothing. This one is only in zhuji, and my fire seed is only second-grade. The fourth-grade Inky Black Lotus seed really is not in my abilities!" His words were sincere. He was not afraid that the three would inspect his cultivation and fire seed so he was extremely honest.

The red-robed man smiled slightly but did not speak. The eagle-nosed man beside him said darkly, "If you can process fourth-grade cold magnet, how come you cannot do a fourth-grade lotus seed?"

The snarling large man widened his bell-sized eyes, unreasonably stating, "I'm telling you, if you are working, you have to take it, if you are not working, you still have to take it! Otherwise, I'll tear down your little shop!"

The red-robed male chuckled and presented the jade scroll on his hands to Zuo Mo, "Master Zuo, do not refuse yet. Take a look at the formation inside this jade scroll." Finishing, he raised his head to look at Li Ying Feng who was behind Zuo Mo, saying warmly, "Miss, why don't you put down the messenger seal in your sleeve? Let's not have a disagreement."

Zuo Mo silently thought the other was good. The three, with just a few words, used all kinds of attacks. He instantly could not bear it anymore. Motioning for Li Ying Feng not to be impulsive, he bore the pressure to say, "Elder might have had mistaken information. This one had once taken a job of fourth-grade Cold Magnet, but it was only cutting, not processing."

The red-robed man's face became slightly dark, saying discontentedly, "Is Master Zuo not giving face?"

Zuo Mo instantly felt his body freeze, as though he was constrained by something, unable to move. At the side, Li Ying Feng's face was bloodless,

staring in shock at the three.

“Fine! I’ll take it!” Zuo Mo saw the situation was worsening and could only grit his teeth and agree.

“Ha ha, Master Zuo is a smart person. Don’t worry, if you can successfully process it, this jade scroll, us three people won’t let Master Zuo make a loss.” The red-robed male laughed as though nothing had happened.

The pressure around Zuo Mo’s body instantly decreased. Looking at this red-robed male, his heart was cold. This person looked warm but, in reality, he was vicious. If he did not successfully process it today, he would have a very bad ending. Wu Kong Sword Sect was very far from here. If something really did happen, the shishu from the sect won’t get here in time.

He didn’t go to take the jade scroll, but took the Inky Black Lotus seed. He was not concerned with the jade scroll anymore. It would be lucky if he kept his little life this time.

A hint of approval made its way onto the red-robe male’s face. The three moved to one side. The eagle-nosed man glanced at Li Ying Feng, his warning implicit.

Zuo Mo did not waste words, and started to inspect this Inky Black Lotus seed.

The Inky Black Lotus seed was the fruit of the Inky Black Lotus flower after it bloomed. Inky Black Lotus was an extremely uncommon ling grass. It usually grew in extremely evil places, like the miasma filled bogs. After accumulating and absorbing all kinds of poisons over time, its leaves were a rotten white, and the flower was as black as ink. The most valuable was the Inky Black Lotus seed it produced.

The Inky Black Lotus would absorb all kinds of poisons that would mix inside its body and produce a new kind of poison. When the lotus produced its seed, all the strong poisons inside its body would gather in this little Inky Black Lotus seed. The lotus seed would land in the peat and once again germinate and grow into a new lotus flower. It would

continuously absorb the miasma and poison, forming a new Inky Black Lotus seed. The grade of the inky black seed was determined by the number of cycles it went through.

The Inky Black Lotus seed in front of him was fourth-grade. That meant that it had gone through four cycles of rebirth. That was extremely valuable and rare. The poison inside the lotus seed must be extremely strong!

Holding the Inky Black Lotus seed, Zuo Mo's mouth became dry. This was the first time he was processing such a poisonous ling grass. It would be false to say he was not nervous. The outer coat of the Inky Black Lotus seed was extremely hard. It was also due to this coat which could not be easily broken by flying swords that the poison inside did not leak out. Otherwise, Zuo Mo's fingers would quickly rot and die, the poison would quickly spread and, in a short period of time, he would turn into a pile of bones.

Even third-grade detoxification dan could not stop the toxins of the Inky Black Lotus seed. Also, Zuo Mo's detoxification dan was only second-grade.

Li Ying Feng usually took care of the store and naturally had heard of the infamy of the Inky Black Lotus seed. Her face was pale, looking in nervousness at Zuo Mo. She had let go of the messenger seal inside her sleeve. The eagle-nosed male was staring at her all this time, not disguising the viciousness in his eyes. If she tried to rebel one bit, these people would most likely attack.

A criminal that had come out of nowhere! They dared to be so brash in Dong Fu!

Li Ying Feng gently bit her lips, full of worry as she looked at Zuo Mo Shidi. The Inky Black Lotus seed was far out of Zuo Mo Shidi's abilities. Last time, he had struggled to cut the fourth-grade cold magnet. Processing was much harder than cutting. Even more so, it was an extremely poisonous item. If he was not careful, he would be infected by the poison and die. She noticed that sweat had soaked Shidi's back and her

heart reached her throat.

If Master was here... ..

Her heart was extremely panicked. If Master could rush over, with his jindan cultivation, that would be more than enough to deal with three ningmai xiuzhe!

Zuo Mo had the same idea as Li Ying Feng. However, after delaying for a while, noticing the unfriendly glare of the snarling man, Zuo Mo knew he could not delay any longer.

Flipping his hand, the Stalagmite fire quickly wrapped around the Inky Black Lotus seed. The enmity in the three people's eyes finally faded. They were slightly nervous as they stared at Zuo Mo, their feet unconsciously moving towards the doorway.

Zuo Mo knew that they were afraid of the poisonous nature of the Inky Black Lotus seed. The toxicity of a fourth-grade Inky Black Lotus seed was such that even though the three were ningmai, they could not easily deal with it. Zuo Mo also wanted to throw the Inky Black Lotus seed as far away as possible but the situation did not permit him to do so.

If he could not process this Inky Black Lotus seed today, he might... ..

The milky white flame surrounded the Inky Black Lotus seed, like there was a black core inside the white fire. It looked slightly strange.

Zuo Mo steeled his heart, throwing away all his thoughts. He did not have an escape route and should not think of anything else.

He focused all his consciousness. His other hand took out five pieces of third-grade jingshi, creating a formation under his body.

The snarling man looked at the red-robed male. The red-robed male waved his hand. He recognized this formation. It was to replenish ling power for xiuzhe. Seeing Zuo Mo act as though he was facing a great enemy, and his movements were practice and smooth, an expectant expression uncontrollably came over his face.

Quickly putting down a five primary ling replenishing formation, Zuo

Mo put down his left hand on his knees, his entire body relaxed, his eyes never wavering from the Stalagmite fire.

The milky-white flame, spreading a pressuring cold, surrounded a pure black lotus seed as it bounced quickly.

The sweat on his back dried up. After entering the mood, Zuo Mo was not nervous anymore. There was only one thought in his head. How to process this Inky Black Lotus seed?

He quickly made a decision because he did not have too many choices.

The only method he could think about right now.

— There was only the Four-Turn fire formation that he had just barely touched!

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Translator Ramblings: The name of the seed is way more poetic in Chinese, oh well.

Zuo Mo has very bad luck this chapter. It's better to do as someone more powerful tells you if you are sure you can't win. Zuo Mo and Li Ying Feng are outnumbered by the three ningmai, and Li Ying Feng isn't good at combat.

Chapter 110: Four-Turn Fire Formation!

Three-Turn fire formation, that was the formation Zuo Mo had used last time to cut the Cold Magnet.

He hated gossip very much right now. It had clearly just been cutting the Cold Magnet, but it had spread to becoming processing the Cold Magnet and caused a calamity for him. Zuo Mo grimaced inside. Without breaking into the stage of ningmai, to process rare materials like Cold Magnet and Inky Black Lotus seeds was like a delusion.

Even with the Three-Turn fire formation, he would not be able to process the fourth-grade Inky Black Lotus seed. He closed his eyes, carefully inspecting any change in the Inky Black Lotus seed inside the Stalagmite fire. He quickly was disappointed. Shrouded by the Stalagmite fire, there was nothing happening on the outer coat of the Inky Black Lotus seed.

Taking a deep breath, Zuo Mo's fingers started to flick, smoothly flowing and creating countless afterimages.

For the first time, the red-robed male had a shocked expression. The public saw the spectacle, the experts the technique. This string of finger movements was not some complicated finger motions but it was extremely quick, reaching the stage of "Fingers Evolving Into Shadows". The "Fingers Evolving Into Shadows" referred to the fact that fast fingers would create dense afterimages, which would be so dense that they would stop for a while in the air, but since the finger movements would not have stopped, before the old afterimages would disappear, new afterimages would form, creating a series of connected afterimages. This was "Fingers Evolving Into Shadows."

Before reaching the stage of jindan, finger motions were an extremely useful technique. Everyone would know it but the skill would vary. Unless people cultivated the body, there wouldn't be much of a difference in the strength, flexibility and power of the fingers. In other words, ningmai xiuzhe would have an advantage in terms of ling power but not in finger

motions.

Unless there were specialized techniques for finger motions, the only way to increase skill was to keep practicing.

The cultivation of this zombie-like youth was extremely average but his finger movements were amazing.

Not just the red-robed male. The other two were also shocked. They exchanged a look, seeing the joy in each other's eyes. Just this string of finger movements was enough for their confidence in Zuo Mo to increase.

Zuo Mo's mind was blank, his concentration completely gathered. In his eyes, there was only that milky-white Stalagmite fire, and the Inky Black Lotus seed inside the fire.

His fingers became faster. Hiss, it was like an invisible hand had pushed the spitting Stalagmite fire, a string of white fire flying out of the Stalagmite fire. The Stalagmite fire was like a ball of thread and this fire thread was the beginning of the thread. White thread was continuously pull out of the fire.

The white fire thread continued to grow longer, the other end always connected to the Stalagmite fire. The fire thread started to dance around the Inky Black Lotus seed.

The ball of Stalagmite fire quickly became smaller. When the last bit of flame turned to become part of the fire thread, the Inky Black Lotus seed was exposed to the air. The white thread of fire was like a nimble white snake, swimming around the Inky Black Lotus seed floating in the air.

Zuo Mo's finger movements suddenly changed. It had been lightning fast before. Now it was as though weights had been tied to his fingers, extremely slow and heavy.

The white fire thread broke in the middle, creating two threads. The two threads of fire were like two little white snakes, swimming around the Inky Black Lotus seed. The speed at which the two fire threads moved was twice as fast as before. Strangely, the two fire threads created two intersecting circles but would never touch each other.

One-Turn fire-formation!

The Inky Black Lotus seed inside the fire formation was like a rock, with no signs of movement.

There was no change in Zuo Mo's eyes. His ten fingers continued to change.

Two divided into four! Four threads of fire that were smaller than before formed for even smaller criss-crossing fire rings.

Two-Turn fire formation!

The Inky Black Lotus seed was slightly vibrating.

Zuo Mo nervously stared at the Inky Black Lotus seed in the middle of the fire formation, not daring to slip up the tiniest bit. He was not surprised at the situation in front of him.

The change in his finger movements became even slower. Opposite that, the speed that the ling power circuited through his body sped up.

Eight threads of fire circled around the Inky Black Lotus seed at astonishing speed, creating a white cage of fire.

Three-Turn fire formation.

Compared to the previous time that he cut the Cold Magnet, Zuo Mo's control of the Three-Turn fire formation was much better than before. After listening to Pu Yao's advice, Zuo Mo had started to consciously practice his control of ling power. Since he had many opportunities to practice everyday, he had progressed quickly. The Three-Turn fire formation that he had struggled with so much previously was now controlled with ease.

Inside the fire formation, the Inky Black Lotus seed was trembling fiercely as though it would jump out of the fire formation at any second!

All the people were holding their breath as they stared with serious expressions at the white cage of fire suspended in the air. They all knew what was happening next was the most important step. The coldness of the fire formation had reached an astonishing depth. Eight times the usual

temperature of the Stalagmite fire! Cold fire was cold, hot fires were hot, but as long as they were fire, they all had one attribute “melt”! The melting ability of cold fires would increase the colder it became, the melting ability of the hot fires would become stronger the higher the temperature.

The Three-Turn fire formation cause the coldness of the Stalagmite fire to be eight times its usual, and its melting ability had also increased by eight times!

Under the eight-times melting ability, the previously unaffected Inky Black Lotus seed finally had a slight change. Small pits started to form on its coat. This was a sign that it was finally melting but if it was only at this intensity, to process this Inky Black Lotus seed, it would take years.

Using the yao seed, Zuo Mo’s consciousness was extremely cooperative. No one noticed that his body was soft and relaxed as it never had been before. The more relaxed the body, the better the effect of the mo matrix, and the faster the rate that ling power would be absorbed.

The effect of Zuo Mo controlling his ling power in the recent period of time was extremely evident. Forming the Three-Turn fire formation only took half of his ling power. Feeling the ling power coming from the ling replenishing formation, Zuo Mo released a small breath. He had never worked at the same time that he was using a ling replenishing formation. Based on what he saw, the situation was good.

There was a certain level of impurities in the ling power of the jingshi. This was not a problem for Zuo Mo. The mo matrix could automatically filter out the impurities from the ling power. The ling power passed on from the ling replenishing formation was a steady flow. The ling power inside Zuo Mo’s body quickly increased.

He closed his eyes, maintaining the Three-Turn fire formation, motionless as he waited for his ling power to be replenished to capacity. In the few times he had attempted the Four-Turn fire formation, the use of ling power was astonishing.

The red-robed male and his compatriots couldn’t help but be nervous at this time as well. They could naturally see that Zuo Mo was biding his

time and gather his energy. It was like the calm before the storm. The calmer it got, the more suffocating it became.

The instant that the ling power in his body reached its maximum, Zuo Mo opened his eyes.

It was like there was a thousand catty weight on his fingers as they slowly moved! His weak shoulders shuddered in effort but the slowly moving fingers were strangely steady.

Everyone felt the white light brighten!

The cage of fire became even more dense like a white cocoon of fire! Sixteen threads of fire, with speeds almost undetectable by the naked eye, circled quickly around the Inky Black Lotus seed.

Four-Turn fire formation!

The ling power in Zuo Mo's body furiously was used up. Just forming the Four-Turn fire formation, the full ling power had almost become empty. He couldn't attend to anything else but furiously start to suck in the ling power from the ling replenishing formation. Large amounts of ling power started to stream towards Zuo Mo. He was like a thirsty traveller in the desert, greedily sucking every drop of ling power.

Under the power of melting multiplied by sixteen, the hard coat of the Inky Black Lotus seed finally started to melt!

All of Zuo Mo's consciousness started to furiously move. Sixteen times the melting power. That required that he needed to be extremely precise with his ling power. Any slack in precision, once it was multiplied by sixteen, could cause the fire formation to collapse!

The three males and Li Ying Feng was so nervous they did not dare to breathe. Inside the store, there was a suffocating silence. There was no sound from the Four-Turn formation but the white fire cocoon would occasionally tremble lightly. Each tremble would cause the four people's hearts to tremble. They knew that the tremble was Zuo Mo having problems controlling the Four-Turn fire formation and could not make it do as he wished easily.

No one could spare the attention to this point at the moment.

On their faces, other than nervousness, there was only shock! Deep shock!

A xiuzhe in the stage of zhuji was actually able to start a Four-Turn fire formation. If it spread out, it would shake all of Dong Fu, no, all of Sky Moon Jie! It was basically hard for a zhuji to complete a Three-Turn fire formation. A Four-Turn fire formation, that was basically impossible to complete.

But this extremely average-looking youth could actually form a Four-Turn fire formation. Looking at the dense white cocoon of fire, it was undoubtedly a Four-Turn fire formation!

They had come when they had heard the news of the Cold Magnet with an attitude to try. Truthfully, when they had saw Zuo Mo was only in zhuji, they had been very disappointed and still had a last hope to try, since ruining a fourth-grade Inky Black Lotus seed was not an easy thing to do! When Zuo Mo had taken this job in the end, they had wondered what method Zuo Mo would use, but no matter what, they had never thought that Zuo Mo would choose the Four-Turn fire formation!

Four-Turn was not a secret formation. It was extremely common. Many people understood it. Even if they understood, there were very few that could use it. The higher the level, the more the required control over ling power and cultivation would multiply.

This kind of increase could only be broken by increases in cultivation stages! To use the Three-Turn fire formation as an example, if some zhuji xiuzhe occasionally managed to complete it, then they definitely could not complete a Four-Turn fire formation. That was because the requirement it had for control of ling power and cultivation was double what a Three-Turn fire formation demanded. Only after breaking through to the stage of ningmai would a person fulfill the requirements.

Yet, something that they assumed could not happen was happening right in front of them.

The white fire cocoon occasionally trembled and became unsteady but it

definitely was a Four-Turn fire formation!

The three's eyes as they looked at Zuo Mo was like looking at a monster.

Zuo Mo did not know it. Right now, he did not have a bit of attention to spare for anything. His world was only this formation!

The little pits on the surface of the Inky Black Lotus seed started to grow larger and deeper, revealing the lotus seed underneath.

At this time, Zuo Mo did not dare to slack off even more. This was a glowing and adorable lotus seed, such a beautiful and tempting thing, but it contained terrifying poison. Just touching the tiniest bit, he would die.

Suppressing the terror inside, he tried to steady his ling power. He didn't dare to think of the consequences of the smallest mistake right now.

Seeing the glowing and tender lotus seed, the three people back up even more, their expressions filled with wariness and terror.

The dangers of the Inky Black Lotus seed was infamous!

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Translator Ramblings: I found the four-turn a bit misleading the first time around. But we get a really good description of it in this chapter. The Inky Black Lotus Seed is super-duper deadly. Zuo Mo's increased spiritual power as a result of Pu Yao's scripture is finally doing something amazing. This was like a reaction chapter.

Chapter 111: For Tasty Food

The ling replenishing formation made from five pieces of third-grade jingshi continuously supplied ling power but the ling energy in Zuo Mo's body dropped quickly. The rate of replenishment clearly could not keep up with the speed of use. There was more than one way to form a ling replenishing formation, but the five element ling replenishing formation was the best he could make.

The ling power entered furiously, and the channels felt a tearing pain. The ling power that had just entered the channels would be emptied out at double the rate. What followed was a strong feeling of weakness. Tearing and weakness interchanging, even though the mo matrix had been strengthening his channel, Zuo Mo was almost driven crazy.

He knew he could not go crazy, he could not even move a bit. Any tiny movement could cause the fragile Four-Turn fire formation to collapse.

At that time, the glowing and tender lotus seed would lose all its restrains. A colorless and invisible poison would not let go of any person in the room. As the person closest, he naturally would not be immune.

Gritting his teeth, a flow of blood dripped from the corner of his mouth silently.

Zuo Mo did not detect it. His eyes were widened round as he fixed on the fire cocoon, and the glowing lotus that was revealing its true appearance inside!

A light cocoon made up from the criss-cross of sixteen threads of fire. They released an extremely cold energy, suppressing the toxins of the lotus seed, not letting them escape. As the coat on the lotus seed decreased, the three males on the side became even more nervous and their breathing sped up.

Poof!

The five pieces of jingshi that made up the five elements ling replenishing formation simultaneously turned to five blooms of dust!

Everyone's expression changed. Had it failed?

Amid the stone dust, Zuo Mo gave a shout with all his strength, "Argh!"

The moment the fire cocon disappeared, the glowing and tender lotus seed accurately landed into the jade bottle that had appeared at some unknown time in his left hand, his right hand lightning fast as he plugged the top.

The mist of dust faded, revealing the sorry figure of Zuo Mo. His hair, face, and body were covered by stone dust. The stream of blood from his mouth, mixed with the stone dust, looked extremely frightening.

"Success."

Zuo Mo's right hand put the jade bottle on the ground in front of him. His voice was raspy and thin, revealing just how weak he was!

The red-robed male reached out with a hand and the jade bottle flew to him. After inspecting inside, glee made its way onto his face. He quickly adjusted his expression, first bowing to Zuo Mo, "Master Zuo is really skilled!" Finishing, he put the jade scroll in front of Zuo Mo. He thought for a second, and then tilted his head to look at the eagle-nosed male, "Do you have the [Gold Forging Chapter Remnant] from last time?"

The eagle-nosed male nodded, "Yes." Finishing, he took out a jade scroll from the hundred treasures pouch at his waist, passing it to the red-robed male.

The red-robed male also put the [Gold Forging Chapter Remnant] in front of Zuo Mo, voice sincere as he said, "The discourtesy before, I ask Master Zuo to be generous and forgive us. Us brothers had accidentally came into possession of this jade scroll and it will be our apology! In the future, if we have to trouble Master Zuo, please help us!"

This person was skilled!

Zuo Mo thought. The other had made a beautiful move. Even though he had anger inside, but just hearing the name of the jade scroll, Zuo Mo knew he could not resist it. He could only grimace, "As long as it's not so dangerous as today."

“Ha ha! Master Zuo is joking. This time, it really was us that was brash! But if we were not so, we would not have seen Master Zuo’s astonishing skills!” The red-robed male laughed forthrightly. Finishing, he raised his hands in a bow to bid farewell, “Have a good rest, Master Zuo! We won’t disturb you any longer!”

After the three left, Zuo Mo finally took a breath at the departure of the calamity. The left hand that was hidden in the sleeve released the seal soldier.

This time, he really had enormous damage!

However, looking at the two jade scrolls in front of him, he felt that it was not for nothing. Li Ying Feng, who was frightened to death, hurriedly took out a pile of lingdan, urging Zuo Mo to go back to Wu Kong Mountain. This business was too dangerous.

The second day, when Li Ying Feng saw Zuo Mo, who had been on his last breath yesterday, was jumping around like usual, she was dumbstruck.

Shidi looked so weak. Was he just weak on the outside, strong on the inside?

The internal injuries were much better than Zuo Mo had thought. The mo matrix on his body greatly aided his recovery. He had assumed that he needed to rest for half a month, and had not expected that he would be more than half healed by the second day. Of course, he was still a few days away from complete recovery.

Before recovering to his best, he decided to return to the mountain. The tempers of those ningmai xiuzhe were not very good. If another ningmai came to the door, it would be terrible.

Riding Silly Bird, Zuo Mo quickly returned to his little yard.

Back at Wu Kong Mountain, his heart finally landed. Wu Kong Mountain might be small, but no one dared to come to the mountain to make trouble when the sect leader and others were present. He still had a deep memory of the night that Wei Sheng Shixiong had entered zhuji and

the one sword stroke of Xin Yan Shibo that had shocked countless people. A sect that had four jindan at the same time, there were not many of those in Dong Fu.

It was a pity that Wei Sheng Shixiong was not in the sect. He felt it was a pity.

Finally rid of his enormous debt, and having obtained a large number of jade scrolls, for him, this was a really leisurely time. As he recovered from his injuries, he studied the jade scrolls in his possession.

He had a variety of jade scrolls for all topics, but not many of them were high quality.

Actually, he did not lack for jade scrolls at the moment. All the jade scrolls in the sect were open for inner sect disciples. Zuo Mo could go see Master's records room at any time. Just those jade scrolls, they would take up large amounts of Zuo Mo's time. However, the only thing the sect lacked was the formation jade scrolls that Zuo Mo needed, so he had to use this method to collect formation jade scrolls. He had gathered many jade scrolls on formations, but they were very disconnected, and not systematic.

Zuo Mo was not a very picky person. Having so many jade scrolls to learn from, he was already very satisfied.

In the high quality jade scrolls, there was a sword scripture called [Blue Flower]. It was extremely fine, but too yin and soft, suited for females. It was useless in his hands, so Zuo Mo decided to give this sword scripture to Xiao Guo. Li Ying Feng Shijie was not practicing sword scriptures now, busy everyday with managing business.

But when Zuo Mo ran to the Eastern Peak, he found out that Xiao Guo had successfully entered zhuji, becoming an inner sect disciple, and also entered Shi Feng Rong's branch.

He hadn't thought the little girl would become his shimei.

When Zuo Mo found a mountain valley, seeing the apple shaped wooden sign with "Xiao Guo's Home" written on it, he instantly smiled.

There were no jinzhi on Xiao Guo's mountain valley. Zuo Mo easily walked in.

When Xiao Guo, who had been practicing her sword, saw Zuo Mo, she first paused and then had a happy expression. Following that, she timidly said, "Shixiong."

"Hm, pretty good." Zuo Mo praised. In reality, from what he saw, Xiao Guo's sword scripture was full of holes, just a pretty appearance. He gave the [Blue Flower] sword scriptures to Xiao Guo, "Here, this is for you. You can study it."

He asked a few more things and instantly understood. Master was still in seclusion, making dan, and had no time to teach her.

Seeing the sweat on the apple face, Zuo Mo felt he needed to fulfilled the duty of a shixiong and started to point things out. He had practiced sword scriptures for a long time. Even though he was not as skilled as Wei Sheng Shixiong but he had comprehended two types of sword essences, and his eyes were much better than people like Qin Cheng.

"Your basics are lacking too much." When Zuo Mo said this, tears instantly flooded Xiao Guo's eyes, but she managed to not cry.

"Oh, in the future, you can come to my valley to practice the sword. If I have time, I can look." Zuo Mo's next words made Xiao Guo smile.

In the Little West Wind Yard, Zuo Mo was sunbathing, eyes closed as he leisurely sat on the chair, swaying as he pondered the jade scroll he memorized in his mind. Not far away from him, Xiao Guo silently practiced the sword, her apple face covered in sweat. On the roof, Silly Bird stood proudly, occasionally using her blue beak to arrange her snowy white feathers.

Zuo Mo, having encountered a problem, had a bad mood, opened his eyes, and saw Silly Bird's smug appearance. His mood instantly worsened. Picking up a stone from the floor, he flickered his hand to throw at Silly Bird.

"Show off!"

Silly Bird gave a shriek, hurriedly flapping her wings to dodge the pebble, eyes full of disdain towards Zuo Mo.

Xiao Guo was startled. When she saw Zuo Mo pointing and swearing at the blue beaked snow goose, her large eyes became crescents.

Noticing the mirth on Xiao Guo's face, Zuo Mo gave a cough. He decided to fix the impression of Shixiong and paced along side to Xiao Guo.

"You cannot be distracted when practicing the sword. You have to concentrate to be able... .."

At the side, Xiao Guo wanted to laugh but did not dare, her expression instantly becoming strange. Zuo Mo did not notice. He shook his head, mimicking Pu Yao's tone as he concluded, "What is more simple than sword scripture? If... .. oh, if you practice a few thousand times, you'll know it!"

Finishing, he waved his hand, "Keep practicing. I'm going for a walk." He then stepped out of the West Wind Valley.

After Xiao Guo came everyday to Zuo Mo's place to practice the sword, Zuo Mo's meals quickly increased in quality. The meat soup simmered, the ling foods full of ling energy that increased Zuo Mo's appetite. The only thing he felt irritating was that Silly Bird would partake as well each time. Especially when Silly Bird found it effective to pretend to be pitiful in front of Xiao Guo. Zuo Mo could not do anything about it.

"Tsk tsk, her taste certainly must be tender!" Walking out of the mountain valley, Pu Yao came out. He licked his lips, looking with some yearning at the interior of the valley.

Zuo Mo was used to the expression that Pu Yao had, "Hmph, there's lots of people that want to exterminate yaomo on this mountain. If you aren't afraid of death, go ahead!"

"They can't find me." Pu Yao was confident.

"You eat her, I don't have anything to eat, so let's both die." Zuo Mo also licked his lips. Xiao Guo's skills were really good.

“Hmph, won’t eat her. But you can’t keep me starving.” Pu Yao snorted, “I need souls!”

“Didn’t you say that the yin fiends in the sword cave need time to form?” Zuo Mo copied Pu Yao in shrugging his shoulders.

Pu Yao once again gave a yearning expression, “It should be about time today. Let’s go hunt a few, and satisfy my craving!”

Finishing, he did not wait for Zuo Mo to speak before throwing down a few jingshi. The light flashed and Zuo Mo disappeared.

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Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo had a back up plan, but he was successful and there was no need for that. Those three people, especially the red-robed one, is good at adapting to the situation. Get on good term with Zuo Mo and he might be willing to help them process more things, considering how good the payment is. Low level xiuzhe don’t have that many choices, offending three ningmai is a bad choice especially when they offer an olive branch.

Zuo Mo is being affected by Pu Yao... ..his closest teacher. Pu Yao still wants to eat Xiao Guo, and after a lot of chapters, Zuo Mo finally agrees to get souls for Pu Yao.

Chapter 112: Yin Fiends

It was not the first time that Zuo Mo came to the sword cave, but every time that he came, he would sigh with awe. Who would have thought that inside a mountain cave, there would be such a wondrous world, a fantastical place completely different than the outside.

As Pu Yao entered the sword cave, he completely disregarded Zuo Mo, going off by himself to furiously absorb yin energy. Looking at Pu Yao's intoxicated state, Zuo Mo felt that yao and people were really different.

It wasn't easy to make a trip to the sword cave. Zuo Mo decided to make some more yin beads. One was that this thing was worth jingshi, the second was that it was needed to make yin fire beads. Even though he had not tested the power of the yin fire beads, but Zuo Mo was confident in its power. Something that was so difficult to make, it wouldn't make sense if it didn't have any power!

He found a place that had relatively denser yin energy and was not disturbed by Pu Yao before starting to form yin beads.

Ever since Pu Yao said that all spells were formations, Zuo Mo started to deliberately think in that direction. However, reality was always more complex than theory. Even the simplest spell would have many changes. If the true nature of a spell was really formations, then the difficulty of finding the formation within such numerous and complex changes would be unthinkable.

He quickly sunk into the world of exploration. His hands moved erratically, sometimes slow, then fast, without any rhyme or reason. There still was not any expression on his face, his eyes dazed and absent as though his mind was wandering.

The yin energy gathered around his hands would suddenly gather and then spread out, or occasionally collapse. He seemed to not have detected it, his ten fingers continuously changing like he was bespelled.

Pu Yao opened his eyes, and noticed Zuo Mo's state. The yin energy that was frantically flooding towards his body suddenly paused. He closed his

eyes again, the yin energy in the surroundings moving at even faster speeds towards him.

The movements on Zuo Mo's hands slowly started to become ordered. The speed that the yin energy moved towards his hands started to increase and a yin bead started to form. When the yin bead on his hand was fully created, Zuo Mo's soul came back into his body. He put the yin bead he had just made in front of his eyes, and couldn't help but be disappointed. The yin bead he had made did not seem different than the yin beads he had made before. The only difference was that he was the tiniest bit faster this time.

It was extremely minuscule. If Zuo Mo hadn't paid close attention, he wouldn't have felt anything. Even though it was an insignificant progress, but it was great motivation for Zuo Mo. He was slightly disappointed but he knew that for him, studying formations was very difficult for him. At least, this meant that he was working in the right direction. As long as his direction was not wrong, if he slowly walked down this road, he would definitely improve,

He had just did an extremely daring but tiny adjustment. It was this adjustment that he didn't even understand himself that had just slightly shortened the time it took for the yin bead to form.

Maybe when my skill at formations is higher, it wouldn't be so difficult, Zuo Mo comforted himself.

After this, he didn't spend time on experimenting but focused on forming yin beads. In one go, he made thirty yin beads before he stopped.

Full of yin energy, Pu Yao's complexion seemed to be glowing, and he looked extremely satisfied. He floated next to Zuo Mo, "Go hunt a few yin fiends!"

He looked like an extremely greedy child wanting to eat meat.

"You can go hunt yourself." Zuo Mo asked, slightly puzzled. Pu Yao was much stronger than he was. There was not any reason that he was asking for help.

Pu Yao twisted his mouth and said slightly helplessly, "If I do it, the taste of the yin fiends won't be good."

"Really?" Zuo Mo didn't quite believe it.

Pu Yao shrugged his shoulders, not explaining.

Zuo Mo pondered it. It was better not to offend this renyao too much. He was extremely clear how much Pu Yao yearned for souls. Hunting yin fiends was much better than him going out and killing people for their souls.

"Alright, but you know my strength." Zuo Mo reminded Pu Yao.

Pu Yao was very excited, "It's enough. This crappy place, how strong of a yin fiend can it produce? Tsk tsk, if we managed to get here before your shixiong came, there might be some good ones."

"Why?" Zuo Mo asked in puzzlement.

Maybe it was that Zuo Mo was going to work, but Pu Yao did not show impatience this time, and explained in great detail, "Yin fiends mostly originate from places with dense yin energy. They are born of yin energy, and gradually attain a basic intelligence. After continuously absorbing the yin energy in the surroundings, their intelligence would continuously increase. When they become intelligent, they would naturally have the ability to cultivate, and would continuously purify and cultivate their body. Oh, some strong yin fiends, in the end, they can cultivate to become yao. Since they were yin fiends that cultivated into yao, since they have natural bodies of pure yin, they are very difficult to deal with."

Zuo Mo was slightly surprised. Difficult to deal with, it was very hard to hear something like that from Pu Yao's mouth.

Pu Yao continued, "However, yin fiends, since they are born of yin energy, they need a certain amount of time. Your shixiong just cleaned out this sword cave. He really is a monster. He didn't leave even one behind! If it wasn't that this sword cave has blood fiends and malicious energies, in addition to yin energy, yin fiends wouldn't form this easily." Then he said regretfully, "But the time is too short. There wouldn't be anything good."

Oh, life is so difficult!”

Zuo Mo felt strange at Pu Yao’s regret. He decided to remind Pu Yao, “Pu, you aren’t a person, you do not have life.”[i]

[tl: [i] = The pun here is that life is 人生 in Chinese which is literally “human(person) birth.” Pu Yao is a yao, not a human and so he does not have “life.”]

One person and one yao started to travel into the depths of the sword cave.

The deeper they went, the denser the yin energy, and the more pleasure there was in Pu Yao’s expression. But landing in Zuo Mo’s eyes, it seemed very strange. As expected, yao and people were not the same. The deeper they went, the more Zuo Mo’s heart shook. The surrounding scenery became even darker and terrifying. Since Zuo Mo’s consciousness was now stronger, he felt it even more clearly. The coldness that made a person’s hair raise up was like countless little worms, burrowing into Zuo Mo’s body.

The blood fiends that flowed beside his feet were even more vibrant and sticky than the outside. Countless malicious thoughts were spread from it. Zuo Mo’s consciousness had to avoid these malicious thoughts. Thinking that he had almost used his fingers to touch these blood-like liquid, Zuo Mo couldn’t help but feel fear. Now that he could feel the power of the blood fiends, he found it was definitely something he could not touch presently.

“Where’s the yin fiend?” Zuo Mo’s voice was slightly trembling.

Pu Yao stopped and looked around. He suddenly pointed in one direction, and said excitedly, “There, one up ahead.” Finishing, he floated ahead. Pu Yao’s entire body was eternally floating in the air like a ghost.

Zuo Mo could only follow behind.

A ball of black mist was restlessly turning in the corner.

“This is the yin fiend?” Zuo Mo pointed at the black mist, and asked dumbly. He had heard Pu Yao speak of how terrifying it was, so he hadn’t

thought it would be a ball of black mist that would look harmless.

“All yin fiends that just have formed are like this. It still hasn’t formed intelligence. When it has intelligence, the yin energy around it would solidify.” Pu Yao shrugged, “The shapes that yin fiends take the form of will vary, anything is possible. You won’t find it strange if you see more.”

“It would be best if I didn’t have to see any.” Zuo Mo uttered. Looking at the constantly changing black ball of mist, he instantly felt it hard to handle, “How do I hunt it?”

“Very simple. Just wound it.” Pu Yao’s eyes were bright, and he expectantly added, “Serious wound!”

Zuo Mo summoned out the Water Drop sword. The Water Drop sword had become even more glowing and soft like a water drop after being continuously nurtured in the ling spring. After motioning for a bit, he decided to attack!

[Flowing Water]!

In front of Zuo Mo, a semi-clear ripple quietly spread out. The Water Drop sword thrust straight into the yin fiend, its sharp point seemed to have thrust into water. He could clearly feel the resistance coming from the tip of the sword.

Hiss!

The yin fiends suddenly started to move restlessly.

Zuo Mo suddenly felt his head hurt, like a needle piercing his mind. The Water Drop sword instantly became disorganized.

“This is the weakest of yin fiends. It only knows one move, consciousness stab. It is as weak as it gets.” Pu Yao mocked from the side, “Are you not able to even get this one down?”

Just at this time, a second consciousness stab came. Zuo Mo’s sword instantly became a mess.

His consciousness might have formed but how to use his consciousness was a problem he had always had a headache about. He had so much

spiritual power, but he didn't know how to use it, it really was a waste, to say nothing of using his consciousness to attack or defend.

It seemed like someone had forcefully pierced his head twice, his head instantly in throbbing pain.

But the attack of the yin fiend was invisible and intangible. When his consciousness detected it, the other's attack would have arrived. He basically could not dodge it. Anything related to Pu Yao, it was never anything good, Zuo Mo wailed inside.

The yin fiend was relying on its instincts. It had been provoked by the Water Drop sword. Other than the consciousness stab, it was like an infuriated beast, leaping at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo felt the temperature of the surroundings dramatically increasing, the yin energy almost tangible as it surrounded him as though it wanted to burrow through his pores inside his body! Zuo Mo felt countless needle were pricking his body. He couldn't help but howl.

"You're really trashy. This kind of yin fiend, your crappy shixiong only needs one sword blow to defeat them." Pu Yao mocked heartlessly from the side.

Zuo Mo didn't have the attention to argue with Pu Yao now. The Water Drop sword came back to his hand. This time, he did not hesitate. Using all his ling power, he prepared to give a blow with all his power!

However, he was instantly frightened!

He suddenly lost control of the ling power inside his body! The black mist which tightly enclosed his body was like a sponge, furiously absorbing the ling power inside Zuo Mo's body.

Why was it like this?

At this rate, his ling power would quickly be sucked dry by the yin fiend!

"Consuming ling . All yao know how to do it. Oh, this little yin fiend doesn't count as a yao yet." Pu Yao's words really came at a good time, but it was full of disdain towards this yin fiend.

Zuo Mo heard Pu Yao's words and his heart jumped. Consuming ling ! Based on the term, it would be consuming ling power. For some reason, he suddenly thought of [Vajra Profound Sutra]. At this time, he had no option but to instantly start channeling [Vajra Profound Sutra].

A golden light suddenly flashed inside the black mist. It was as though a layer of dark gold was layered on Zuo Mo's entire body.

It had an effect!

Zuo Mo clearly felt the loss of ling power inside his body slow down. The dark golden skin was like a layer of protection, it could stop the loss of his ling power. Holding the Water Drop sword, Zuo Mo did not hesitate any longer, attacking with all his power!

[Layered Wave]!

The sword rose up, like the start of the tide. As it moved, the waves rose in layers, forming a raging wave!

Just at this time, the coldness that had gathered for a long time was like a landslide, erupting out, and crashing!

The pressure around Zuo Mo's body instantly lessened. Holding the sword, with him as the center, there was a circle of light blue icicles.

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Translator Ramblings: I think I had named the things "devilings" the first time around but they are now yin fiends. Pu Yao has high demands for his food.

Chapter 113: Formation Disks

“You’ve beaten it to this, how can I eat it?” Pu Yao said in dissatisfaction.

Zuo Mo panted, not having the energy to pay attention to him. After a while, his breaths evened. Thinking about the danger that had just passed, he suddenly erupted, “You damned renyao! Why didn’t you tell me before that yin fiends could attack?”

Pu Yao’s face was matter-of-fact, “I thought you knew. Such a simple thing, you should know that.”

Silly yao, you aren’t seeing the situation clearly! Zuo Mo smirked, “Such a simple thing, ge doesn’t want to lower myself to do it! You can do it yourself.” Finishing, he turned to leave.

Pu Yao was dumbstruck.

Silly yao! Fighting with ge, I’ll let you know how to die! Zuo Mo raged inside, his anger remaining.

“This is a misunderstanding.” Pu Yao caught up and said solemnly, “Actually, I wanted to teach you how to deal with yin fiends, but you know, this needs you to personally experience it so you have a better impression.”

Zuo Mo didn’t pay attention to him.

Pu Yao glanced at him, and kept on speaking, “Look, with your power, it doesn’t take much energy to destroy yin fiends that have just formed. But do you have any way of injuring them but not destroying them?”

Zuo Mo didn’t even blink an eyelid, “Why do I have to injure them but not destroy them?”

Pu Yao said sternly, “Oh, it is not right to think that way. For example, your master told you to capture a yao beast, alive. What will you do? You make medicine as well, and you should know that many yao beast material need alive beasts to be effective.”

Zuo Mo still didn’t pay attention to him.

“However, taking into account your present cultivation, it was pretty good that you managed to destroy it. But you cannot stay forever in Wu Kong Mountain, and Sky Moon Jie. Oh, you still have to go find your identity and history... ..”

Zuo Mo’s steps stopped. He rudely interrupted Pu Yao, “Pu, what do you really want to say?”

Pu shrugged his shoulders, “I just want to teach you some methods of dealing with similar situations.”

“What methods?” Zuo Mo asked.

“There are many.” Pu Yao rubbed his chin, “But with your present power, the best method is formations.”

Formations? Zuo Mo first paused and then some interest rose, “Formations, how to use formations? The enemy will let me set up a formation?”

Smugness rose in Pu Yao’s bloody pupil and then disappeared, “Your understanding of formations is still too shallow. I have seen strong xiuzhe. Their minds would just move and they could make a big formation. They have endless tricks. I once encountered a sword xiu. He had twelve flying swords, and he could set up a powerful formation in the blink of an eye, extremely strong.”

Zuo Mo was slightly disappointed, “You’re just wasting your words.” Recently, he had been studying formations, but he had just started. He needed a lot of time to set up a slightly complex formation, much less using his mind to set up a large formation.

“It seems your basic knowledge is too weak.” Pu Yao was not gentle in mocking Zuo Mo. He continued, “There is something called formation disks in this world.”

“Formation disks?” Zuo Mo paused and then became joyous, “You know how to make formation disks?” Many of the formation jade scrolls he had gathered would mention the thing called “formation disks” but not one of the jade scrolls mentioned how to make formation disks. He had planned

on searching in Dong Fu to see if he could buy a jade scroll about formation disks. However, after the incident with the Inky Black Lotus seed occurred, he didn't have time to go search before he sneaked back to the mountain.

"I don't have any interest in trash like formation disks." Pu Yao's words were like a bucket of cold water poured over his head. Zuo Mo's heart that had just heated slightly instantly cooled down.

He looked in extreme dissatisfaction at Pu Yao.

Pu Yao shrugged, "Even though I don't understand, but I know where to find the instructions."

"Where?" Zuo Mo couldn't help but ask.

"Oh, I feel we need to make an agreement." Pu Yao said slowly.

Zuo Mo first stilled and then understood what Pu Yao meant. He asked, "What agreement?"

"I'll tell you where it is. You need to give me fifty yin fiends, alive." Pu Yao's bright red tongue licked his lips, extremely alluring.

"Ok." Zuo Mo agreed without any hesitations.

"Hee hee, your sect's records room has it." Pu Yao smirked at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo was speechless.

The records room of Wu Kong Sword Sect was open to all inner sect disciples and did not require any contribution points. When the sect leader had announced this, Zuo Mo had been suspicious that he had heard it wrong. He felt none of the elders were charitable people, so why would they announce such a strange rule?

However, Zuo Mo definitely approved of it. The only shortcoming was that the sect primarily focused on sword scriptures and had pitiful amounts of other jade scrolls. There were very few that were good ones. This was also why Zuo Mo hadn't thought of the sect's records room in the first place.

Zuo Mo suddenly stopped in his steps. He saw a familiar figure.

Luo Li Shixiong!

Wasn't he in seclusion? Zuo Mo was slightly surprised. He looked a few more times. Luo Li Shixiong seemed engrossed in his reading, and hadn't noticed his arrival at all.

Zuo Mo didn't have any good feelings for Luo Li Shixiong. The conflict between the two of them basically could not be resolved. Zuo Mo didn't want to have a conflict happen in the records room so he lightened his steps and started searching in the records room.

He quickly found the jade scroll on formation disks and was overjoyed. Pu Yao hadn't lied to him.

Holding the jade scroll, Zuo Mo quickly sunk into the world of the jade scroll, completely forgetting the passage of time.

Formation disks was putting already prepared formations inside a jade disk so that when it was needed, it could quickly be released. It was an extremely practical technique. The majority of formations could be made into formation disks for easy use. However, the power of formation disks was slightly weaker than the formations that were set up using talismans, so it was preferred by low level xiuzhe below jindan.

In all the xiuzhe, the ones skilled in using formation disks were roaming xiu. Zuo Mo found that he seemed to be extremely similar to roaming xiu. The spells that he had primarily focused on in the area of ling farming were also one of the areas roaming xiu were skilled in.

The difficulty of creating formation disks was directly related to the difficulty of the formation. It had to be said that Zuo Mo's days which he spend in Dong Fu processing all kinds of materials had given him large amounts of experience. Under his attentive studying, he gradually learned how to make formation disks.

Before this, he studied formations because he wanted to increase his skill at forging and dan-making. He had never thought about using formations against enemies. Only when he started learning how to make formation disks did he find that formations could be used against enemies.

When he left the records room, the sky was already dark. Luo Li Shixiong had disappeared. Zuo Mo guessed that he had left.

Returning to the Little West Wind Yard, Xiao Guo had already left. Only Silly Bird was standing on the rooftop, untiringly preening her own feathers again and again.

Finding a jade board in the room, Zuo Mo gathered his mind to think and started to create his first formation disk.

He cut out a piece of jade that was palm-sized and the thickness of a finger. There was no need to wonder about the shape of the formation disk. Zuo Mo used the Water Drop sword to cut it into a rough circular shape. The important part was to seal the formation into the jade disk. What formation should he seal?

Since it was his first try, Zuo Mo decided to pick a formation of little difficulty – Three Talent Water formation.

The only purpose of this formation was to greatly increase the water content inside a certain area to increase the power of water element spells. There were many things that had to be taken care of when setting up a formation, and the most important one of them was the formation talisman. The formation talisman was just a talisman that could act as the intermediary for the formation.

Some xiuzhe would create some little flags and use them to make the formation. Others would make a beaded bracelet for the formation. The xiuzhe were different, and the formation talismans that could be used were endless and varied. However, if they were formation talismans, they would have some similarities, such as number.

The more powerful the formation, the more complex it usually was, and the more formation talismans was needed to create the formation.

However, to Zuo Mo, formation talismans was something he could only dream about. He didn't have the power presently to create a good formation talisman. Thankfully, the Three Talent Water formation did not need any good materials. Zuo Mo just randomly found three pieces of first-grade Greenwood, cut it up to half a cun wide, and three cun long

pieces, before starting to carve the formation on them.

Due to the formation itself being simple, three crude formation talismans were quickly completed.

Zuo Mo started to set up the Three Talent Water formation. The three pieces of Greenwood were placed in the positions of sky, earth, and person. Two jingshi were placed according to the positions of sun and moon. After setting it up, Zuo Mo started a spell.

A layer of misty water quickly covered the Little West Wind Yard. Silly Bird shrieked in shock from the roof, and hurriedly flapped her wings to fly into the sky.

At this time, Zuo Mo had taken out the jade disk he had prepared before, and cast a spell to seal the formation.

All the water and the Three Talent Water formation were completely taken into the jade disk. There was nothing left on the ground, and on the jade disk, there was a green water shaped sigil.

Zuo Mo found it extremely interesting. He quickly cast a spell for the formation disk. Light flashed across the surface of the formation disk, and a three talent water formation appeared on the ground again, continuously producing water. However, the rate of water that it produced in the air was slightly slower than before.

So interesting!

Zuo Mo, interested, started to make all kinds of formation disks. Even though it was the simplest materials, but he was extremely interested and toyed around gleefully.

He only stopped when all the ling power in his body was used up. He had about a dozen of all kinds of formation disks. Extremely exhausted, he collapsed into sleep. Moments later, his snores were like thunder.

Zuo Mo was called up by Xiao Guo.

“Shixiong.” Xiao Guo timidly called.

“Hm.” Zuo Mo barely managed to open his eyes and muttered indistinctly. It had been a time since he had such a good sleep.

“Sect Leader tells you to go to Wu Kong Hall.”

“Wu Kong Hall... .. don’t bother me... ..” Just having opened his eyes, Zuo Mo’s mind was still fuzzy. After a while, his mind focused and he instantly sat up, nervously asking Xiao Guo, “Where did you just say Sect Leader wanted me to go?”

“Sect Leader said for you to go to Wu Kong Hall... ..” Xiao Guo timidly said.

Without another word, he jumped up, and rushed out of the West Wind Valley like a burst of wind.

She was joking!

If Sect Leader said for him to go to Wu Kong Hall, then that definitely meant he had something important to announce!

On the way there, he kept on pondering what important matter did the sect leader have to announce this time?

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Translator Ramblings: Poor Zuo Mo, he really is still far from being a good businessman. Three guesses what the announcement is about and the first two doesn’t count!

Chapter 114: Sword Test Conference?

When Zuo Mo hurried to Wu Kong Hall, he was surprised to find Luo Li Shixiong was also there. He bowed to the sect leader seated at the front before standing to one side. Scanning the surroundings, he saw the other shibo and Master had not come. There was only the three of them in Wu Kong Hall.

“Luo Li, Zuo Mo, you two need to prepare. One month later, you and your Wei Sheng Shixiong will represent our sect at Dong Fu Sword Test Conference. You have to cultivate well, and not slack off.” The sect leader concisely announced this news.

The status of Wei Sheng as Eldest Shixiong had become unshakable after he came out of the sword cave. Supposedly, the sect leader had announced it on the spot.

Luo Li did not say a word, just bowed.

Zuo Mo, who did not have any mental preparations, was dumb on his spot. Sword Test Conference? He was going to attend the Sword Test Conference?

After a while, he regained his focus and said, panicked, “Sect leader, this... isn’t this a bit inappropriate?”

“How is it inappropriate?” Pei Yuan Ran hadn’t thought that Zuo Mo would say it was inappropriate.

Seeing the sect leader’s gaze land on him, Zuo Mo could only keep going, “This disciple might not be able to take the duty. It is enough for our sect to have Wei Sheng Shixiong and Luo Li Shixiong, this disciple’s power is weak... ..”

Before he even finished, even Luo Li’s eyes as they looked at him were slightly strange.

Pei Yuan Ran chuckled, “Ha ha. You don’t look anything like your Scalping Zombie nickname.” He narrowed his eyes slightly, and said warmly, “The reputation of the sect, when it’s time to use it, it should

naturally be used well. However, when the sect needs your service, you cannot retreat.”

Zuo Mo’s heart dropped.

It was over! The sect leader definitely knew that he had gone to Ling Ying Sect!

The sect leader’s warm gaze right now was like a knife. Zuo Mo felt extremely uncomfortable, the words that had reached his mouth shrinking back. He hurriedly said, “Yes yes yes! This disciple was muddle-minded! To earn honor for the sect, it is the duty of our generation. This disciple will extinguish volcanoes and upset seas if necessary.”

The sect leader laughed, “We don’t need you to go through anything. Just try at the competition. It will be good for you personally.”

Zuo Mo instantly was embarrassed. It was lucky that there was no expression on his face and nothing could be seen. The reason that he didn’t want to attend the Sword Test Conference was that he didn’t want to divide his attention. He suddenly asked curiously, “Sect Leader, hasn’t the Sword Test Conference been going on for a while? Disciple had thought it was going to finish soon.”

“Ha ha, the local sects would always have a few slots. You can directly attend the Sword Test Conference, and do not have to start from the preliminary Sword Test Conference. Alright, if you have any more questions, you can ask your Li Ying Feng shijie. I have put her in charge of the logistics for this conference.” Pei Yuan Ran waved his hands, signaling for the two to leave.

From beginning to end, Luo Li did not say a word, standing there like a block of wood. Zuo Mo didn’t exchange pleasantries with him and they left on their own paths.

Walking to the West Wind Valley, Zuo Mo still hadn’t managed to react yet. He had never thought about attending the Sword Test Conference. Even though he was tempted of the prizes, but he knew how much he was really worth. He had heard things when he had been processing materials in Dong Fu. Supposedly, this Sword Test Conference was the biggest Sky

Moon Jie ever held, and had the highest attendance in history.

别看他在灵英派举耀武扬威，大占便宜，其中运气成份颇多。在天月界数目众多的年轻弟子之中，能够占一流之地的，全都是那些能够年纪轻轻，便已达到凝脉期的修者，像韦胜师兄。凝脉期就像一道门槛，在三十岁之前跨不过去，便难有大成就。

He might have been bold and victorious at Ling Ying Sect, and gotten a lot of gains, but there was a lot of luck involved. In the many young disciples of Sky Moon Jie, the first-class ones were those young people who had already reached the stage of ningmai, like Wei Sheng Shixiong. Ningmai was like a doorway. If they could not step over it before thirty years old, they wouldn't make any great achievements.

Zuo Mo was full of confidence in Wei Sheng Shixiong, but placed in the context of the entire Sky Moon Jie, this confidence would have to be discounted. Dong Fu was just one of the thirteen primary towns of Sky Moon Jie, and there were countless families of various sizes spread out across the wild.

In Sky Moon Jie, other sects of various sizes, the next numerous group were all kinds of families. These families had generations of cultivators, and there were not many differences compared to sects, except that they were even more traditional and conservative. They did not accept xiuzhe from the outside.

Compared to sects, the resources that the families had were much less, and they were less scriptures and spells. However, they had their own method of surviving. They might not have many spells, but after being refined and corrected by generations of disciples, as long as it had managed to pass down, it would have its unique traits. The disciples that came from sects, they would have stronger foundations in areas. The disciples that came from families, they would always have one or two spectacular spells. Each had their specialties.

If a talented disciple came out of a cultivation family, the tilt in the resources would be even greater than a sect.

So many powerful experts, he, with his zhuji cultivation, what would he

do there? Zuo Mo twisted his mouth.

In reality, even Luo Li Shixiong didn't have a hope in his eyes. If someone had a chance from the sect, it would only be Wei Sheng Shixiong. When he thought of Wei Sheng Shixiong, Zuo Mo couldn't help but feel expectant. Shixiong, who had killed his way step by step in the cave, and broken through to the stage of ningmai, what kind of display would he put up? This was the only part of the Sword Test Conference that Zuo Mo was interested in.

The yin fiends in the sword cave had all been wiped out by Shixiong. Even, Pu Yao, when speak of Shixiong, would occasionally show hints of praise.

Okay, since he was just going there to show his face, Zuo Mo decided, of course, he would display his effort to avoid being punished by the sect leader. Zuo Mo then decided to throw the problem to one side and keep doing what he was doing.

In the little yard, Xiao Guo was still practicing the sword, sweating heavily, extremely focused. Zuo Mo did not disturb her, only standing and looking silently from the side. After a short while, he nodded. Xiao Guo had improved very quickly, and the [Blue Flower] sword scripture had formed. In reality, Xiao Guo's talents in the sword could only count as average. Zuo Mo had only taught her to fulfill the duty of a shixiong.

But as Xiao Guo continuously improved, especially the effort that almost surpassed Zuo Mo's imagination, his attitude started to gradually change and he taught more seriously.

[Blue Flower] sword scripture, killing intent hidden within the gentleness. The navy sword light was sometimes thin and dense, layers of circles like the fine brush paintings, sometimes the sword leapt like the crazed ink writing.

Presently, Xiao Guo's [Blue Flower] still lacked killing intent, but on soft, yin, and entangling, it was exceptional. What Zuo Mo felt astounded by was the "tenacity" that was barely perceivable in her sword presence. She was like a timid and silent spider hiding in the white porcelain vase,

spitting out countless thin navy strands, quietly forming a dense and strong blue net, trapping her opponent.

This [Blue Flower] was really suited for her!

Zuo Mo praised inside and felt happy for her. In the future, Xiao Guo definitely could become a pretty strong sword xiu.

There was another transformation in [Blue Flower], drawing essence. Zuo Mo felt that he couldn't demand so much. This thing was related to one's personality. Xiao Guo wasn't that kind of forthright and lively person. He guess it would be hard for her to comprehend that level of sword essence. Zuo Mo wasn't a person stuck on transformations. He felt that if Xiao Guo kept developing like this, she would definitely carve out a road for herself.

Thinking about it, Zuo Mo gathered all the jade scrolls that he felt could give Xiao Guo help. Most of them were yin and soft sword scriptures.

At this time, Xiao Guo had completed one round of practice. When she raised her head and saw Zuo Mo watching on from the side, she timidly said, "Shixiong... .."

"Oh." Zuo Mo responded. He took out a few jade scrolls out of his hundred treasures pouch to give to Xiao Guo, "Take this and have a look. Don't just practice, take a look at other things, learn some knowledge, it can be inspiration for you."

Seeing mist rise in Xiao Guo's eyes, Zuo Mo instantly had a headache. He hurriedly stuffed the jade scrolls into Xiao Guo's hands, and said in a deliberately stern tone, "This is homework! I will inspect it! Don't slack off! Keep practicing!"

Finishing, he fled, heading towards his house.

Everything about this little girl was good, except she liked crying too much. Zuo Mo shook his head. He could do nothing for Xiao Guo there. Oh, she can practice by herself since she had been pretty good right now. Zuo Mo said extremely irresponsibly.

He quickly threw the question to one side, and started his daily

cultivation.

His cultivation was extremely unequal right now. The great majority of his time was on scriptures. Both [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] and [Vajra Profound Sutra] needed large amounts of time. In comparison, the time he spent on spells was lamentable. Due to not having the next section on the five element spells of ling plant farmers, he could only work on the finger motions to stop them from becoming unfamiliar. [Li Water Sword Scripture] after he merged the sword essences, he found that he had greatly diverged from the contents of the jade scrolls. The content in the jade scrolls was not suited to the newly hybrid sword essence. The problem was while it was hard to merge together the sword essences, it was even harder to split them apart again.

The only thing Zuo Mo felt happy about was the new sword essence was much more powerful than before.

The remaining time was on the spells for dan-making and forging. Shi Feng Rong felt that she didn't have time to teach him dan-making so she let him read all the jade scrolls relating to dan-making. She had even wiped away the jinzhi on the jade scrolls that required an appropriate cultivation for Zuo Mo to read.

It had to be said that this was very beneficial for Zuo Mo. His control over the Stalagmite fire was much stronger than before. He could comprehend many of the intricacies. Even though he could not understand many parts due to his cultivation, but his thinking and knowledge was far above the past.

In the area of forging, he could only be considered to be dabbling. The only thing he was good at was processing materials. Other things, he was extremely weak. However, he felt that forging was a pretty good direction, especially when he had a fire seed. When he had free time, he would flip through Second Shibo's jade scrolls on forging.

From this, it could be seen just how little spells he had!

However, he didn't have any better methods. He definitely couldn't talk about it with Sect Leader and the shibo, otherwise, he would be lectured.

The elders would certainly sternly lecture him to practice the sword, and not bite off more than he can chew.

One sword breaks all moves was the confidence of sword xiu experts.

It was a pity that Zuo Mo was not an expert and did not have much time recently to put on the sword. He was a pure pragmatist. His development was completely due to needs and motivations. After he had nearly tripped up at Ling Ying Sect, he had become highly alert that he could not do it again.

Earning jingshi, it was better to be safe and steady.

Before, he had spent large amounts of time on formations, but since he had been lacking for effective methods, he had studied, but didn't have great interest.

But now that he had the formation disks, this had undoubtedly opened a window for Zuo Mo.

On the other side of the window was a completely new world.

Translator Ramblings:

This chapter was a bit of review on Zuo Mo's abilities since he is going to have fight in the future. Pei Yuan Ran also makes a good point about the relationship between the sect and its disciples. The sect comes with a lot of benefits and so the disciples should pay back when needed.

Chapter 115: Exploring the Sword Cave Again

Zuo Mo opened his eyes, the dark gold covering his entire body slowly fading.

If one was to slice peel away Zuo Mo's skin, they would see that the flesh under the skin would appear have countless slivers of gold embedded in it. The third level of [Vajra Profound Sutra], "Golden Clothing of Flesh", became deeper each day. The mo matrix seemed to have the greatest pairing with [Vajra Profound Sutra]. Even Zuo Mo was shocked at the progression speed of [Vajra Profound Sutra]. Originally, he had assumed that the gravestone version of [Vajra Profound Sutra] would be slow and steady. Who knew that with the addition of a mo matrix, it dramatically transformed.

Based on this speed, he would soon reach the fourth level of "Red Lotus Flowing Gold". It was a pity that other than body cultivation, Zuo Mo didn't know how to use it.

Even though his body was "golden clothing of flesh" and was not easily injured by normal flying sword. But the sorry state he was in when he had encountered the yin fiends last time made him understand that even though his body could not be destroyed, he could do nothing against spiritual attacks.

Zuo Mo felt he was a complete tragedy. He had a gigantic consciousness but didn't know how to use it; he had cultivated his body to "Golden Clothing of Flesh", but similarly, he didn't know how to use it; he knew the attributes of countless materials, but could not forge an acceptable talisman... ..

The only thing he felt fortunate about was that he knew how to make formations disks now. He could now use the formations he had learned!

Pu Yao, who had become impatient long ago, nagged, "Start working! Start working!"

He didn't wait for Zuo Mo to speak up. Throwing out the jingshi a blur, of light, and one person, and one yao disappeared from their spots.

"We agreed. Fifty seriously injured yin fiends," Pu Yao emphasized, "Alive!"

"I know," Zuo Mo was extremely conscious that he had to pay what he owed. Even more, he owed Pu Yao. It wasn't easy to take advantage of Pu Yao.

These past few days, he had made large amounts of all kinds of formation disks and wanted to try their abilities.

"There's one there," Pu Yao instantly became excited as he floated towards one corner. Zuo Mo followed in a hurry.

As expected, a yin fiend was silently floating in the corner. Zuo Mo noticed the mist around the body of this yin fiend was denser than last time.

"What's this? It looks harder to deal with than last time," He asked Pu Yao.

Pu Yao stared fixedly at this yin fiend with his eyes bright. The only thing lacking was him drooling. Without turning his head he said, "What place is this? The yin fiends absorbed yin energy every day. It's natural that they grow quickly."

Zuo Mo muttered in responded, "So that was why."

This yin fiend was stronger than the last one. It quickly found Zuo Mo, gave a dissonant sound, and then leapt at Zuo Mo.

At the same time a consciousness stab came. However, Zuo Mo was prepared the time. With a snicker he flipped his hand, and he lightly threw out a formation disk!

The formation disk was like it was thrown into the water. The air vibrated and the formation disk disappeared.

The air next to Zuo Mo's ears shook. The consciousness stab brushed passed him. His heart was joyful. The formation was already effective!

The yin fiend that had travelled not far away from Zuo Mo suddenly stopped in its place, seemingly confused. Due to desiring to see the effect of the formation, Zuo Mo wasn't in a hurry to attack and circled around the yin fiend. The yin fiend inside the formation didn't respond at all, and was just turning in circles.

As expected joy could barely be disguised in Zuo Mo's eyes, I hadn't guessed wrong!

Pu Yao had told him the requirements for yin fiends to form. Adding on the attack of the consciousness stabs that the yin fiend had used last time, Zuo Mo had deduced that yin fiends were vulnerable to illusory formations. Yin fiends were born from yin energies. Even though they knew how to use consciousness stabs, however their intelligence was low and were easily prey to illusory formations.

The formation he threw out was called [Path Confusion Formation]. It was one of the simplest illusory formations. Its effect was to make others lose track of their position.

Due to the limited materials, Zuo Mo was not able to create a more complex Path Confusion Formation. In real battles, a second-grade Path Confusion Formation wouldn't be very effective. It basically was not effective against any xiuzhe above the stage of zhuji. Even more so, the Path Confusion Formation released by the formation disk was less powerful.

However, this little and mostly useless Path Confusion Formation successfully trapped a yin fiend.

In an instant, Zuo Mo's heart was filled with the feeling of accomplishment!

After Pu Yao had said that if he could not increase the storage of ling power, then he should decrease the use of ling power to increase the efficiency of ling power, it had given him great inspiration. What he understood and was skilled at were all low-level spells. Right now, the improvement in his cultivation was extremely slow, and those high level spells and formations all had high demands on ling power. He had been

disappointed for a long time, but the mo matrix and yao seed could not be removed. He could not solve the problem of storing ling power, that meant he was destined to work with only low-level spells.

Without any other method, he could only rely on these low level spells and formations. He had a feeling, if he could use them well, low level spells and formations could also release a significant power

Reality proved that he was correct!

As long as the direction was right, a second-grade formation could trap a yin fiend.

It was great motivation that he had been right. This caused him to completely forget Pu Yao. All of his attention was on the trapped yin fiend. He wanted to see how long this Path Confusion Formation that was not even second-grade could trap this yin fiend? This yin fiend, what counterattack would it have?

Seeing Zuo Mo not moving, Pu Yao was slightly dissatisfied, but he suppressed it. He also wanted to see what Zuo Mo wanted to do.

The yin fiend inside the formation gradually became irritable. It could be seen from the boiling yin energy around it. From the time it had been trapped, the yin fiend had released five consciousness stabs, all of them failing to hit anything, and in all directions. This was evidence that the yin fiend had completely lost its sense of direction.

Squeak!

The yin fiend suddenly gave an extremely piercing yell, and from the restless yin energy, there were five grey thin splinters that suddenly shot out!

Bam, a light sound, and the Path Confusion Formation instantly broke. The five grey splinters were not hampered and continued to travel in their path.

Zuo Mo's expression changed slightly. One of the grey splinters was shooting towards him!

Hurriedly casting a spell, the Moonwater Black Turtle armor's formation started up. A semi-clear turtle shell shield appeared in front of him. Pew! The turtle shield shook, the light fading but it managed to stop it.

Zuo Mo was shocked. This grey splinter was this powerful! He was extremely clear just how strong the turtle shell defense that the Moonwater Black Turtle armor put out. It had almost been broken. If that had landed on his body, it definitely would have left a bloody hole!

Gritting his teeth, another formation disk appeared on his hand – Dragon Tying formation!

When the formation disk left his hand, it turned to three thin blue chains, and headed for the yin fiend. The five grey splinters seemed to have been harmful to the yin fiend as well. It was drooping at its spot, unable to dodge in time. The three blue chains were like three blue snakes, securely tying it up. Speaking of it, it was strange. This yin fiend was completely made up of yin energy, but these blue chains could tie it like it was tangible, tying it so that it could not move.

Only now did Zuo Mo release a breath.

This [Dragon Tying Formation] was one of the fine formations in the jade scrolls that he had earned. To make this Dragon Tying Formation, he had used up a lot of materials. This was one of the biggest insurances he had this time. He hadn't thought he would use it so early.

"Do you need be to help?" Zuo Mo calmed down and turned to ask Pu Yao.

"No need," Pu Yao licked the corner of his mouth and walked towards the yin fiend that was tied up. The yin fiend seemed to be extremely terrified of Pu Yao, furiously squeaking.

Pu Yao was not moved. Walking in front of the yin fiend, he reached with his hand into the yin energy.

There didn't seem to be any movement but the squeaks of the yin fiend gradually became smaller. The grey yin energy covering the body of the yin fiend was sucked into Pu Yao's palm at a speed visible to the naked eye. Pu

Yao revealed an intoxicated expression, "So long since I tasted something this delicious!"

In the blink of an eye, he had sucked the yin fiend dry.

The three blue chains vanished into the air without a support.

"Oh, there's still forty nine more!" There seemed to be a new glow on Pu Yao's face, the smile at the corner of his mouth even more enchanting.

Luckily, Zuo Mo had prepared large amounts of formation disks for this trip to the sword cave. The Dragon Tying Formation was just one of them.

Gradually, Zuo Mo became familiar with the specialties of the yin fiends. The grey splinters was the last life-saving move of the yin fiends. After they used it, they would shrink and become weak. The illusory formations were one hundred percent successful against the yin fiends. Zuo Mo had to sigh that it was wondrous how things in the world would have their weaknesses.

As Zuo Mo became familiar with the yin fiends, his moves became much more skilled.

He spent more time now examining how the yin fiends used the consciousness. Yin fiends were extremely primitive and crude in their use of consciousness, but to Zuo Mo who didn't know how to use his consciousness at all, it was an extremely valuable experience. When he encountered the tenth yin fiend, Zuo Mo could form a consciousness stab after trying a few times to condense the yin energy into needles. Zuo Mo could skillfully use it after practicing a few times, but he was not very satisfied with the power.

This move could be used as an ambush, but if the other person was prepared, it basically didn't have any use. The first time, Zuo Mo had been unprepared and that had caused his sorry state.

Pu Yao expressed his usual disdain and mockery.

Zuo Mo then put his attention on the grey splinters the yin fiends released because he found the grey splinters were much stronger than the consciousness stab. Every time, he would push the yin fiend to the limit to

get the yin fiend to release the grey splinter for him to inspect. His consciousness was much stronger and larger than the yin fiend. After repeated inspections, he finally understood the gist.

The center of the grey splinter was consciousness, and the outer layer was a dense skin of yin energy. The grey splinter was much more skilled than the consciousness stab. It would use less spiritual power than the consciousness stab but the consciousness stab couldn't compare to it in power.

Pu Yao's mood was extremely good. He had ate more than ten yin fiends in a row. There was an additional glow on his face, even the red pupil and the red crystal on his ears became bright and luminous.

In opposition to Pu Yao, Zuo Mo's mood was terrible.

He spent so much effort to understand what the grey splinter was but he could not use it. Was there anything that would make someone more depressed?

He felt it was not very hard to control his consciousness, but he wasn't a yin fiend, where would he get such dense and pure yin energy?

The grey splinters must include yin energy for them to be used. Without the available materials, without yin energy, Zuo Mo couldn't do it.

Wait!

Zuo Mo, who had been following with his head down beside Pu Yao, suddenly felt a light flash across his mind. His feet couldn't help but stop.

Floating at the front, Pu Yao was slightly surprised. He also stopped and looked back in slight puzzlement.

He coincidentally saw Zuo Mo's raised eyes, and the glee that could not be disguised!

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Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo makes some progress on his body cultivation. His defenses have now gotten up. But he is still lacking a lot of techniques and knowledge.

Chapter 116: Yin Splinter

Zuo Mo thought of the yin beads.

‘Aren’t the yin beads made of yin energy? The yin energy in the yin beads was even more condensed than the yin energy of the yin fiends.’ Zuo Mo became more excited the more he thought about it. He took out a yin bead and started to study it.

Consciousness was extremely sensitive to other consciousness. When Zuo Mo inspected it before, he had clearly understood the consciousness inside the grey yin splinter. However, the yin bead was different than the yin energy surrounding the yin fiend. The condensation of the yin energy in the yin bead far surpassed the yin energy surrounding the yin fiend. He still needed to slowly figure out how to use his consciousness.

He referred to this grey splinter as yin splinter.

Zuo Mo sunk into his thoughts. He wasn’t afraid of finding things out. What he was afraid of was not finding a direction. Now that he found a direction, he was halfway there.

Pu Yao curiously looked at Zuo Mo thoughtfully as he silently floated forward. Zuo Mo unconsciously followed him.

Zuo Mo didn’t notice that the road under his feet was heading down.

A dark smile came onto the corner of Pu Yao’s mouth.

Squeak!

Zuo Mo was suddenly shaken and was frightened out of his thoughts. He raised his head and saw a yin fiend heading towards him!

He was familiar with the routine and did not panic, He threw out a formation disk with Path Confusion Formation inscribed in it. It was easy to make a Path Confusion Formation, and it didn’t need much in terms of quality of the materials. So Zuo Mo had made more of them than anything else. The hundred treasure pouch at his waist was extremely heavy, completely filled with all kinds of low level formation disks. If it wasn’t that his [Vajra Profound Sutra] had reached the level of golden flesh

clothing, and his strength had improved, just the formation disks would be enough to crush him.

As expected, the yin fiend stopped in its steps.

But quickly, the yin fiend surprised Zuo Mo greatly. The yin energy surrounding the yin fiend moved restlessly and three grey yin splinters suddenly shot into the surroundings. The Path Confusion Formation that had just formed was like a wet piece of paper and was torn to pieces.

Only now did Zuo Mo notice the yin energy surrounding this yin fiend was thicker than the previous yin fiends. As the yin energy was extremely condensed, the grey yin energy looked black.

Damn it! This yin fiend wasn't a normal one!

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw that Pu Yao had retreated to one side, a smirk on his face. Zuo Mo didn't have to think to know that it was Pu Yao's fault!

But there was no time to think about it now. After this yin fiend shot out three yin splinters, it actually was not affected. It was completely immune to the weakening that the other yin fiends had when they shot out yin splinters. Zuo Mo couldn't help but have a bad feeling! There was only things like Path Confusion formations left in the hundred treasures pouch. He had completely used up the good formation disks like the Dragon Tying formation.

Responding panickedly, Zuo Mo barely managed to dodge the yin fiend. The cold wind stirred by the yin fiend brushing past made his hair stand on end.

Before he could distance himself, shoo shoo shoo, three yin splinters suddenly shot out of the yin fiend!

Too close!

Unable to dodge in time, Zuo Mo could only start up the turtle shell shield of the Moonwater Black Turtle armor!

Pew!

The hard turtle shield was like a fragile bubble, dying at the same time as one of the yin splinters. The other two yin splinters directly headed for his face and vital areas.

Zuo Mo's soul fled. At the time of life and death, he focused all his attention, all his ling power was channeled, all of his consciousness was furiously moving!

He didn't have the time to summon his flying sword!

Didn't have the time to take out the seal soldier!

Didn't have the time to take out the yin fire bead!

Right now, there was only one thing he could use

-- [Vajra Profound Sutra]!

"Hai!" Zuo Mo shouted. Golden light flashed across his entire body and then suddenly dimmed. The light came fast and left even faster, as though it flashed by. After the golden light, Zuo Mo's entire body seemed to be made from dark gold. His eyes were widened angrily, but there was no expression on his face. He seemed like the Vajrapani coming down to the earth, angry yet indifferent!

Without any attention to spare, Zuo Mo reached out with his two dark gold palms, swiping at the two yin splinters!

What one would find strange was that his hands moved extremely slowly, but a feeling of pressure formed. The formation on the vambraces: Thousand Catty!

At the same time, the third-grade Wind Travel boots silently glowed.

Zuo Mo's hands caught the yin splinters.

Slap slap. Two clear explosions. The yin splinters seemed to have been hammered, exploding into yin energy, and spreading out. Zuo Mo didn't end up well either, his hands trembling, his fingers in heart rending pain. The [Vajra Profound Sutra] in his body almost collapsed, but he knew this was not the time to take a break and gritted his teeth to persist!

The third-grade Wind Travel boots lit up. [Wind Travel] and

[Movement] both started. Zuo Mo was like a ghost. After a string of turns, he distanced himself from the yin fiend!

Panting heavily, Zuo Mo stared fixedly at the yin fiend in front of him!

The dangerous changes that had just occurred frightened him. He didn't even know how he managed to get through it. His heart was beating hard like a heavy drum. He had been too nervous before, and there hadn't been time for him to be afraid. Now that he had the attention to spare, he had enormous fear, and terror once again took over his body.

Such a strong yin fiend!

The yin fiend seemed to have detected Zuo Mo's power. This time, it didn't charge at him, and maintained the standoff with Zuo Mo. The yin energy that had been moving around its body stopped, motionless. Zuo Mo didn't dare to slack off now. The yin fiend in front of his eyes was like a fully drawn bow. Just the slightest bit of outside force would cause it to attack!

Zuo Mo's hand touched the Water Drop sword, the terror inside instantly decreasing by a lot. His heart slowly resumed calm.

He suddenly understood a little bit the meaning of the flying sword for sword xiu.

However, this was not the time to think about those things. He needed to first kill of this damned yin fiend in front of him!

With his flying sword in hand, Zuo Mo's confidence instantly rose. He didn't hesitate, and didn't hold anything back as he attacked.

"Seven Whirlpools!"

Seven whirlpools was made up of countless sword energies and securely surrounded the yin fiend. The cold energy brimming as the sword energies crisscrossed!

The yin fiend that had been preparing started its attack.

Inside the yin energy it had condensed, a circle of yin splinters shot out at the surroundings with it at the center like a grey flower blooming.

The yin splinters and “Seven Whirlpools” smashed into each other.

Bam bam bam!

A string of explosions sounded like fireworks lit up, ringing in the ears.

The seven sword energies whirlpools were destroyed in an instant, but after the whirlpools that had been made up of those sword energy was torn apart, the power actually increased instead! After the seven sword energy whirlpools broke, the area that they surrounded instantly turned into a mess, extremely disordered and chaotic. In the chaos, countless pieces made out of sword energies flew up and down like countless blades, furiously cutting and slicing!

The pitiful yin fiend was in the center of the chaos and instantly was cut by the countless sword energies.

Zuo Mo was joyful. He hadn't thought that [Seven Whirlpools] would increase in power after being broken.

The yin energy around this yin fiend was extremely dense, and the wounds inflicted by the sword energies were more serious. Looking at the yin fiends struggling in the disorder, Zuo Mo's heart relaxed slightly. Only now was he at an advantage. This yin fiend was really strong!

The yin fiend that he had destroyed with one sword blow and the yin fiend in front of him now was not on the same level.

Suddenly, the yin fiend gave a piercing yell. The yin energy surrounding its body suddenly shrunk inward and started to gather.

Zuo Mo was shocked.

The power of the chaos had started to falter. Even those broken sword energies had lost their sharpness. The yin energy surrounding the yin fiend shrunk, its body becoming even more concentrated. The sword energies, when they sliced it, gave cracking sounds as though they were cutting leather.

It knew a move like this!

Zuo Mo was dumbstruck at the endless moves this yin fiend had. He

couldn't help but think it was bad. Even though he didn't know what the yin fiend would do next, he decided to attack first

using another [Seven Whirlpools]!

Seven sword energy whirlpools once again appeared surrounding the yin fiend. The fragments of sword energy that had lost power were instantly sucked in by the seven whirlpools. The seven whirlpools instantly grew to twice its size. Under the high speed of revolution, the hissing became even more clear, shocking to the soul.

Between the seven whirlpools, the yin fiend was still compressing yin energy, not paying attention to anything else. At this time, its body was the size of a bamboo basket, entirely grey black like a soft ball of ink.

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and forcefully reversed his ling force!

“Break!”

Boom!

Seven gigantic whirlpools simultaneously exploded, countless pieces of sword energies shooting into the surroundings!

The place that the yin fiend was at was the densest place of sword energy fragments, and the place most severely affected. In that instant, hundreds of sword energy fragments bombed the yin fiend's body.

Pew pew pew!

Countless ripples appeared on the yin fiend's inky black body, the yin fiend's body shuddered.

A stream of blood came out of the corner of Zuo Mo's mouth. When he had reversed the flow of his ling power, he had injured his channels. However, his eyes were excited. This seven whirlpools, it was definitely the strongest seven whirlpools he had ever done!

So there were times where the breaking of a sword move could increase its power. He seemed to understand something.

The harm the second round of [Seven Whirlpools] was great to the yin fiend. It could be seen from the stability of its body. Before, its compressed

body had been like a ball of sticky ink, floating steadily in the air. After enduring a storm of countless sword energy fragments, its inky body seemed to show signs of instability. Occasionally, a yin energy drop would drip down from its body like ink. However, before the droplet landed on the flow, the yin energy would dissipate in the air.

The yin fiend was completely infuriated this time!

Zuo Mo could clearly feel its anger, the anger passed on by its consciousness!

At this moment, a little ball of inky yin energy left the body of the yin fiend. What surprised Zuo Mo was that this little ball of yin energy did not dissipate in the air after it separated.

Suddenly, Zuo Mo's heart jumped!

He could feel the consciousness of the yin fiend was burrowing into this little ball of yin energy!

Yin splinter!

Thinking about the great power of the previous yin splinters, and looking at the inky black ball of yin energy, if the yin splinter was made from such dense yin energy, the power... ..

Zuo Mo shuddered in fear!

What should he use? Li Water Burning Heavens? Or seal soldiers? Or yin fire bead?

Yin fire bead... .. Zuo Mo suddenly thought that he had been thinking about using the yin energy of the yin bead to create a yin splinter. Hadn't he been just having a headache over the yin energy of the yin bead being too dense and hard to control with his consciousness?

He stared at the thick yin energy ball that was floating in front of the yin fiend, concentrating on feeling the transformation it was undergoing.

Zuo Mo suddenly had a feeling. The yin fiend in front of him was the best teacher, teaching him how to use the yin energy and consciousness to make a yin splinter step by step.

He took out a yin bead, copied the yin fiend and started to slowly feed his consciousness into the yin bead.

Watching from the side, Pu Yao was stunned as he gaped at Zuo Mo.

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Translator Ramblings: Just think of the yin splinters like very tiny intangible darts. Zuo Mo is inspired by his opponent, which is a first for this novel.

Chapter 117: What Happened

Even though it was the first time he was using his consciousness in this way, but Zuo Mo's spiritual control was much stronger than this yin fiend. He hadn't processed all those materials for nothing. His spirit was much stronger than the yin fiend in the first place, and his control was the same. It was just that he hadn't know how to use it. Seeing how the yin fiend in front of him was using its consciousness, Zuo Mo felt that the paper on the window easily broke.

One burst of consciousness, shaped like a needle, burrowed into the yin bead.

But the yin energy inside the yin bead was too dense. This bit of consciousness was too weak. Zuo Mo wasn't someone that stuck to rote. He quickly separated a few more strands of consciousness and merged them together before it was just able to enter the yin bead!

Once his consciousness entered the yin bead, Zuo Mo immediately felt an astounding change!

He seemed to be situated in a grey world. Dense yin energy was floating all around him, cold, and strange.

Zuo Mo's mind became blurred. Only when he felt the hardness coming from his feet did he suddenly wake!

The consciousness that had entered the yin bead had come from him. The feelings that it transferred back had conflicted with his own consciousness, and created this momentary daze suddenly.

It was complicated to describe but it was only the flick of a finger.

A inky black yin splinter appeared in front of the yin fiend. As his the yin splinter also formed, Zuo Mo felt a terrifying presence and became wary. Luckily, his own "yin splinter" had formed at the same time. It was strange but the yin fiend still kept its original shape. However, it turned from grey to crystal clear without any imperfections.

Even though he had copied everything the yin fiend had done, but Zuo

Mo still was not very confident. He emboldened his heart and threw out this clear crystal bead

The yin fiend sent out the yin splinter at the exact same time.

The inky black yin splinter moved, and howls started. It was like the crying of infants, the yin energy rippling!

Seeing such a strong presence, Zuo Mo became even less confident. His right hand holding the Water Drop sword, he forced himself to remain calm. He decided, the moment it turned bad, he would definitely use Li Water Burning Heavens even if it meant he would be wounded! He had already been injured before when he had reversed channeled his ling power. If he did Li Water Burning Heavens, his injuries would worsen but he didn't have any better choices.

Only now did he realize that what he trusted the most was [Li Water Burning Heavens]. Pu Yao had spoke of the grand power of the yin fire bead but he had never used it before, and he had almost failed in the process of making the yin bead. Zuo Mo didn't know if its power would be weakened due to that.

He had personally experienced the power of the seal soldier, and it was a good thing, but it took time to recite the spell for this thing, and to cast a spell. If he met an emergency, he wouldn't have the time to use it.

There was only [Li Water Burning Heavens]. As long as he had the Water Drop sword, he could cast it at any time.

He couldn't help but grimace. It was not hard to cast [Li Water Burning Heavens] but it was limited by his cultivation. If he was the least bit uncareful, he could be wounded. He decided that after he returned, he would definitely study some more life-saving moves.

Readying himself, Zuo Mo threw all his thoughts to the back of his mind, all of his attention fixed on the inky black yin splinter.

The clear crystal bead soundlessly drew the most normal projectile curve. There was no sound, no presence. The presence of the black yin splinter was astounding. All the yin energy in the surroundings seemed to

be attracted, a cold wind blowing, causing Zuo Mo's clothes to flap. It also cooled down Zuo Mo's heart. The howls that came from every direction, the dark and coldness that entered from every pore. If it was a person with a weaker mental state, they probably wouldn't even have the thought of fighting under this presence.

In the corner, Pu Yao watched, stunned, as the bead and splinter hit.

Poof!

There wasn't the imagined explosion. There was no light. There was only a clear sound like a bubble popping.

But with this clear sound, the ever present howls instantly stopped. That bone-aching dark cold suddenly dissipated.

Holding the Water Drop sword, already prepared to fight for his life, Zuo Mo was stunned in his spot.

After the hit, the crystal bead had turned into a clear ball of light, and that astoundingly powerful black yin splinter had actually been melted by this clear light, disappearing in the blink of an eye. The still-glowing ball headed for the yin fiend. It was like the yin fiend was paralyzed, not moving as it allowed the ball of light to hit its body.

The yin fiend didn't make a sound as it was hit. It quickly melted and disappeared like a snowman, along with the ball of light. There was nothing remaining.

The instant the ball of light disappeared, Zuo Mo's mind blanked.

After a while, Zuo Mo focused as he looked dumbly at the empty ground.

What... .. what had happened?

The instant the ball of light and the yin fiend had disappeared at the same time, Pu Yao's pupil had suddenly shrunk from behind Zuo Mo but it quickly recovered.

"Pu, this... .. what is this?" Zuo Mo turned around and stammered a question. He had thought of many different results but what happened had definitely not been one of them.

Pu Yao said disdainfully, "Blind cat bumping into a dead mouse."

Zuo Mo definitely wouldn't accept such an irresponsible explanation from Pu Yao. He took out another yin bead, added a bit of consciousness to it. After the yin bead became a crystal bead again, he threw it out.

Poof. The crystal bead hit the ground, a light flashed, and then it disappeared, not even leaving a hole on the ground.

Other than his mind blanking for an instantly, there was no response. Zuo Mo was dumbstruck.

"Haha!" Pu Yao roared with laughter.

Was it really just luck? Zuo Mo didn't believe it. Or did this thing only have an effect against yin fiends?

"We finally managed to encountered a somewhat good yin fiend and you got rid of it," Pu Yao seemed to be disinterested and threw out a few jingshi. Zuo Mo felt the scene in front of his eyes flash and they were back in the stone room.

After returning, Pu Yao went back into the sea of consciousness. He sat down again on the gravestone and closed his eye. Zuo Mo felt that this guy was probably full and was now digesting it all.

Only after returning to the familiar stone room did Zuo Mo feel the heavy exhaustion. He had spent a whole day with his mind on high alert, especially when he had encountered the last few yin fiends. He had spent a lot of energy. Not caring that the ground was cold and wet, he fell asleep on the rock.

"Don't forget!"

"Even in death, you must not forget!"

... ..

As Zuo Mo dreamed, a warm green light rose at his chest, turning into a thin stream and spread into his limbs and organs.

Pu Yao sat on the gravestone, coldly staring at the faraway space.

The Sword Test Conference was full of excitement. Young experts that lit up the eyes of the audience continuously appeared. The special energy that young expert had caused this Sword Test Conference to be full of emotion. Most of the young cultivators were heavy on the offense and light on the defense. A common scene of the Sword Test Conference was flames and light spreading all around.

This was just the preliminary Sword Test Conference. More and more young xiuzhe were rushing to get to Dong Fu.

One by one, unfamiliar and unknown names quickly became familiar.

Zuo Mo opened his eyes and climbed up from the wet and cold ground. He stretched out his limbs and felt that his strength had recovered. He looked at the surroundings. The stone room was cold and silent. Without him noticing, he had lost his dependence on the ling vein in the rock room. The vein was now used to make dan, one, because it was quite enough and no one would disturb him, and two, was the ling spring was a very good place for the water method.

He glanced at the lingdan in the ling spring and put the Water Drop sword into the ling spring to nurture it. This method didn't produce any visible effects but it could change the quality of the Water Drop sword from the ground up.

After finishing this, he coiled his legs and sat down, sinking into his thoughts.

He had gained a lot from his trip to the sword cave.

How to use the formation disks, the effects of each formation disk, stealing how to use the yin splinter from the yin fiends. Even though he didn't really understand the result of what he had copied using the yin bead, but he knew that it worked. It was just that he didn't understand it. Other than that, his biggest discovery was that he found he was lacking life-saving measures. The coordination of low level moves could have power, but the premise was that it required preparations for many situations. If he suddenly encountered danger, he basically had no time to consider how to group together those spells.

Other than that, the seal soldier could only be used once and it took a long time for it to activate. That meant it was fated not to be useful in emergencies.

The only thing he could rely upon was the Water Drop sword. However, just relying on the Water Drop sword, he was not secure.

A true sword xiu would have absolute confidence in their flying sword and sword scripture, like Wei Sheng Shixiong. But this definitely did not include Zuo Mo. He never thought of himself as a pure sword xiu and had no basis for such self confidence.

His gaze landed on the yin fire bead.

He had endured great hardship and trouble the last time when he made the yin fire bead. He naturally didn't bear to use up the one yin fire bead that he had gone to great trouble to make. He had never been clear about the power of the yin fire bead. After he had processed so many materials in Dong Fu, his control of the Stalagmite fire had gone up a level. Adding on the aid of the fire formation, he had the confidence to make a finished yin fire bead. It was just that he hadn't thought about this at all. In this trip to the sword cave, after the dangers he had encountered, he deeply felt the importance of life-saving measures. At a crucial time, if he had one or two tricks up his sleeve, it would be a completely different outcome.

Zuo Mo went to an unpopulated mountain valley. This place was more than a hundred kilometers from Wu Kong Mountain. The old trees in the mountain valley reached for the sky, giving him a great covering.

The yin bead had put him in extreme danger. He knew deeply that this item could not be seen and was even more careful.

After finding a position to stand, he took out the yin fire bead. The cloud like patterns on the bead was extremely beautiful.

In the [Yin Fire Bead Chapter], there were all kinds of strange and weird ways to use the yin fire bead. Because he hadn't had the yin fire bead before, Zuo Mo hadn't really studied them. This time, he decided to really take a good look. He quickly picked out a finger spell called [Finger Throw]. It fulfilled Zuo Mo's demands: simple finger moves, and pretty

good power.

Alone, he stayed in the mountain valley and practiced [Finger Throw].

[Finger Throw] was not complicated. It was constructed out of five finger motions. However, the ling power manipulations related to it was slightly complex. Thankfully, even though Zuo Mo's cultivation was limited, but his control of ling power was extremely outstanding. The degree of difficulty was just a minor problem for him.

After two hours, he had pretty much grasped the finger throw. Four hours later, he was extremely familiar.

Feeling that it was enough, he stopped his practice.

He was extremely curious, using the finger throw to cast the yin fire bead, what would the power be?

Chapter 118: Between Happiness and Grief

The yin fire bead flew forward from Zuo Mo's hand, turning into a milky white thread of fire, and hit a broad tree that would need seven or eight people to circle it.

The milky white flame spread on the ancient tree at an astounding speed. In a few seconds, the milky white flame had covered the entire tree, not even leaving behind a leaf. The tree, which had been bursting with vitality just seconds ago, was now lifeless. As the milky white flame passed, the green leaves instantly turned a chilling white. Quickly, the entire tree was white, and not a bit of green to be seen. The white old tree spread a pressuring chill. Snowflakes started to stir up around the surroundings.

The white leaves started to break off from the tip, like it was being weathered, falling down.

A burst of wind blew, the snowflakes danced, and countless white fragments left the old tree, carried by the wind.

The enormous ancient tree, in front of Zuo Mo, turned to a cloud of white dust and disappeared in the wind.

Zuo Mo was deeply shocked by what happened in front of him.

Returning to the little yard, his mind was still slightly dazed. The yin fire bead was astoundingly powerful, as expected. If it had hit a person, Zuo Mo guessed that even those ningmai xiuzhe wouldn't be able to block it.

For a last resort life-saving measure, the more powerful it was the better!

After that, he put all his energy into creating yin fire beads. With the aid of the Three-Turn fire formation, the process of making yin fire beads was extremely smooth. The yin fire beads that were created this time were different from last time. The entire bead was pure white and flawless, without any trace remaining of the yin bead. However, after Zuo Mo processed one yin bead, he needed to meditate to recover. The ling power and mental power used to create it was astounding; no wonder it was a

weapon of great destruction.

Looking at the twenty yin fire beads in his hands, Zuo Mo felt very confident.

He occasionally would dream, if he threw these twenty yin fire beads out at once, what would it look like?

Having yin fire beads, Zuo Mo didn't care about not mastering the yin splinter. Strangely, Pu Yao seemed to have forgotten that he still owed him many yin fiends and didn't urge him to go to the sword cave.

Zuo Mo was happy to be idle but before he could enjoy the pleasure from having made the yin fire beads, after he inspected his ling power, his mood instantly dived down a cliff.

Damn it!

His cultivation actually stopped growing!

Why was it like this? The sudden blow was like lightning on a clear day, striking him dumb, his head ringing. After the mo matrix had been carved, the rate of his cultivation progress had dramatically slowed. He had been worried, but had maintained his calm because his cultivation still had been growing.

But if his cultivation stopped growing... ..

He didn't dare to imagine it!

After Pu Yao's advice from before, Zuo Mo was extremely miserly with each bit of ling power inside his body. This had caused him to be extremely sensitive to ling power changes inside his body. He could find the slightest change.

He was only in zhuji stage, it was the stage that cultivation should increase the fastest. He had spend large amounts of time everyday on practicing [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] in hopes that he could make it up. It was good if he just increased a little bit of ling power. It had been like he imaged before. Due to the mo matrix, the increase in ling power had been slow but his cultivation had still been tenaciously

growing. However, for five continuous days, there hadn't been one iota of change in his ling energy. He had never encountered a situation like this!

Zuo Mo was nervous like he had never been before!

If his ling power stopped growing, his cultivation would forever stop in zhuji! Terror spread through his heart. He ran into the sea of consciousness. Pu Yao was sitting on the gravestone with his eyes closed. No matter how Zuo Mo called him, he didn't move. He was like a statue. Pu Yao was meditating. It wasn't like he could ask the sect leader and the elders about this. He wouldn't optimistically hope that Second Shibo and the others, who had become famous in the Yao Hunt, wouldn't recognize the mo matrix.

His cultivation paused in the stage of zhuji... ..

What about the dream? What would he use to search for the person that changed his features and erased his mind?

It was like Zuo Mo had been robbed of all his strength, and collapsed on the ground. Ever since he learned his features had been changed and mind erased, he had continuously told himself to search for the answer to his dream, to search for the answer to why his mind and features had been altered. But when the conviction that had pushed him forward had been broken from its foundation, he didn't know what to do.

The sky was dark. He was lying on the rooftop, the sound tablet broadcasting beside him. His head was pillowed on his arms as he looked dazedly at the sky.

His thoughts had floated far away. How long had it been since he had laid like this? After he had decided to search for answer, the times that he had just laid on the roof to listen to the sound tablet had decreased. Each day was filled with countless scriptures and spells that had to be practiced. Each day, he needed to tell himself repeatedly, he needed to work harder... ..

In the dark night, the stars were like an ocean.

Exhausted, Zuo Mo was like a child, coiled into a ball, falling deeply

asleep with the sound tablet broadcasting.

There were no dreams.

The next day, the warm sunshine shone on his body.

Opening his eyes, Zuo Mo felt his body was unspeakably relaxed. The depression of yesterday had been swept away. Thinking of his tragic perspective yesterday, he felt it was humorous. It was fine if his cultivation was not growing. As long as he tried, he would find the root of the problem. Having slept, his body was now filled with energy, filled with motivation.

Without ling power, he still had spiritual power, formations, ling farming, dan-making, and forging!

He inspected the ling power inside his body. As expected, it hadn't changed at all. However, he didn't have a tragic outlook now, but was extremely calm. After coming out of meditation, he slowly pondered and felt that he needed to determine the direction that he would take.

After spending a short amount of time, he decided what he would focus on primarily – formations!

To him, whose cultivation had stopped growing, the importance of formations had rose to an incomparable height. To solve the problem of the pause in his cultivation, he could not avoid formations. Now that he knew how to make formation disks, he could also use those attacking formation disks. Formations were also great aids to dan-making and forging. No matter what road he chose, it would need jingshi. How to make jingshi, it was a problem that Zuo Mo could not avoid.

His spiritual power was different than his ling power and its progress hadn't been affected at all, still increasing at a pretty good pace. It was a pity that he had such a treasure but didn't know how to use it. The only uses he knew involving the consciousness was the consciousness stab and yin splinter. The power of the consciousness stab was too small. The power of the yin splinter was good but Zuo Mo gave up on it. The yin

splinter required pure and dense yin energy. The only way that Zuo Mo could think of was using the yin bead. However, the yin bead was too outstanding and would easily bring a disaster down on him. As a life-saving measure, the yin splinter wasn't as powerful and convenient as the yin fire bead.

Other than that, he could still expect more from [Vajra Profound Sutra]. Zuo Mo decided to find a few spells that body xiu used to see if he could use something. He might be able to put some brainpower on formations. Last time the "Golden Flesh Clothing" coordinated with "Thirty Thousand Catty" had managed to stop two yin splinters directly.

Hue hue, he could also consider using the "medicine-seal-style"! He could make the lingdan himself, he could also forge the talismans. As to the paper seals, he wouldn't object to learning seal writing.

The more Zuo Mo thought and clarified his thoughts, the more excited he got.

The heavens would not shut off all roads. Without ling power, he still had many other paths.

Reality proved that when a person was pushed to the edge of the cliff, they could also explode with potential.

In the morning, Li Ying Feng opened the store door. Seeing Zuo Mo outside the door, she stopped and asked instinctively, "Shidi, why are you here again?"

Zuo Mo made a sound, not knowing what to say. It looked like Li Ying Feng Shijie had really been frightened by the Inky Black Lotus seed incident from last time.

Li Ying Feng instantly realized how inappropriate her words were and added, "Aren't you attending the Sword Test Conference? Shouldn't you be preparing for battle right now?"

Zuo Mo spread his hands. "Our sect will have to depend on Eldest Shixiong. My bit of power isn't enough."

Hearing this, Li Ying Feng frowned and said seriously, "Shidi, don't

underestimate yourself. Shidi had comprehended sword essence in zhuji. This kind of talent, other than Eldest Shixiong, no one in the sect can compare. Shidi cannot let yourself go, and not think about improvement.”

Zuo Mo sweated. He knew Shijie was looking out for him but didn't know how to explain. He could only say, “This brother isn't slacking off, but a bit tight on the funds right now.”

Li Ying Feng's face was shocked. “Where did you spend your jingshi? You earned so much jingshi just recently, you used it all? How did you use it up?”

Zuo Mo didn't know what to say. He couldn't tell Shijie that there was a bottomless hole hiding away in his consciousness that “ate” jingshi. Rationally, several thousand pieces of third-grade jingshi was an enormous sum for a zhuji xiuzhe. If this was in the past, he wouldn't have even thought of it. Even in Dong Fu, it was an shocking sum. Right now, Zuo Mo was telling her that he spent all the jingshi. How could Li Ying Feng not be shocked?

“Jingshi is never enough to spend.” Zuo Mo deflected as he widened his eyes to stare at his shijie.

Unable to resist Zuo Mo's nagging, Li Ying Feng consented to Zuo Mo's request to open up for business again. Due to the reputation he had accumulated in the past, once Zuo Mo opened, many xiuzhe heard and came.

Zuo Mo didn't know that he had a small reputation with the production xiuzhe of Dong Fu. Especially when he had successfully cut the fourth-grade cold manget, and then the bomb of successfully processing the fourth-grade Inky Black Lotus seed. Zuo Mo's control of fire had been exaggerated to the extreme.

This time, Zuo Mo was open to payment through jingshi, talismans, and jade scrolls. Everyone welcomed it, and his business was busy.

After a day, Zuo Mo didn't look as exhausted as he once would have. He handed a jade scroll to Li Ying Feng. “Shijie, could you help me see how much jingshi for all these materials?”

Li Ying Feng took the jade scroll and scanned it quickly. “About fifty pieces of third-grade jingshi. Hm, Shidi, you are interested in formations now?” There wasn’t anything high-grade on the list Zuo Mo provided. It was all first-grade materials. Fifty pieces of third-grade jingshi, it was enough to fill half of the yard. Li Ying Feng became even more curious how Shidi had spent the thousands pieces of third-grade jingshi from last time.

“En, yes, formations are very interesting. This is fifty pieces of third-grade jingshi. Shijie, please help prepare it for me.”

“No problem.” Li Ying Feng crisply took the jingshi. She knew the shops in Dong Fu almost as well as her palm. It wouldn’t take much effort to buy and gather those materials. As to cultivating, Shidi was more talented than her and certainly had his own plans.

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Translator Ramblings:

The mo matrix isn’t all that Pu said it to be. Poor Zuo Mo, he needs to earn jingshi to comfort his soul. Pity he can’t go sue Pu for false advertising. Zuo Mo is a pretty good optimist. Also, he’s the guy you want to be with if you’re stuck out in the wilderness without any tools. He’s very multi-purpose.

Chapter 119: Intelligence

Zuo Mo opened his eyes as he came out of meditation. He shook his head. There still hadn't been any change in his cultivation. This was the fifteen day that his cultivation hadn't moved. Pu Yao was still in meditation and he didn't know when the guy would wake up.

He forcefully shook his head, throwing all those thoughts out of his mind. His eyes once again landed in the yard. The yard was the backyard of the store, and naturally couldn't compare to his little yard in the West Wind Valley. The little yard was filled with all kinds of materials, jade stones, gold thread, and jadeite bamboos etc. Most of the materials were all cheap first and second-grade materials, but the sheer volume was amazing.

Zuo Mo started to flip through the materials, occasionally summoning the Stalagmite fire to process some materials. Sometimes, he would take out a little knife to shape the material into the form required. He would sometimes suddenly stop, and sink into his thoughts. The materials flowed like water through his hands. He carefully placed some of them in the corner, and threw some of them to the ground carelessly.

After laboring for four hours, when the sound tablet announced the time, he finally woke up from his work.

It was time to work and earn jingshi. He reluctantly rose up. Before, he hadn't been interested in formations and felt it hard to learn. Now that he was concentrating on it, he actually found that there were many interesting places.

Things like sword scriptures and spells would frequently have places where the descriptions would be lacking, and promoted comprehension. Only formations focused on transformations of yinyang and the five elements. Even though it was incomparably complex, but after careful study, Zuo Mo was able to understand the main concepts.

Only after Zuo Mo left did Li Ying Feng come over to clean up the yard.

As she cleaned, she sighed. No wonder Shidi felt he didn't have enough

jingshi to spend. Spending like this, how could it be enough? Li Ying Feng was responsible for buying all the materials that Zuo Mo needed. She was clear to Zuo Mo's daily expenses. Shidi would spend from a minimum of thirty pieces of third-grade jingshi, to over a hundred third-grade jingshi on materials everyday. This was just because Shidi wanted low-grade materials. If he used middle-grade materials, then the expenses would fly to an intimidating step.

She had never heard of anyone who learned formations like this.

However, Shidi was a weird person. He didn't learn like other people, and he didn't make jingshi like other people. Quite a few times, she had wanted to urge Shidi to be more frugal, but when she thought about the jingshi that Shidi made every day, the words that reached her mouth went away.

Shidi only spent six hours taking jobs each day. All of his other time was completely spend on the mountain of materials piled up in the yard.

She stopped walking, her gaze landing on a formation disk beside her feet. The initial days, formation disks were what Shidi had made the most. However, after that, the number of formation disks that Shidi made decreased. It had been a few days since Shidi had made a formation disk.

Why was he making formation disks again? Was he preparing for the Sword Test Conference?

Li Ying Feng picked the formation disk up from the ground. Closely examining it, she found that she didn't understand what was written on the disk at all.

She laughed. Wei Sheng Shixiong and Zuo Mo Shixiong were both genius. How could normal people understand the mind of geniuses. Before Zuo Mo Shidi, Li Ying Feng had never seen formation disks before. She carefully put the formation disk in the corner. After cleaning up fro Zuo Mo for this many days, she could easily sort out what was useful and what was trash.

Zuo Mo's business was average today. Since a few days ago, his business had declined. He knew that it couldn't be avoid. There were only so many

xiuzhe that need his services. It was due to the Sword Test Conference that he had earned so much. The people that could exchange and pay valuable goods were not local xiuzhe.

Cultivation was piled up with jingshi. Zuo Mo knew this from a long time ago, but only after studying formations did he truly have an understanding of the phrase. Formations were completely built up with jingshi!

Seeing that his stream of income was not long-lasting, his own studies would probably also pause soon.

However, in a short amount of time, it would be his turn to attend the Sword Test Conference. At this time, he was too lazy to care about earning jingshi. It would wait until after the Sword Test Conference.

When Zuo Mo cleaned up for the day, Li Ying Feng handed him a jade scroll.

“What is this?” Zuo Mo asked strangely.

“The information on a few attendees of the Sword Test Conference.” Li Ying Feng saw that Zuo Mo was looking strangely at her and explained, “The sect leader left me in charge of the logistics. I have to do something. Oh, and some information about the Sword Test Conference.”

“Oh.” Zuo Mo took it and asked, “Did you send it to Eldest Shixiong and Luo Li?”

Li Ying Feng was angry, the tendons in her forehead jumping. It would have been fine if Zuo Mo hadn't mentioned it but since he did, she was extremely displeased. After the sect leader put her in charge of logistics, she had especially gathered the informations and given it to Wei Sheng Shixiong and Luo Li Shixiong. Wei Sheng Shixiong had disappeared without a trace, and Luo Li Shixiong had looked at her in puzzlement and asked, “What's the use in this?”

She had almost died from anger.

Seeing Zuo Mo's unconcerned attitude, her displeasure reached a peak and she gave a cold snort, turned and left. Zuo Mo rubbed his head in

puzzlement, ignorant of what had set Shijie off.

Returning to his room, he took the jade scroll and started to browse through.

There was a lot of information inside the jade scroll, especially for those powerful experts. It seemed that Shijie had put a lot of effort. As he read, Zuo Mo started to get interested.

Gu Rong Ping, from Clear Sky Lake, called the strongest among the younger generation of Clear Sky Lake. He might be warm and gentle, but his title of the strongest of Clear Sky Lake was based in his battles. From two years ago, he fought sect after sect without one loss. That had created his strongest in Clear Sky Lake title.

Clear Sky Lake had beautiful scenery and dense ling energy. It was much more prosperous than Dong Fu, and the sects there outnumbered Dong Fu. The title of strongest, it really had some substance to it.

Finishing off Gu Rong Ping's information, Zuo Mo had a feeling that this Gu Rong Ping would be Eldest Shixiong's enemy. As to himself, he didn't have any thought. If it wasn't for the order of the sect leader, he definitely wouldn't attend something like this Sword Test Conference.

With that time, he would rather earn jingshi, Zuo Mo muttered.

He kept on reading. Nan Men Yang, Gui Feng etc. None of them were simple people. Zuo Mo also saw quite a few that he was familiar with. Dong Fu Hall's Yu Bai, Ling Ying Sect's Chang Heng, Dong Qi Sword Sect's Zong Ming Yan etc were all included. He even saw a person that he had met a long time ago, Chi Sword Sect's Liang Luo. However, the other person, Shi Xiang, who had given him the Ice Crystal sword was not on the list.

Hmm.

Zuo Mo's gaze suddenly landed on the picture of one of the people in the jade scroll. The person was wearing a black veiled hat. Wasn't this the person that came to him to cut the cold magnet? So this guy was also attending the competition!

He didn't know anyone else on the list.

However, when he saw their cultivation level, he was instantly speechless.

Ningmai, ningmai, ningmai... .. all ningmai! All the xiuzhe that were not local who had passed through the preliminary Sword Test Conference were all ningmai. Zuo Mo didn't have any thoughts of struggling at all. What he was pondering now was surrendering immediately when he was called up. When the warm and harmonious smile of the sect leader flashed through his head, he instantly shook, and cleared his head, brushing away the thought.

Being injured was a minor matter. If the sect leader was thinking about ge, then ge wouldn't have good days in the future!

Seeing this list that could really be considered grand, he felt, in his sect, only Eldest Shixiong had any hope of victory. Even Luo Li Shixiong wasn't anything to look at.

Luckily, there were no jindan xiuzhe. Otherwise, Zuo Mo felt his heart couldn't bear it.

Following that was the rules for this year's Sword Test Conference. Li Ying Feng Shijie probably had guessed that the three of them would have been concerned about this so she had completely listed everything. There wasn't anything unclear in the rules. After the preliminary Sword Test Conference was the true Sword Test Conference.

The first two rounds were random one on one matches, followed by a competition without any rules! At that time, Elder Tian Song Zi would open the Great Pine Pavilion of Dong Fu Hall for all the attendees to enter. Inside Dong Fu Hall's Great Pine Pavilion, any contestant could attack any other person until the other lost the ability to battle. In the end, the last ten remaining people would become the winners of this competition. To guarantee that there wouldn't be any fatalities among the contestants, there would be ten or so jindan judges that would be present the entire time. The ranking of the ten people would also be decided by the jindan experts.

Tsk tsk, even jindan experts were coming out to be judges. Ten at a time, this would really be spectacular!

Zuo Mo hadn't understood this Sword Test Conference at all. Such a public rousing, and cost intensive Sword Test Conference, there wasn't any use.

Oh, maybe the elders had their own thoughts. Zuo Mo kept on reading and his mind jumped.

What was after were the prizes for this Sword Test Conference.

Zuo Mo's eyes were bright as he looked at the rows of prizes, drooling.

Fourth-grade Pine Green Peak sword, fourth-grade Hundred Desolate Lucky Beast belt, fourth-grade Scattered Gold coronet, third-grade Elemental Cloud Water sleeve, third-grade Sky Woven clothing, third-grade Ice Snake Ling armor... ..

There were ten high-quality talismans. The order to pick was based on the ranking received in the competition. Only now did Zuo Mo understand why so many xiuzhe had come to Dong Fu to attend the Sword Test Conference.

As they said, people die for wealth, birds die for food! He gritted his teeth and thought in fury. When his gaze swept across one of the prizes, countless ripples started in his heart. He was extremely tempted. At this time, he only hated how low his strength was.

Without an exception, the first ten talismans were the finest of the finest. They were even a few ranks above the talismans he had taken from the wastrels of Ling Ying sect. For some of the prizes, Zuo Mo wanted to sell himself, and exchange for the talisman.

After greedily looking through the first ten prizes, Zuo Mo gluttonously looked down.

There were also third-grade talismans in the lower ranks, but were clearly lower in quality than the first ten. Zuo Mo had read with great interest. Okay, even if he wouldn't get one, he could still enjoy looking at them, Zuo Mo comforted himself. These few days, he had been sunk in the

world of formations, spending great mental effort. Relaxing now, he felt light.

Just as he browsed randomly through the prizes and occasionally calculating the prices, as he drooled.

Suddenly, when his gaze reached one of the prizes, he first stilled and then suddenly stood up!

Chapter 120: An Irresistible Temptation!

Zuo Mo's gaze was fixed on this jade scroll. His eyes did not leave it for even a moment.

[Elementary Formations]. In the list of the prizes, it was ranked fifty-sixth, as a second-grade prize. The description of this jade scroll was very simple: A jade scroll about the elementary formations, suited for beginners.

But what attracted Zuo Mo's gaze was the two characters that labeled the origins of this jade stick – Kun Lun!

He suddenly became excited!

Kun Lun! This jade scroll was from Kun Lun!

These two words, it was like they had magic, they made Zuo Mo's heart beat rapidly. It had to be said that the ground under his feet, the Sky Moon Jie he lived in, even the bigger jie that the jindan experts had come from, they all belonged to one name: Kun Lun!

In the heart of any sword xiu, Kun Lun was the ultimate existence. It meant strength, it meant domination, it meant ultimate power, it meant the strongest sword xiu. It was the true master of Kun Lun realm, and the leader of the cultivation world.

There were not many stories about Kun Lun. For the great majority of xiuzhe, Kun Lun was distant and high up, an extremely mysterious place.

In reality, when Zuo Mo first saw the two characters, he had blanked for a little while. For a normal disciple of a little sect in Sky Moon Jie, these two words were too distant and unfamiliar. However, when he managed to react, he could not control his excitement.

The bigger the sect, the more the importance they placed on the education of the disciples that had just entered the sect. They would create some jade scrolls for the beginner disciples to study. These beginner jade scrolls would usually be extremely expansive and would contain all kinds of basic spells.

Because the beginner scrolls required a specialist to make, the number produced each year was limited. There wouldn't be many left over and there were even fewer that spread out.

The beginner jade scrolls of each sect were different. They would be written according to the specialties of the sect. Even in the same sect, as the xiuzhe responsible for writing them each year was different, there would be different versions.

Of course, for small sects like Wu Kong Sword Sect, there naturally wouldn't be any beginner jade scrolls. There were many new disciples that entered large sect annually, and there was high demand. Since there were many experts, they had the manpower and the wealth to make them. In small sects, the elders would pass on knowledge through speech to their own disciples.

The beginner formation jade scroll of Kun Lun, it was something that Zuo Mo didn't even dare to dream about.

Even though it came out of Kun Lun, but it was still only a beginner jade scroll, so it was ranked fifty-sixth in the prizes. Those that attended the Sword Test Conference were mostly ningmai xiuzhe. For them, a beginners scroll was not of much use, much less a formations jade scroll. If it was a beginner sword jade scroll, there probably would be many that would want it.

Kun Lun's sword scripture... ..

The temptation that this jade scroll was to Zuo Mo was incomparable. Wu Kong Sword Sect didn't have systematic formation jade scrolls. He had to piece together everything he had learned from bits and pieces. This caused him to feel extremely frustrated and left him stuck frequently. If he had such a jade scroll, he would probably walk into a lot fewer detours.

Without even thinking about it, he made a decision, he needed to get this jade scroll!

But when he gradually calmed down, he started to ponder the probability of success. In the prizes for this Sword Test Conference, this jade scroll

was not attractive. The participants from the list should not have much interest in this jade scroll. But no matter what, if he wanted to get a chance to pick this jade scroll, it was necessary for him to pass through the first two rounds.

Thinking about the numerous ningmai on the list, Zuo Mo felt a prickle on his head. But if he had to watch as this jade scroll brushed past him, he was not willing, not willing!

After thinking about it, he made a decision. No matter what, he had to try!

This beginner scroll completely turned around the attitude Zuo Mo held towards the Sword Test Conference. He felt he needed to make some preparations.

The xiuzhe population in Dong Fu kept on growing. The preliminary Sword Test Conference had just finished yesterday. After five more days, this year's Dong Fu Sword Test Conference would finally arrive at the beginning of its peak. Dong Fu's order had not been disturbed as the non-local xiuzhe came in. With more than ten jindan present, this place was the most orderly in Dong Fu.

"Do you want one? The match list for the Sword Test Conference that just came out. With this list, don't worry about what to attend!"

"Exclusively selling in depth information on the fighters of this year's Sword Test Conference. The ranking produced by the composite reviews of countless high experts. Exclusive! Definitely exclusive! It will become your most trusted partner when you make a bet!"

... ..

Zuo Mo, walking in the notice altar, felt a bit of interest as he heard the advertisements. He wasn't interested in the match list which had just been announced two days ago. But this ranking was slightly interesting. After walking a few more step, he heard calls again. It was also a power-based ranking, but another version. In a few strides, Zuo Mo heard at least four versions of the ranking. The price was actually the same, each one a piece of third-grade jingshi.

Only later did he realized that the betting houses of Dong Fu had all been opened. Not including those who had a habit of gambling, even the normal people would make a few bets just out of interest. If there was demand, there naturally would be supply.

Zuo Mo had been thinking about studying his opponent so he bought a copy of every ranking.

He took a close look. These rankings did have some substance.

The person ranked first was Gu Rong Ping, the participant that still had not lost up until now. Gu Rong Ping was placed first on almost all of the rankings, and there seemed to be consensus. Starting from the second person, each version would have different choices. However, in the first ten, some people appeared very frequently.

However, what Zuo Mo felt strange was that the local fighters rarely appeared in the top ten. Only Yu Bai had appeared in a few of the rankings. The reason they gave was universal. The disciple of Tian Zong Zi, has a definite local advantage!

Zuo Mo couldn't help but get angry!

What type of trash had made these rankings! Eldest Shixiong was in the twenty and thirties! In his heart, Eldest Shixiong might not get first, but he definitely would be in the top ten!

Suddenly, he thought about himself. Oh, what would his ranking be?

His gaze when down the rankings. Nothing, still nothing, still nothing...
...

When his gaze landed on the last name on the ranking, he saw his own name. At the side, it gave a reason. The only zhuji xiuzhe in this year's Sword Test Conference. Zuo Mo first blanked, and then became furious! He looked at another ranking, his name was still at the end. The reason was the same.

That wasn't right. Luo Li Shixiong was also in zhuji, why did they say he was the only zhuji participant? Zuo Mo felt it was extremely unfair. He quickly scanned the ranking and found Luo Li Shixiong's name.

Ningmai!

Zuo Mo instantly blanked.

When did Luo Li Shixiong enter ningmai? What sort of trash ranking was it, it was all nonsense!

Zuo Mo decided to not pay attention to these rankings. He had a clear goal for coming out today.

In the Free Market, Fu Jin blanked when he saw Zuo Mo, and then enthusiastically came over, “Mo ge, how come you have the time to cove over? Don’t you need to attend the Sword Test Conference?” Those beady eyes, however, could not disguise the mirth within.

Zuo Mo saw Fu Jin’s expression and said irritably, “What, do you have an opinion?”

“No, no!” Fu Jin waved his hands, and said fawningly, “Mo ge, if you come out, even Gu Rong Ping isn’t a match for you. If you want him to break one leg, he wouldn’t dare to break the other leg... ..”

“Okay, okay!” Even Zuo Mo felt that Fu Jin’s words were too fake. One Gu Rong Ping by himself was more than enough to defeat ten Zuo Mo’s. He reached out, “Did you prepare the stuff?”

Fu Jin snickered and took out a jade scroll from his bosom, putting it in Zuo Mo’s hand, “When your opponent was announced, I started searching! This has all the records of the matches that Chao An has participated in, and some stuff gathered from other avenues.”

Zuo Mo was moved. He knew that Fu Jin had put enormous effort on this little jade scroll. Chao An was Zuo Mo’s upcoming opponent. Zuo Mo had asked Fu Jin to search for all the information on his opponent in the past. Li Ying Feng Shijie might work hard, but she only had to manage a little shop. In this area, she was not as skilled as a snakehead like Fu Jin.

Zuo Mo shoved a bag at Fu Jin.

The moment Fu Jin held it, he knew how much jingshi was in the bag. He was not happy at all, and said expressionlessly as he stared at Zuo Mo,

“What is this for?”

Zuo Mo shook his head, “Not for you, for you to pay out. I’m still hoping that you could help me prepare the information for my opponent for the next round!”

Fu Jin’s face finally turned from cloudy to sunny and snickered, “That’s great. I’ve bet quite a little sum on you. Don’t let me lose!”

“Oh, then pray for me to win!” Zuo Mo spread his hands.

The other was in ningmai. There was a gigantic gap between the two of them. Even Zuo Mo didn’t have that much confidence in himself. He just wanted to try his best. In reality, he could not overcome the temptation of that Kun Lun beginner formations jade scroll. As the person of the lowest cultivation attending the competition, it was rational that the odds were against him. This was also why his match was the first of the conference.

The first match. If he became an embarrassment, it would be a good one! He definitely would not have a good time when he returned.

Zuo Mo had cursed the person who had arranged the matches countless times.

Wu Kong Hall.

Yan Le’s expression was slightly strange, “Little Mo actually got arranged to be the first match.”

Pei Yuan Ran laughed, “Probably Ling Ying Sect. Little Mo really made them lose face last time. It’s rational, rational.”

Shi Feng Rong was infuriated, “Rational my ass! Dare to harass my disciple, they don’t want to live! The Thousand Flower hundred poison miasma that I just finished making hasn’t had a place to experiment yet... ..”

The other three instantly felt their heads inflate. They hurriedly stopped Shi Feng Rong who had almost exploded and comforted her.

“Don’t worry, don’t worry. Little Mo is very slippery, won’t really get in

trouble.” Pei Yuan Ran comforted, “Even more, it would be good for him to get some experience. As to face, us old people don’t care about that.”

Yan Le smiled from the side. Shi Feng Rong sat angrily on the chair. A cold light flash through Xin Yan’s eyes.

“I hadn’t thought that Luo Li would enter ningmai this quickly. It seems like that his fight with Little Mo last time had been of great benefit,” Yan Le said.

“Luo Li doesn’t lack talent. It was just his mentality that stopped him from progressing. Now that he has been reborn, our sect has another great warrior,” Pei Yuan Ran said, nodding. The joy in his voice was extremely evident.

Shi Feng Rong looked in the surroundings and her brows furrowed, “Where’s Wei Sheng?”

Chapter 121: Wager

In an empty patch of wilderness.

Wei Sheng and a white-clothed male were facing off.

“Who are you? Why are you entering Wu Kong Mountain? What do you want to do?” Wei Sheng said in a heavy voice, his Splitting Rainbow sword was ready to attack. This person of unknown origins had snuck into Wu Kong Mountain. He had accidentally discovered him. The other’s cultivation was slightly above him. He had just come out of the sword formation. After fighting for a long time and having just broken through into ningmai, his mentality was at the highest level. His perception was more sensitive than it ever had been. If this was before, he definitely wouldn’t have detected the other person. The other was so strong, he was in awe!

He had pursued the other for three hundred kilometers and had almost lost them a few times. What he had given him an even worse feeling was the other person seemed to have had not used his full power.

Wei Sheng’s personality was courageous. Even though he knew the other was strong, he didn’t have any thoughts to retreat. The desire for battle rose in his eyes.

“I heard that Young Master Wei had caused a natural apparition when entering zhuji, the sword energy reaching to the skies. Seeing you today, you really have lived up to your reputation. After entering the sword cave, Young Master seems to have learned a lot. Your sect’s [Void Sword] finally has been uncovered. It really is auspicious.” The white-clothed male’s voice was warm and gentle, like a clear spring. Paired with his extremely handsome appearance, he appeared to be a graceful and learned young man, someone that people would have a hard time finding dislike for.

Wei Sheng was even more wary. Other than the sect’s disciple, no one else knew that he had entered the sword cave. This person was so clear about the sword cave. If previously, he hadn’t been certain if the other had deliberately snuck into Wu Kong Mountain, he was now certain that this

person had been secretly gathering information about the sect, and had malicious aims.

“If you are not willing to give your name, there is nothing to say,” His tiger-like eyes brightened, and he shouted. The air around him moved, yet there was no wind, and slowly started to circle around him. The Splitting Rainbow sword appeared his hand, pointed at the white-clad male.

The white-clad male found his surroundings darken as though he was situated in a void.

An empty and murderous nothingness.

An abnormal light flashed through the white-clothed male’s eyes as he praised, “Young Master Wei is as talented as expected. [Void Sword] will definitely be spectacular in Young Master’s hands!”

As he spoke, the figure of the white-clothed male that was standing still slowly faded. When he said the last word, his figure vanished at the same time, only leaving behind his voice.

Shock finally came into Wei Sheng’s eyes!

His consciousness repeatedly scanned the surroundings. There were no traces. The other had left. Under the lock of his sword essence, he had disappeared into thin air! He made a thoughtful sound, stepped on the Splitting Rainbow sword, turned into a red light and flew in the direction of Wu Kong Sword Sect.

When his figure disappeared on the horizon, on the spot the white-clothed male had disappeared, a figure slowly appeared.

“Is it him?” He gazed at the sky as he said to himself.

Sky Moon House was the best dwelling in Dong Fu. It was halfway up the mountain, constructed on top of a ling vein. There were forty seven suites in total, all with the necessary talismans. The ling energy inside the rooms was extremely thick. The xiuzhe that passed through enjoyed resting at this place, but its price was extremely high. Ten pieces of third-

grade jingshi per day. Zuo Mo might have earned a fair bit each day, but if he had to live in Sky Moon House, he would barely manage to pay the rent for each day, much less any other service.

Sky Moon House, which was usually half-filled, was entirely filled today. The rent each day jumped from ten pieces of third-grade jingshi to fifty pieces of third-grade jingshi. Even so, there were no vacancies. All the experts that came from different parts of Sky Moon Jie were living here.

The alcohol of Sky Moon House was Old Wang Alcohol. The ling food came from Master Shao's Food Pavilion.

The Star Pavilion, the gathering place of Sky Moon House, had numerous day stones and broken crystals embedded in the ceiling, creating a roof of stars. In the rooms inside the Star Pavilion, the Serene Blue Ivy climbed all over the place, the blue fluorescence adding hints of mystery.

"Brother Chao is really lucky!" Beside the stone table, a person couldn't help stating.

The people seats were all attendees of the competition. Each person's face was full of envy. Without a doubt, Chao An had been the luckiest in his draw of all of them.

Chao An was smug inside, but said, "I'm actually envious of everyone else. You can all have a good fight. For me, even if I won, I won't be praised," He came from Fort Chao, cultivated the extremely obscure Fiery Polaris Hammer, extremely strong and exquisite.

"Brother Chao is getting an advantage and playing humble," One of the other people smiled and said, "Ask anyone else here, who doesn't want to switch with Brother Chao? Reputation is intangible, but the prize is real."

The people seated all agreed.

Chao An could only beg for forgiveness. In the end, only after he promised to pay for the meal did the others stop.

In the little pavilion covered with light gauze, the figures of two people could be barely made out from the outside. If the gauze was lifted, anyone would instantly see it was the pick to win the competition, Gu Rong Ping,

and opposite, him was a silent person wearing a black gauze veil.

“I had wanted to find a quiet place. But I didn’t expect to see these kind of people,” Gu Rong Ping frowned, and said discontentedly. His eyes landed on the black gauze of the person sitting opposite him, his voice warm as he said, “I hadn’t thought I would encounter Shimei here. I had thought it would take another five years before seeing Shimei here.”

He didn’t disguise the heart. No one would have guessed the person wearing the black hat, mysterious and strong xiuzhe called Su was actually female.

Her glowing wrist reached out and picked up the ling tea in front of her. Gently lifting the corner of the black guaze, the moist and red lips touched the white and glowing porcelain cup. Gu Rong Ping’s eyes instantly turned as hot as fire.

“Shimei will even refuse to let me see your visage?” Gu Rong Ping gazed at Su, and said sedately. But the excitement in his tone naturally spilled out.

“Shixiong’s heart has become disordered,” Su said gently, the black gauze not rippling at all, “If the heart is disordered, where is the Heart Lake Sword?”

Gu Rong Ping’s eyes flashed angrily. He didn’t continue, and suddenly closed his eyes. A while later, he opened them, his eyes clear, “Shimei is correct. After the Sword Test Conference ends, where is Shimei planning to go?”

“Forge a sword.”

“Oh,” Surprise came onto Gu Rong Ping’s eyes, “Shimei found some cold magnets?”

Su’s peaceful voice finally showed some emotion, “En, it’s already been cut. Four pieces.”

“Congratulations Shimei!” Gu Rong Ping’s heart was even more fretful. If Shimei went to forge a sword, she probably won’t come out in five years. His heart suddenly moved, “If this brother hasn’t remembered it wrong, if

the cold magnet is made into a sword, it has to first be made into a sword billet. But this processing... ..”

“I’ve already found someone,” Su’s voice returned to its usual faintness, “No need for Shixiong to worry.”

At this time, Chao An’s table erupted in laughter again.

“Ah, need to prepare for the match soon!”

“Yes, only Brother Chao can slack off.”

“A zhuji guy. If Brother Chao uses more than three moves, this one will disdain you.”

“Why don’t we make a wager? Wager on how many moves it will take Brother Chao to finish.”

“This is good. I bet three moves!”

“I wager one!”

“Okay okay. Be generous and stop mocking me,” Chao An bowed, “I just said it. Look, even if I win, I won’t get any benefits.”

The people jeered again.

Gu Rong Ping had just hit a soft nail with Shimei and was angry. Hearing the crowd chat, he was even more furious. A cold light flashed through his eyes. He was young, of extraordinary cultivation, and famed. He was usually favored in the sect. No one usually dared to be so outrageous in front of him. His face was instantly dark.

He had just thought of standing up to teach this crowd a lesson when his eyes blurred. At some unknown time, Shimei had stood up.

What did she want to do?

“I bet ten moves,” Behind the light gauze, Su said faintly as she faced Chao An and the others. Her voice was not loud, but easily passed through the light gauze. This light gauze had isolation formations but they were not effective right now.

The table instantly became silent. Chao An’s face was frighteningly

dark.

“Who, sir, are you? Please give a name,” Chao An smiled insincerely as he raised his hands in a greeting. Being slapped in front of his friends, could Chao An tolerate it? Because there were isolation formations on the light gauze, they could only see that there were two people inside. However, they could not see or hear their appearance or the content of their words.

“You do not have to know who I am. Bet, or no bet?” Su said, unaffected.

Gu Rong Ping was slightly surprised. Shimei was cold and indifferent. No one could be more clear about that than he was. She should not be interested in this kind of matter! But she was now wagering for someone else, this... ..

What relationship did Shimei have with that person? Light rose in Gu Rong Ping's eyes, his expression was slightly interested.

In front of so many people, if he didn't accept this bet, then Chao An's reputation would really sweep the floor. Couldn't defeat a zhuji with ten moves? The other was clearly trying to humiliate him!

Chao An was extremely angry, but his voice was steady as he said, “Since Sire has said it, then this one will accept it. What to bet?”

“Anything,” A faint voice came out of the light gauze pavilion.

Chao An became even more certain the other was mocking him. A cold smile came out of his face. He took out a jade bottle and opened the stopper. Ling energy and a fragrant medicinal smell instantly spread in the air.

The people in the surroundings felt their minds jump. Some that understood lingdan became restless.

“Third-grade Intense Fire Dan. There are thirty six of them,” Intense Fire Dan was a lingdan that was a specialty of Fort Chao. The fire it contained was extremely domineering. It was a famous fire-type lingdan in Sky Moon Jie.

An item flew out of the pavilion. Chao An's eyes focused and caught it.

"Dying Flowing Moon, third-grade."

The people seated couldn't keep still, and stood up, each one stretching their necks to look at the crystal bottle in Chao An's hands. The crystal bottle was clear and flawless. The bottle itself was not cheap. Inside the crystal bottle, there was a fingernail sized ball of faint misty fluid.

Dying Flowing Moon. Supposedly, every ten years, there would be an extremely bright mid-autumn moon. Dying Flowing Moon was made from the moon light of that night. It was extremely valuable and rare!

Just this little bottle of Dying Flowing Moon, its value far surpassed Chao An's Intense Fire Dan.

Chao An's face was black.

*

Translator Ramblings: I had the hardest time translating Dying Flowing Moon (the Chinese is 月华流殇). There's a lot in this chapter. There is a mysterious person that Wei Sheng confronts. We get to see Zuo Mo's first opponent, Chao An, and one of Zuo Mo's former customers, Su. She's shown up twice before. Gu Rong Ping likes her~~~

Chapter 122: Bet

Tao Zu Er, Yan Ming Zi, and Hu Shan were walking on the streets of Dong Fu. They liked being in busy places, and right now, what place in Sky Moon Jie was more busy than Dong Fu?

Hu Shan rubbed his hands, and said with an excited expression, “Excellent. I’ve waited for so long. The stupid preliminary Sword Test Conference finally finished! Only the true competition is worth seeing!”

Tao Zhu Er’s eyes were dazed, “Yes. Gu Rong Ping is too handsome! I think, in Sky Moon Jie, there isn’t a man more outstanding than him! I really like him!”

Hu Shan stared at Tao Zhu Er inside for being a fangirl. He suddenly noticed that Yan Ming Zi seemed unfocused.

“Old Yan, what are you thinking about?”

Yan Ming Zi raised his head and focused. He gave a grimace. “I’m thinking about making jingshi!”

“Making jingshi? You’re lacking for jingshi right now? I’ve got some right now. Do you want some?” Hu Shan said forthrightly. The three, because they had the same battle experience, became close friends.

Yan Ming Zi shook his head, “Just bought a new flying sword. I’ve nearly spent all my jingshi. No rush, I can slowly make more. I’ll find you if I really can’t find a way.”

“Oh, you bought a new flying sword? Quick, let us see,” said Tao Zhu Er, as she was instantly interested in the new sword.

Yan Ming Zi took out a dark blue flying sword, “The Sword’s name is [Deep Ocean], it’s third-grade.”

Hu Shan looked and then shook his head. “It can’t compare to your previous Water Drop sword.”

“You’re just wasting words!” Yan Ming Zi rolled his eyes in exasperation. Hu Shan’s words stirred up the three’s hurt.

Seeing the situation, Tao Zhu Er quickly changed the topic, “So what way did you think of making jingshi?” Of the three, Yan Ming Zi was of average power but the best at business.

As expected, this question was Yan Ming Zi’s true love. He came the focus of attention, “Of course, it is the Sword Test Conference!”

“Sword Test Conference? How do you make jingshi from that?” Hu Shan asked strangely.

Yan Ming Zi patiently explained, “We can’t meddle in other business, but if we have spare money, and make a small bet, it wouldn’t be bad.”

Hu Shan instantly became disinterested, and said scornfully, “You mean gambling, that’s not interesting.”

Tao Zhu Er was actually interested. “Old Yan, don’t pay attention to him. Tell me more.”

Yan Ming Zi became even more excited. “Gambling naturally is not anything good. But the Sword Test Conference is different from other gambling.”

“How so?”

“There might be luck in this Sword Test Conference, but the true determinant is power. There are patterns that can be found in this. A person’s strength, in a short period of time, wouldn’t change very much. Considering the conflict between different spells, the quality of the talismans, even though it is impossible to accurately decide the result of the match, but one can determine the general direction.”

Hu Shan laughed, “Then how will you know other people’s strength? And their talismans?”

Yan Ming Zi nodded, “This is the crux of the problem. It is very hard to determine power, but the non-local competitors have already fought a few times, and general guesses can be made. As to talismans,” he said proudly, “in this area, I have some experience.”

“That’s true. Old Yan, you’re always good at picking talismans,” said Hu

Shan. He admired Yan Ming Zi very much on this skill.

“Hue hue,” Yan Ming Zi said smugly, “there are many kinds of wagers. Like the first match that’s been spread around so much, Zuo Mo versus Chao An.”

“What’s there to gamble there? Of course Chao An wins!” Hu Shan said unconcernedly, “The Scalping Zombie might be strong, but his cultivation is just that. He definitely cannot win over ningmai experts!”

“Exactly!” Yan Ming Zi agreed, but his direction changed, “But right now, what’s spread the most is this wager. Everyone is betting how many moves that Zuo Mo can take from Chao An.”

“This bet works?” Hu Shan gaped.

“Ha, the odds for three moves and under are pretty normal. After three moves, the odds explode,” Yan Ming Zi said.

“Did you bet?” Hu Shan asked.

“Oh, I put down for seven moves,” Yan Ming Zi said smugly, “the odds are one to sixteen.”

“You feel he can endure seven of Chao An’s moves?” Hu Shan’s face was full of shock, “Chao An isn’t some little character. He’s the strongest disciple of Fort Chao. You have too much confidence in the Scalping Zombie!”

Yan Ming Zi said in a deep voice, “How do you think Chao An compares to Chang Heng Shixiong?”

“Naturally he cannot compare!” Hu Shan didn’t need to think before saying unhesitatingly, “Chang Heng Shixiong is very strong! Before, when he was in zhuji, he had defeated people in ningmai.”

“Ah!” Yan Ming Zi was slightly shocked at the last part, “How come I didn’t know this?”

Hu Shan unconsciously lowered his voice, “Not many people know this. Shixiong’s Blood Spider sword was obtained by killing someone! That’s why he was punished by the sect leader.”

The other two instantly felt fearful shock.

“It seems my jingshi won’t be wasted,” Yan Ming spoke. The first thing Yan Ming Zi thought about was his jingshi. He smiled and said, “Originally, the betting shouldn’t be this popular. However, Chao An was confronted with a wager. The other wagered a bottle of Dying Flowing Moon for Zuo Mo to make it through ten moves. That was what stirred everything up.”

“Dying Flowing Moon... ..,” Hu Shan’s expression was dazed as he muttered, “That’s such a waste... ..”

Tao Zhu Er, who hadn’t spoke, suddenly asked, “What’s the odds for Zuo Mo to win?”

Yan Ming Zi jerked. “About one to three hundred,” He looked in shock at Tao Zhu Er. “You want to bet he’ll win? That’s not possible!”

“Why not?” Tao Zhu Er said unconcernedly, “In any case, I’ll just wager a few jingshi. It will be an amusement. If Chang Heng Shixiong was in zhuji and could be defeated... ..”

Her words suddenly stopped, her eyes were focused. The other two people saw she didn’t continue and found it strange. When they saw her frozen expression and dazed eyes, they couldn’t help but follow her gaze. Then the two also froze.

A person was walking towards them.

Li Ying Feng looked at her shidi who was in the yard and shook her head. It hadn’t been anything important when Shidi had been arranged to fight first. She had felt that the sect leader had wanted Zuo Mo to gain some experience. But the bet about how long Zuo Mo could stay in the fight had suddenly spread everywhere.

A person of unknown origins had publicly threw out a bottle of Dying Flowing Moon, wagering that Shidi could make it through ten of Chao An’s moves. It instantly caused a furor. Originally, no one had been interested in the match. But now, this match had become the most talked out and attractive match.

Wasn't that putting Shidi onto a fire to roast?

Shidi had shut himself in the yard the past few days, and was working on something she didn't know. She was extremely worried. Shidi should be practicing the sword some more, honing himself before the fight, even if it wasn't effective, at least it would look good!

In the time that Shidi had stayed at the store, she had never seen him practice the sword.

Did he think he could win with those useless low grade formations? She naturally was not opposed to Shidi studying formations, but formations were more likely used in dan-making and forging. They were not very effective in fighting.

At this time, he shouldn't be working on formations!

Wei Sheng travelled on the Splitting Rainbow as he landed in Dong Fu. He had gone back to Wu Kong Mountain and reported to the sect leader about the white-clothed male before rushing towards Dong Fu. Zuo Mo was in the first match. If he came late, he would miss Shidi's match.

As he entered Dong Fu, the bustling crowds on the street was a small surprise to Wei Sheng.

Differing from Zuo Mo, Wei Sheng was full of interest towards the Sword Test Conference. A chance to spar with different kinds of experts, it was really rare. Just thinking about it, he felt his blood boil, and his desire for battle rise.

He suddenly thought of Zuo Mo and couldn't help but smile. With Shidi's lazy personality, he definitely wouldn't be interested in the Sword Test Conference. When he thought about Shidi's unwillingness to compete, and his helplessness against the sect leader's order, he felt it was extremely humorous.

Shidi was very talented. It was a pity he was not interested in the sword. If this time, it could force him, it wouldn't be a bad thing.

Wei Sheng was an exceptionally pure sword xiu. When Zuo Mo had been focusing on ling farming in the beginning, he hadn't felt anything.

But when Zuo Mo's talent in cultivating the sword was revealed, but he was obsessed with other things, Wei Sheng felt it was a great pity.

Suddenly, he heard words from the surroundings.

"How many moves did you bet?"

"Three moves. Zhuji against ningmai. If he could make it through three, it will be the max."

"Oh, I don't know what Wu Kong Sword Sect was thinking, sending a little zhuji guy to embarrass themselves."

"Yeah. I heard his main focus is dan-making. He shouldn't be coming here!"

A person argued, "It's not certain he'll embarrass himself. Dying Flowing Moon, who has it? A person that has Dying Flowing Moon, would they not have good eyes? From what I see, this Zuo Mo definitely has real skill!"

"Real skill? Ha! Even if he has skill, he's only in zhuji!"

... ..

Wei Sheng's expression became very ugly. He barely suppressed the impulse to beat up those people.

Along the way, he heard many similar discussions.

He strode to the doorway of a casino.

"Hey, Mister, do you want to try out your luck? Dong Fu's hottest betting match, wagering how many moves, extremely interesting... .."

Wei Sheng prepared to speak when a voice came from behind him.

"Take out all the jingshi you have right now."

Robbery? Wei Sheng paused and couldn't help but turn around.

The person speaking was a round faced man. There were two males and one female standing in front of him. The three of them seemed extremely frightened of the round-faced man, seem to be very timid in front of him. When the round-face man spoke, the three hurriedly took out all the jingshi they had.

“Wager Zuo Mo wins,” The round-faced man said briskly.

Yan Ming Zi couldn't resist, “Chang Shixiong, this Zuo Mo... ..”

“En?” The round-faced man glanced at Yan Ming Zi. Yan Ming Zi's heart jumped and the words that reached his mouth shrunk back. Hu Shan and Tao Zhu er were docilely standing with their heads down at the side. The two of them were cursing Yan Ming Zi inside.

Old Yan, you dumbass. You don't want to live, but don't pull us along...

...

Wei Sheng looked with slight surprise at the round-faced man. This was the first he had heard that someone was betting Shidi would win. He noticed the clothing of the three people behind the round-faced man had the symbol of Ling Ying Sect. Didn't Ling Ying Sect have a grudge against Shidi?

Chang Shixiong... .. Wei Sheng seemed to understand.

The worker that was guarding the door looked at the four like he was looking at idiots. Seeing the jingshi in Yan Ming Zi's hands, he couldn't help but drool. He cursed inside. This group was really wastrels. If they had that much jingshi, give it to him, don't throw it in the water!

Of course, none of it showed on his face. He praised, “Sire's eyes are very unique!” But he still hesitated, “All on Zuo Mo winning?”

“Bet,” The round-faced man said.

Taking the receipt, the round-faced male turned and left. Yan Ming Zi and the others exchanged a look and could only dispiritedly follow behind.

“Really wastrels!” Once the round-faced man left, the worker of the casino seemed to have opened a flood, continuously talking to Wei Sheng, “Just look. Aren't those people mental? From the time the betting started, no one has bet on Zuo Mo winning! They just aren't thinking of jingshi as jingshi. What do you say, a zhuji defeating a ningmai, is there anything as hilarious as this? Wastrels, really terrible wastrels... ..”

He shook his head, saliva flying.

“Fifty pieces of third-grade jingshi.” Wei Sheng smiled and handed over the jingshi.

“Great. How many moves are you betting? Look here, this is the odds for each move... ..”

“Bet on Zuo Mo winning.” Wei Sheng kept on smiling gently.

The worker was dumbstruck.

Chapter 123: Battle Start

Chao An was extremely furious.

In this period of time, the wagers on his and Zuo Mo's match had become the hottest topic in Dong Fu. Based on what he saw, this was clearly mocking him. At what time was he ever mentioned on the same level as a zhuji greenhorn?

What waves could a zhuji xiuzhe make? He didn't believe it.

However, he was not a rash person. That mysterious expert could take out a treasure as Dying Flowing Moon, then it definitely was not a joke. But when he made a search, he wanted to laugh and cry.

Zuo Mo actually was a xiuzhe whose main profession was dan-making.

Look at what Chao An had found out in relation to Zuo Mo, ling plant farmer, Golden Crow pill, processing... ..

Such a zhuji person wanted to make it through ten moves by him, it really was a great joke! Thinking about it, Chao An unconsciously fisted his hands. If Zuo Mo really did block ten of his moves, then he would become this year's Sword Test Conference, no, the entire Sky Moon Jie's joke! He would become the target of mockery by countless people at a meal. When they mentioned him, they would never say that he was the most talented disciples of Fort Chao, but garbage that couldn't even defeated a zhuji greenhorn!

He definitely couldn't let himself become a joke!

Definitely!

Two balls of fire jumped in Chao An's eyes.

"What?" Li Ying Feng stared dazedly at the jingshi that Zuo Mo shoved over, "You want to bet on you winning? Are you crazy?"

What Zuo Mo handed over was three hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi.

“Haha! Shidi has great daring!” A forthright laugh suddenly passed into the store from outside. Wei Sheng strode in and scanned Zuo Mo. He smiled and said, “It seems that Shidi is full of confidence for the fight! I’m not worried any more. I put all my money on you winning. If you lose, I won’t get anything back! Haha!”

Li Ying Feng looked at Zuo Mo and Eldest Shixiong like she was looking at insane people.

Were they crazy... ..

Zuo Mo heard Shixiong’s words and his heart warmed. Everyone thought that he would lose, only Shixiong believed he would win! He suppressed the movement in his heart and smiled, “I’ve done a lot of work and will give Chao An a surprise.”

The eyes on that zombie face flashed with a strange light.

“Haha! Shidi will always give people surprises. I’m looking forward to it!” Wei Sheng roared with laughter.

They were really crazy... ..

Li Ying Feng shook her head as she walked out the door. She’ll bet it. In any case, it wasn’t her jingshi.

The Dong Fu Sword Test Conference finally was going to start. Originally, no one had been interested in the first match, but the wagering had gotten so popular that the number of people that came to watch was astounding. This match were the strength was so unbalanced, the amount of jingshi that was connected to it reached a terrifying number. This had furthered everyone’s interest in the match.

Anyone that heard about the wagering on how many moves it would take couldn’t help but be curious how many moves Zuo Mo could go through.

How many moves?

Which one would it be?

The Sword Test Conference was called the Dong Fu Sword Test

Conference. No one had thought that this competition would attract of more than half of the young experts of Sky Moon Jie. It could almost be called the Sky Moon Jie Sword Test Conference. There were some doubts about the sword test conference, and especially about the strength of the local xiuzhe. The non-local xiuzhe had used spectacular performances to prove their strength. But Dong Fu's xiuzhe had not fought up until now. This was also why, in all the rankings, the Dong Fu xiuzhe didn't rank high.

There was a quota of local xiuzhe who did not need to pass through the preliminary Sword Test Conference. Consequently, the zhuji xiuzhe that appeared in the true competition was a farce in the eyes of many people.

As a result, from the start of the competition, the arguments about the Sword Test Conference had not stopped. The unfairness between the local and non-local xiuzhe etc etc... ..

But the host Tian Song Zi had used a very short sentence to shut everyone up, "This Sword Test Conference is Dong Fu Sword Test Conference." The implicit meaning was that this was us holding a competition for ourselves. It's generous of us to let you attend.

Non-local xiuzhe had nothing to say, but their rage hadn't disappeared. Zuo Mo was the only zhuji xiuzhe in this Sword Test Conference and became infamous.

Many people wanted to see him get embarrassed. The wagering on how many moves it would take was primarily due to the machinations of those people.

"There's a lot of people." Zuo Mo looked at the dense crowds in the surroundings and asked heartlessly, "Shijie, did you bet the jingshi?"

Li Ying Feng wanted to turn and leave. Look what time it was, Shidi was still thinking about jingshi... ..

She manage to suppress the impulse to explode and said irritably, "I bet it! According to your request, I spread it out."

"Oh, then I'm not worried. Hee hee!" Zuo Mo gave an extremely perverse

laugh with an expressionless face. It was extremely strange to see.

Heavens! Why did she come out with this weirdo? It was really embarrassing!

She was extremely regretful. Why hadn't she just turned and left earlier?

"Brother Chao, really, your opponent is someone like that?" One of Chao An's people said in an exaggerated voice.

Chao An's expression was extremely angry, his hands cracking as they became fists.

The sect leaders and elders of the various large sects were sitting on a Lucky Cloud far away. Wu Kong Sword Sect's Pei Yuan Ran was also one of them. The Lucky Cloud was extremely large, multiple mu in area. On it, chairs and tables were provided as well as ling fruits and tea. The disciples of each sect were standing heads down at the side.

"Your sect's Zuo Mo is very interesting! As expected, truly a money-grubber. Are all your disciples like this?" Ling Yin Sect's sect leader roared with laughter.

Their cultivations were all astonishing and they could easily catch what was happening below. Zuo Mo and Li Ying Feng's conversation had entered their ears.

Shi Feng Rong's eyelid flickered, anger barely hidden. Pei Yuan Ran's expression was as usual. "Zuo Mo's personality is straightforward and whimsical, extremely interesting. Money-grubber? Our sect, including me, the sect leader, are all money-grubbers. Your sect is very wealthy and do not know the troubles of us poor people. Ha ha!"

"That's right, this one had heard something before. Do not talk about jingshi in front of Ling Ying Sect." Someone couldn't help but say sourly, "To us poor people, scrimping and saving is very normal."

Ling Ying Sect was so rich it came out of their pores. Many people were jealous. Adding in that they were usually proud and domineering, they didn't have many friendly relationships. Pei Yuan Ran's light words threw Ling Ying Sect on the opposite side of everyone else.

The sect leader of Ling Ying Sect was not stupid. Seeing the unfriendly gazes of the people around him, he understood.

His expression did not change. He smiled, saying, "Each family has their own problems. The wagering has been pretty hot recently, how many moves it would take. Sect Leader Pei should be most familiar with your sect's disciples. How many moves does Sect Leader Pei think Zuo Mo could go through? I had bet three!" He then twisted his mouth and said, "Could Sect Leader Pei give some insider information? Three moves shouldn't be a problem, right?"

Shi Feng Rong's eyelids and eyebrows simultaneously went up. She was about to act when Xin Yan put out a hand to stop her.

Hearing this, Pei Yuan Ran pretended to be shocked and said, "Insider information? You don't know? If I remember correctly, the last time Zuo Mo went to visit your sect, he had sparred with five of your disciples. Did your disciples not report that to you?"

"Oh, something like that had happened?" At the side, Tian Song Zi heard this, and couldn't help but be interested, "What was the result?"

Pei Yuan Ran said regretfully, "Lost to Chang Heng."

Ling Ying Sect's leader's face was horrifically black. He had wanted to take the chance to mock Pei Yuan Ran and the others. He hadn't thought that Pei Yuan Ran would push a fire onto him.

No matter the time, there were always people willing to add insult to injury.

The leader of Chi Sword Sect said, deliberately pretending to be ignorant, "So that means four wins and one loss? Oh, Chang Heng had already broken through to ningmai, how can he fight with a zhuji?"

"Hearing you guys say this, I'm full of interest in Zuo Mo now." Another sect leader opened.

"It was luck, just luck!" Pei Yuan Ran deflected.

The leader of Ling Ying Sect was regretful now. But he could not explain

that Chang Heng hadn't broken through to ningmai at that time. Such a inglorious matter, the more that was said, the more embarrassing it was. He could only swallow the bitterness.

Zuo Mo walked onto the battlefield. Chao An was waiting for him.

Chao An saw Zuo Mo sedately swing as he walked onto the field and his expression became even uglier. The longer this guy stood in front of him, the more he would be laughed at. He wanted the elder responsible for judging the match to announce the start of the fight, and he would hammer this damned guy into paste!

Since it was the first match, to show its importance, the judge responsible for the fight was a jindan.

His eyes coldly glanced across the two. In his eyes, there was no difference between ningmai and zhuji. The warning glance moved past the two people who couldn't help but shudder. The anger in Chao An's eyes disappeared, and Zuo Mo's swaying body stopped.

"You can use any move other than ling beasts. If someone admits loss, you cannot attack. If someone is unconscious, it is instantly judged a loss, the other cannot continue to attack... .."

Chao An told himself. Be calm, I need to be calm.

But he kept on feeling the dense crowds of spectators were all looking at him with ridicule in their eyes like they were looking at a clown. Facing the judge, he didn't dare to make any moves. He lowered his head, suppressing the anger that had accumulated in his chest.

The judge finally finished announcing the rules, both of his hands making a cut down, "Battle start!"

Chao An raised his head, his eyes filled with a stormy fury. He was like an infuriated lion, terrifying!

The Intense Fire Hammer in his hand turned with a boom into a ball of fire the size of a house and floated beside his body. The deep red flames spit and spat on the outside of the ball of fire. The heat that the fireball released could be clearly felt by spectators one hundred zhang away. Chao

An seemed minuscule compared to the fireball beside him.

The light of the flickering fire reflected on Chao An's face. His face was full of murderous intent!

Taking the chance, Zuo Mo's hand flipped and threw out a jade disk.

Those with keen eyes instantly recognized it as a formation disk!

Once the formation disk was thrown out, it turned to several streams of light and disappeared into the air.

Many of the spectators either gave a disdainful expression or a disappointed one.

Just a second-grade Path Confusion Formation. What effect could it have on a ningmai xiuzhe?

Feeling the anger boiling in his chest, seeing the other's poor performance, Chao An looked on with ridicule and disdain and deep anger!

Just this kind of person, he could make it through ten of his moves?

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Translator Ramblings:

Shi Feng Rong probably has the shortest temper if it is about her disciples.

Chapter 124: Multiple Shadows and Intense Fire

A second-grade Path Confusion formation posed no risk to Chao An who was in the stage of ningmai.

Poof.

Like a bubble bursting, the light sound didn't cause a ripple. The light surrounding Chao An changed slightly. The Path Confusion Formation couldn't even endure the presence of the fireball beside Chao An and was instantly torn to bits.

However, in that period of time, in front of Chao An, Zuo Mo had turned from one to five.

"Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal!"

Watching from the side, Yan Ming Zi and the others gaped and turned to look at each other.

"Isn't this Wang Shixiong's medicine-seal-style?"

"Such a wretched opening move!"

"The core of the medicine-seal-style!"

Standing beside the three people was Wang Shixiong. At this time, he was gaping with wide eyes, not knowing what to say. Last time, Zuo Mo had defeated him. Adding in the fact the wagering had been extra hot in Dong Fu, he had great interest about the scalping Zombie's match, and had especially come to watch. Not just him, nearly all the disciples of Ling Ying Sect had come out, wanting to personally see the sorry outcome of the Scalping Zombie.

It had always been Ling Ying Sect running to other sects and bullying other people. To be harassed at their own doors, and losing, Zuo Mo was the first one.

It was an embarrassment, embarrassment!

The Ling Ying Sect disciple gritted their teeth, wanting to go up, skin and strip the damned zombie, especially when they saw Zuo Mo was using Wang Shixiong's medicine-seal-style. Instantly, the new hate and the old grudges merged.

The spectators all shook their heads. Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal was very useful in the battles between low level xiuzhe, but facing a person higher than the user like Chao An, this move was not effective.

Four illusions, one real person. The illusions had to be controlled by the real person. This was why the Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal was not used in higher level battles. Controlling the illusions meant that one had to split their attention and the difficulty of manipulation would increase. Those illusions were only useful for confusion others but did not do anything else.

On the field, five Zuo Mo spread out.

“Whoa!” A light suddenly rose in the eyes of Wang Shixiong.

He was the creator of medicine-seal-style, and the Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal was his trademark opening move. He was way too familiar with this move! But with his eyes, he actually could not detect which of the five Zuo Mo was the real one!

The movements of the five Zuo Mos were extremely synchronized. They continuously took out formation disks from the hundred treasures pouch at the waist and then furiously threw them into the field.

In a second, the formation disks flew like rain into the field.

How... .. was it possible... ..

In a second, his expression froze. His mouth slowly dropped further but he didn't realize it.

He couldn't tell... .. still couldn't tell... ..

Each Zuo Mo moved just the same as the real one. There was no stiffness, no place that they seemed fake. The other disciples might not understand the difference, but Wang Shixiong, who was so familiar with

the Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal, how could he not understand the difficulty involved?

The illusions created by the Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal would not move on their own. If they had to move, it must be controlled by the mind. With his skill, he could just control one illusion, and he had to leave the other three alone. The one illusion that he could control would definitely not be as realistic and detailed as what was happening now.

Controlling four illusions at the same time, and could fight with such ease, how terrifying must his consciousness be?

Unknowingly, sweat started to flow down his back and silently dripped down. He suddenly had a strong feeling this fight wouldn't peacefully and easily finish.

In Sky Moon Jie that was dominated by sword xiu, aids like the Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal were things that people ridiculed. But Wang Shixiong who had a deep knowledge of the Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal was very clear, if the user could accurately control every illusion, the useless Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal would become full of danger.

No, it was actually terrifyingly dangerous!

When it was impossible to distinguish the illusions using the naked eye, one had to use their consciousness to detect it. However, would the consciousness of a person who could control four illusions be weak?

If one could not tell the true from the illusions and their spirit was not strong enough, then there was only one way... ..

This fight had attracted countless pairs of eyes, experts gathering around. They may not be as familiar with the Multiple Ghost Shadows seal as Wang Shixiong but their understanding of battle helped them see some clues. The underestimation on many people's faces were swept away. They started to think, if they were facing an opponent who had five bodies, real and illusory, how could they deal with it?

On the Lucky Cloud, Tian Song Zi saw Zuo Mo's move and couldn't help but praise, "Your sect's Zuo Mo is really a good one. I heard Yu Bai say

that he had comprehended sword essence when he was in lianqi. I hadn't quite believed it, but seeing him now, he really is exceptionally talented!"

Comprehended sword essence in lianqi? Once the words were spoken, the sect leaders on the Lucky Cloud all had shocked expressions!

The heavens really loved Wu Kong Sword Sect too much! Having a genius that had an apparition when he entered zhuji, and hiding a genius that comprehended sword essence when he was in lianqi! Other than sighing, they couldn't help but feel admiration and envy. Each of them had their own thoughts. The face of the Ling Ying Sect leader was extremely poor.

Comprehended sword essence in lianqi? Shi Feng Rong, Xin Yan and the others stared at each other, their eyes filled with shock and surprise. They found that they hadn't had a clue at all.

Great, see how I'll sort you out when we get back! The light jumped in Shi Feng Rong's eyes and she burned with anger.

Chao An could not distinguish the real Zuo Mo from the fake illusions.

In the scriptures that he had practiced in Fort Chao, the spirit was the area that was the least important.

Looking at the five Zuo Mo thrown formation disks into the field, he felt joy instead of anger. The more Zuo Mo showed he was strong, after he won, the better he would look.

In reality, the strength that Zuo Mo was displaying now could be considered the top of zhuji xiuzhe.

But, what you are facing is a ningmai xiuzhe. The distance between you and I is much bigger than you have imagined!

Chao An gave a dark smile.

It was true. He could not find which Zuo Mo was the real one. But, did he need to know which one was real?

All the anger and humiliation that had accumulated in his heart was like molten lava flowing inside his body, burning his body, pain covering his

entire body! His body became a strange red color as though he was made from boiling red metal. The specialty of Fort Chao, [Fiery Scripture], had reached its maximum.

He wanted to use a method that no one could have any doubts about to win this battle. He wanted everyone to shut their mouths!

His legs spread out slightly. Lowering his head, the gigantic fireball that was burning as it floated beside him suddenly bounced towards the sky.

The spectators couldn't help but raise their heads, their eyes tightly fixed on the soaring fireball. They all knew what was coming was Chao Ao's full frontal attack!

Seriousness came onto Wei Sheng's face. He could feel the astounding power contained in that fireball. At his side, Xiao Guo and Li Ying Feng paled. Before, they had thought about the gap in power between the two people, but the confidence that Zuo Mo had displayed had made them feel that the gap was not as big as they thought. But now, they found that the gap was even bigger than they had imagined.

In the sky far away, two people silently floated in the air and watched the fight.

"Shimei is that confident in Zuo Mo?" Gu Rong Ping looked at the match and said slowly, "Fort Chao's Fiery Hammer, strong on the offensive and weak on the defence but the power isn't bad. If he gets to complete it, even I would have some trouble."

Su was floating beside him and said faintly, "We'll know when they finish."

Gu Rong Ping gave a light chuckle, "It seems that Shimei has a lot of confidence in him. Oh, then I can have high expectations."

Su didn't respond.

Yan Ming Zi and the others were very nervous right now. Hu Shan directly asked Wang Shixiong, "Shixiong, what's the situation?"

Before he finished, Chao An shouted. Boom. His fisted hands suddenly

crashed together in front of his chest.

As his fists hit each other, the fireball in the sky suddenly exploded, turning into countless fist-sized fireballs, howling as they started falling down!

The “Fire Rain Hammer” of [Fiery Hammer]!

Swoosh swoosh swoosh!

From nothingness, from low to high, the howls swept the field like a flood. Even the ground was trembling slightly. The xiuzhe that had been looking at Chao An like they were looking like a jade suddenly changed expressions!

The light in Wei Sheng’s eyes grew as he stared at the field, the tendons in his hand protruding uncontrollably.

The sect leaders on the Lucky Cloud didn’t have the attention to talk now, their eyes locked on the field. Shi Feng Rong’s expression changed slightly. Zuo Mo should not meet this move head on! A hint of remorse flashed through Pei Yuan Ran’s eyes. His original intention had been for Zuo Mo to have some experience. He hadn’t thought that Zuo Mo would land in such a dangerous situation. They had only thought that Zuo Mo had comprehended sword essence when he had been in zhuji so they hadn’t opposed him when Zuo Mo went to practice things like ling farming and dan-making.

If they had known that this guy had comprehended sword essence when he was in lianqi... ..

If such a good sprout like this one was ruined on his hands, how could he face the ancestral masters? Pei Yuan Ran’s expression couldn’t help but change slightly. The faces of the others were also abnormally ugly. A cold light flashed through Xin Yan’s eyes. His right hand hidden in his sleeve, at some unknown time, was gripping a little sword.

Only the sect leader of Ling Ying Sect had a joyful expression.

Just as everyone was intimidated by Chao An’s “Fire Rain Hammer”, and lost their ability to talk, Wang Shixiong suddenly raised his head, the light

in his eyes shining, as he couldn't stop himself from shouting, "That's not right... .."

Yan Ming Zi and the others were startled awake by Wang Shixiong's shout but didn't have the attention to spare to ask. Their eyes couldn't bear to move aside.

At some unknown time, a patch of faint golden mist had rose. Those lights that were like golden sand, under the explosive rain of fire that was like a volcanic explosion, was so weak and inconspicuous.

Gold Surge Formation!

The mist that was like golden sand was all pure golden energy. Gold Surge Formation was a commonly seen gold element formation. It could nurture the vigorous gold energy. These vigorous gold energies didn't have much power. Most of the time, it was activated before casting a gold element spell. It could increase the power of a gold element spell.

Did he want to use a gold element spell? The spectators couldn't help but shake their heads. The attributes of gold were vigor, strength and breakage. Along with fire, it could deal the greatest damage out of the five elements. But of the gold element spells that a zhuji could use, they really couldn't think of one that could stop Chao An's "Fire Rain Hammer."

Some perceptive xiuzhe that were also knowledgeable in formations found an abnormality. Was this Gold Surge Formation second or third-grade? Such a big patch of golden mist, it didn't seem like something a second-grade Gold Surge Formation could form. But if it was a third-grade Gold Surge Formation, it could not form in such a short amount of time.

Seeing the fire hammer in the sky about to land, this patch of golden mist changed again.

At this time, no one was concerned with the change in the gold mist. Everyone was closely watching the five Zuo Mo on the field. They wanted to see how Zuo Mo would respond!

"That's not correct... .." Wang Shixiong's expression was frozen as he stared at the field, unconsciously muttering. Without noticing, his face

was full of sweat and his eyes were full of deep disbelief!

*

Translator Ramblings: The sect elders find out Zuo Mo concealed something! I don't want to spoil anything so no commentary on anything else in this chapter until the fight is over.

Chapter 125: Final Kill

One, two, three, four... ..

How many formation disks had Zuo Mo thrown out?

Everyone only saw the sky filled with formation disks like rain. Only Wang Shixiong had been silently counting inside. The five Zuo Mo had been furiously throwing formation disks at an astounding rate but an illusion was just an illusion. The illusions created with a Multiple Ghost Shadows Seal below fifth-grade were intangible. They were just a ball of light.

Therefore, only the formation disks thrown out by the real person were real formation disks.

Wang Shixiong, face full of sweat, was full of admiration towards Zuo Mo to the point of kneeling. It was rare that the illusions were so realistic, but to have illusions that could throw out formation disks, the person's consciousness was terrifying!

Wang Shixiong could not count how many formation disks had been truly thrown out. The rate at which each Zuo Mo had been throwing formation disks was different. He couldn't tell which one was the real one. But he knew that Zuo Mo had at least thrown out seven formation disks!

The fight had reached its climax, and Wang Shixiong felt that hiding under that expressionless zombie face was an extremely terrifying cunning!

The spherical ball of fire that was howling as it came down quickly changed.

“Hammer Metamorphosis”!

This was an extremely important transformation of the fiery hammer. Almost every move needed to undergo “hammer metamorphosis” After the fire turned into a hammer, the power would greatly increase. In normal moves, the time it took to complete the change was extremely short and hard to detect. It was only for powerful moves like “Fire Rain

Hammer” that the metamorphosis of the hammer was clear enough for people to detect.

When the howling fireball all turned into the fire hammer, the entire battleground would be flattened!

At this moment a change suddenly occurred!

Three blue chains suddenly leapt around the red Chao An’s feet, like three blue snakes that had been waiting for a long time, and tangled around Chao An.

Unable to defend, Chao An was tightly tied.

Third-grade [Dragon Tying Formation]!

Shocked shouts instantly sounded in the crowd. This change had been too sudden without a hint of warning!

However, many people were still shaking their head. Was this what Zuo Mo had been doing?

The [Dragon Tying Formation] had been one of the finer formations that Zuo Mo had purchased. Not many people recognized it. But in the eyes of these ningmai, they could roughly detect the power of this [Dragon Tying Formation]. From what they saw, the power of the [Dragon Tying Formation] was good, but it was impossible to tie down Chao An with this. It would only take Chao An a few breaths to break free!

Crack crack, Wang Shixiong couldn’t help but fist his hands. A blush came onto his sweaty face. Only he guessed that Zuo Mo’s counterattack was starting!

Chao An was enraged!

Under the eyes of everyone, he had actually been tied down by a zhuji xiuzhe!

His head rang. The fire inside his chest could not be suppressed. His hair stood on end, his eyes widening angrily, his expression extremely twisted!

“Go die!”

All the ling power in his body furiously headed for the three blue chains on his body. A bright red fire appeared on his body, and he truly became a fire person!

The deep red fire fiercely burned the blue chains on his body. The blue chains, at a speed visible to the naked eye, dramatically shrunk.

The spectators couldn't help but sigh. The difference in power was too great! For zhuji cultivators, the power of the [Dragon Tying Formation] was very strong, but it was not enough for a ningmai. It might have tied Chao An down for a while, but Zuo Mo lacked a move that could finish him off! He basically could not do anything to Chao An. Zuo Mo couldn't even near the flame that was on Chao An's body.

Only Wang Shixiong believed this was the horn of counterattack. There definitely was a change hidden in here!

But where was that change?

He suddenly found that in that great patch of golden sand, at some unknown time, there was the addition of countless water energies! A ball of faint water mist, carrying countless sparkling golden lights. It was extremely beautiful.

Such thick water energy!

Such an evident change obviously could not be missed by the spectators. Those that were familiar with formations instantly recognized it as the [Water Gathering Formation]. But the water energy that had been gathered far surpassed a second-grade water gathering formation!

Those xiuzhe that had deeper knowledge of formations instantly reacted!

"Gold births water! His Gold Surge Formation is aiding the Water Gathering Formation! It's a chain formation!"

"No! There must have been an earth formation before. Earth aids the gold formation! It's a three chain formation!"

"Heavens! Three chain formation!"

“Three chain formation! He knows how to do a three chain formation!”

... ..

Gasps of shock instantly sounded among the crowd. This was the first time, up until now, that some many people gasped with shock at Zuo Mo!

Wang Shixiong silently fisted his hands even more. He didn't feel happy that his guess had been right at this moment. His eyes were full of panic.

Faster... .. faster... ..

The howling fireball rain had just reached Zuo Mo's head. No matter how much assistance and traps he had put down before, he could not dodge this move!

“A pity for the three chain... ..”

Someone said that, and the surroundings instantly became silent.

With Zuo Mo's cultivation, no matter what, they could not stop this “Fire Rain Hammer”!

Suddenly, all five Zuo Mo stopped and simultaneously looked at the sky.

Zuo Mo's vision instantly darkened. The fireball descended from the sky, carrying an intimidating presence, unable to be dodged.

Li Ying Feng and Xiao Guo's faces were bloodless. When the fireball flew closer, that terrifying presence made one unable to find the courage to face it.

Shixiong... ..

Xiao Guo's body uncontrollably trembled.

“Hm!” Wei Sheng's eyes suddenly lit up.

“Eh!” Chang Heng suddenly straightened his body.

“Oh!” Gu Rong Ping was slightly surprised, “Little bit interesting.”

... ..

A light flashed through Zuo Mo's eyes. His eyes were tightly fixed on the nearing fire rain covering the sky.

The fireball grew larger in front of his eyes with astounding speed. He didn't move at all. He stood with his face looking at the sky, not moving a sliver.

The fireball had a long tail, just like a meteor!

But... .. they were still shaped spherically.

-- It hadn't turned into a hammer!

Golden light suddenly rose inside the field. A gigantic formation suddenly appeared. Zuo Mo was at the center of the formation. At the same time, the jade pendant at his waist suddenly lit up.

Two formations, big and small, but completely the same, appeared in front of everyone's eyes.

Double chain Streaming Fire Core Manipulation!

The hands of the five Zuo Mo in the field suddenly moved simultaneously.

Zuo Mo was under great pressure at the center of the formation. He could feel all the power and changes that were happening in the formation. He had never felt it was so easy before. It was like his hands were greased. He didn't need to especially control it and those incomparably complex finger motions streamed out of his hands!

Opposite the flow of his finger movements, his body clearly was struggling like he was weighed down with something heavy, slightly trembling!

Poof poof poof poof!

The four illusions disappeared. At this time, Zuo Mo had no more concentration to control those four illusions.

He was enduring pressure that he had never endured before. From far away, one could clearly see the tendons in Zuo Mo's forehead bulging like earthworms.

Control fire!

He was using the most normal method to control fire!

Taking advantage of Chao An being tied up and having weakened his control of the Fire Rain Hammer, before the fireballs could turn to a hammer, taking advantage of the double chained Streaming Fire Core Manipulation Formation to increase his control over fire, to resolve this move!

“Such a smart child!” Tian Song Zi praised from the lucky cloud.

The faces of the other sect leaders were full of jealousy. At this time, Pei Yuan Ran and the others did not have time to be smug. They were nervously looking at the battle.

All of the spectators were dumbstruck!

No one had thought Zuo Mo would use such an incredible method to resolve a move that others thought was far out of his limits.

It was just the most common fire... ..

Zuo Mo locked his jaw and told himself repeatedly. His consciousness was reaching into every corner, crawling around the fireballs above his head. The finger motions changed according to the feelings passed on through his consciousness.

哪怕他有流火心御阵相助，哪怕此时晁安对火雨的控制稍弱，哪怕它没有化锤，但它依然不是左莫能够控制的。

Even though he had the Streaming Fire Core Manipulation Formation to help him, even though Chao An’s control over the rain of fire was weakened, even though it had not metamorphosed into the hammer, but it still was not something that Zuo Mo could control.

However, Zuo Mo didn’t want to control it at all... ..

“Open!” Zuo Mo bellowed. His voice seemed to have come out of his chest, suffocated yet deep.

The rain of fire above his head suddenly moved towards two sides, revealing a slim crack! The sunlight streamed down through the crack. On the shaded ground, a path of light suddenly appeared.

A ruler-straight path of light.

At this end of the path was Zuo Mo. At the other end, it was Chao an. And in the middle was that dense water energy that carried dots of gold light.

Suddenly, for some unknown reason, when this path of light appeared, everyone that was watching had one thought, the final move! All the set up, all the traps, they followed and intercrossed and were so surprising. After such careful setup for the move, how could it not be the final kill?

Zuo Mo's finger movements changed. That ball of water energy in the middle suddenly started to pour with rain.

[Little Art of Cloud and Rain]!

Little Art of Cloud and Rain... ...

The people that had been waiting for an ultimate attack were dazed. Though many people hadn't recognized the finger motions and formations that had came up previously, there was no one who did not recognize the [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] that Zuo Mo had just cast. No one noticed that Zuo Mo had cast [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] in such a short amount of time. Everyone's first response was, why was it Little Art of Cloud and Rain?

Just as everyone was shocked, the Water Drop sword appeared in Zuo Mo's hands.

All the noise of the surroundings completely disappeared. In Zuo Mo's eyes, there was only that ball of Cloud and Rain. Under his feet was the Five Primary Ling Replenishing Formation. It had just barely managed to top up the ling power in his body.

Charge!

In his heart, Zuo Mo shouted to himself.

The Water Drop sword was tilted downward at his waist. Trotting in little steps, as the Wind Travel boots lit up, as he brushed past the fire rain beside him, he slowly sped up. All the ling power in his body were flooding

towards the Water Drop sword.

Chao An was very angry, more angry than he had ever been before.

Originally, he had hoped to use a grand and explosive move to end this farce, and to prove his power!

But everything was ruined!

Now, even if he won, this damned zombie's performance was enough for people to talk about. The center of the conversation would be this zombie, and him... ..

The flames on his body became even hotter. The blue chains that had been struggling finally could not endure it anymore and turned to dust.

He raised his bright red eyes. There was one voice inside his heart.

-- Die!

In front of him, the cloud that was raining seemed to be changing.

Immediately after, a figure rushed through the mist. The moment he came out, the white mist turned back to gold. All the water energy had disappeared.

When he saw the person that rushed out was Zuo Mo, Chao An had a fierce smile. But when his eyes landed on Zuo Mo's waist, his eyes suddenly widened.

The Water Drop sword that Zuo Mo was holding on his side had turned into a water sword, a gigantic water sword that was one zhang long like a flame!

When he had passed by the cloud, all of the water energy had been absorbed onto the sword.

In the midst of the fire rain, a transparent sword of water. That was Zuo Mo's final and ultimate kill.

-- [Li Water Burning Heavens]!

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Translator Ramblings: There was someone who mentioned using [Little

Art of Cloud and Rain] in battle, so here it is! Formations, five element ling farming spells, and Zuo Mo's sword! Is this worth the cliffhanger?

Chapter 126: Cross-Examination

Boom boom boom!

The sound of explosions rang out. The battlefield turned into a sea of fire.

The deep red flames were several zhang high as they spat and danced. The two people that were enveloped in the fire could not be seen.

Suddenly, in the middle of the sea of fire, several snowflakes floated out.

A blurry figure appeared out of the sea of fire. He walked step by step out. The blurry figure became more solid.

Who was it?

Everyone couldn't help but stretch their necks, and stop breathing. Even the dumbest person knew the one walking out was the winner of the battle.

The rain of fire that had landed at the end had blocked everyone's vision. The image that had been burned in their eyes had been that gigantic flame-like sword made out of water, moving from bottom to top, slicing towards Chao An!

Did he hit it? What was the result?

It seemed to be time for everything to be revealed.

The black figure coming out of the sea of fire was even more solid. He finally reached the border of the sea of fire. He didn't stop and stepped forward.

A dark golden bare footed figure, slightly burnt black, stepped out of the sea of fire.

The sky was clear and the warm sunlight reached the ground. The weather of Sky Moon Jie was pleasant. Even though the rain was plentiful, but sunny days were the majority in the year. Dong Fu, located on the mountain was abnormally busy. The xiuzhe were coming and going, on

swords or flying, or riding ling beasts, or controlling talismans as they gathered here from all around.

At Wu Kong Mountain not far away from Dong Fu.

Completely bare, Zuo Mo was soaking in the medicinal tub, only his head let out. He occasionally would hiss and inhale. Even though he had won this time, but he had been seriously injured. When he had walked out of the sea of fire, he had fainted. When he opened his eyes, he found that he was soaking in the medicinal liquid. Beside the tub, a sound tablet was placed. The light flowed on the jade disk of the sound tablet. This was something Zuo Mo had begged Xiao Guo to find for him.

He was quickly pulled to the content of the sound tablet broadcast.

“Even though the matches of the past two days were extremely good, but it had to be said that they cannot compare to the first match! It really makes me unable to have interest. Master Xu, what do you think?”

“True. I feel the same. The spells of the past two days were varied, but there was nothing as astounding as Zuo Mo’s display in the first match. However, after analyzing it, there are many reasons why everyone has such a deep impression of Zuo Mo and Chao An’s fight.”

“Exactly. A classic fight naturally needs some reasons it could be called classic. Like the gigantic difference in the two’s power, and the unique use of formation disks and formations by Zuo Mo etcetera, they are all reasons this fight will be classic. In this fight, Zuo Mo’s accomplishments with formations and formation disks is the topic that everyone has discussed the most. The professions see the technique, the amateurs the spectacle. I don’t know anything about formations at all. Master Xu, you are an expert in this field and definitely saw more than I did. Come, explain it to me.”

“I’m really not that skilled. In reality, I was present at the fight and it gave me a great shock. It might be because I’m very interested in formations. I was greatly stimulated by how Zuo Mo used formations and formation disks. Many people are asking the same question, how many formation disks did Zuo Mo really throw out?”

“Yes! I’ve been wanting to ask this question.”

“If I hadn’t seen it wrong, it should be eleven formation disks!”

“That many?”

“The first one he threw out was the Path Confusion formation disk. After that, the formation disks he threw out included the Earth Ling Formation, the Gold Surge Formation, the Water Gathering Formation. Those three formed a three chain formation. Everyone should still remember the three blue chains that tied up Chao An. I checked afterwards. It is the Dragon Tying Formation. Not a bad formation. The gold formation that appeared last was the Streaming Fire Core Manipulation Formation. It formed a double chain with the Streaming Fire Core Manipulation formation on Zuo Mo’s jade pendant at his waist.”

“That was just six formation disks!”

“Haha, those six disks had been meticulously planned. But where Zuo Mo was smart was not just that. He had five formation disks with Five Primary Ling Replenishing Formations!”

“Five Five Primary Ling Replenishing Formations!”

“Right. Zuo Mo only has zhuji cultivation in the end. His ling power is not as deep as Chao An by far so he needed to replenish ling power. What everyone should admire is that he had thrown the five formation disks into very specific places. Basically, any place that he could step into, is within the area of the five primary ling replenishing formation... ..”

Inside the medicinal tub, Zuo Mo was full of admiration. He didn’t know who this Master Xu was, but all his arrangements had been clearly seen by this person. He couldn’t help but be a little smug. To hear someone praise him from the sound tablet, that feeling, it wasn’t just good!

The pain from the medicinal fluid burrowing into his body seemed to lessen. When he thought of the jingshi that he had made this time, his soul was flying... ..

“You are very smug!” Shi Feng Rong said icily, face cold

Inside the tub, Zuo Mo shrunk his head. He had almost forgotten that he was being cross-examined right now. The sect leader, Xin Yan Shibo, Yan

Le Shibo, and Master, were standing in a row in front of his medicinal tub and were staring at him.

“This disciple doesn’t dare!” he said carefully.

“Doesn’t dare? What don’t you dare do?” Shi Feng Rong’s voice suddenly rose as she demanded, “Say, what don’t you dare do?”

Zuo Mo saw the situation was bad. Master was truly angry but he didn’t know where he had done something wrong so he could only make noises.

Seeing Zuo Mo making noise, the fire in Shi Feng Rong’s heart rose, “Look how docile you appear. You are the slipperiest and ruffian-like person in all the disciples! If I don’t sort you out, as your Master, I’ll get lead around in circles by you... ..”

Zuo Mo didn’t understand anything at all. Inside, he was even more certain he had done something wrong. But there were too many things that he had done that was not allowed. His master was pointing at his nose and scolding, but he didn’t know which one it was.

To have provoked the stoic Master into scolding like this, what he had done was probably major!

Li Ying Feng and Xiao Guo didn’t dare to breathe from the side. However, by the end, they were suppressing their laughter.

“Cough.” Only when Shi Feng Rong had pretty much vented did Pei Yuan Ran stand out.

“Xiao Mo, you had comprehended sword essence in *lianqi*, but why didn’t you tell us?” The sect leader’s voice was gentle and friendly, extremely warm, but soaking in the boiling medicinal fluid, Zuo Mo couldn’t help but shudder.

Truthfully, Zuo Mo wasn’t that afraid of Master. Master had a cold face but a warm heart. Even though she had been sternly scolding him, but she was truly concerned for him. Out of the four elders, the one Zuo Mo was frightened of the most was the sect leader. The sect leader always spoke moderately, was friendly and warm, but for some reason, Zuo Mo was always terrified of the sect leader that had brought him back.

So it was comprehending sword essence when he was in lianqi. Zuo Mo relaxed slightly. There shouldn't be a problem with that matter.

"This disciple felt at the time that since the sword essence couldn't make jingshi, it wasn't as practical as being a ling plant farmer... .." Zuo Mo deliberately stammered out.

The enormous yard was completely silent.

Hearing Zuo Mo's answer, even though the four had cultivations of jindan, they were completely dumbstruck. The four stared at each other, not knowing to laugh or cry. Xiao Guo, Li Ying Feng and the others were trying their best to not laugh so much that their bodies were shuddering.

Actually, for a long time, that had been Zuo Mo's true thoughts. So he was extremely natural when he said it.

Everyone knew what Zuo Mo was normally like. A person that dared to risk death to go to Ling Ying Sect to steal talismans. It was normal for him to say something like this.

"Make jingshi! You only know how to make jingshi! One day, you'll be smashed to death by jingshi... .." Hearing that Zuo Mo had wasted his talents for such a ridiculous reason, Shi Feng Rong was furious!

"It'll be worth it to be smashed by jingshi... .." Zuo Mo reflexively muttered. The moment it came out, he knew it was bad. Master and the others had very keen hearing. Wasn't he finding trouble for himself?

Once one was injured, their self-control was lowered!

Shi Feng Rong was so angered by Zuo Mo that her entire body shook, the finger that she pointed at him shaking.

Yan Le's face was full of helplessness. Such a money-obsessed disciple, but his talent was so good... ..

Only Pei Yuan Ran's expression was normal. His tone was still very warm, "Oh, if I remember correctly, you only learned Li Water Sword Scripture after you entered zhuji. Then, before that, what sword essence had you comprehended?"

Zuo Mo instantly was alarmed!

Damn it! How did he forget that!

Li Water Sword Scripture was a scripture that he had gone to the records room to get after he entered zhuji. He hadn't thought that the sect leader, who usually did not act, would have noticed him so much that he was clear when he had cultivated the Li Water Sword Scripture.

If the sect leader found Pu Yao... ..

Zuo Mo was extremely panicked. He felt more nervous than he had ever been before, his heart up to his throat.

He swallowed and said hesitantly, "It's Shibo's Ice Dragon Sword Essence... .."

This was something he certainly would not be able to conceal. If he lied, and the sect leader made him show it, he would definitely slip up.

Two dots of cold light suddenly lit up in Xin Yan's half-lidded eyes. The other three had not expected Zuo Mo's answer. Even Pei Yuan Ran stilled in shock.

"Oh, take it out for your Shibo to see." Yan Le said hurriedly.

As expected... ..

Zuo Mo suppressed the terror in his heart and sent out a Tidal Sword essence. It was extremely weak, but the iciness contained in it was undoubtedly the Ice Dragon Sword Essence.

"Where did you learn it?" Sect Leader Pei Yuan Ran stared with blazing eyes at Zuo Mo.

The other three had reacted by now. Xin Yan had never taught Zuo Mo the Ice Dragon Sword Essence and the records had only been opened not long ago. How did Zuo Mo encounter the Ice Dragon Sword Scripture when he was in lianqi.

The four people's eyes were blinding. Zuo Mo felt cold up his spine, his limbs freezing.

Damn it, how could he perfect this lie?

Zuo Mo's silence made the other four people's faces ugly.

The tense atmosphere made Li Ying Feng and the others pale. Secretly stealing and learning a spell, it was a crime punished by death in all sects! No one would have mercy for someone that did so.

Just as Zuo Mo felt he had reached the end of the road and it was helpless, he was suddenly inspired.

He stammered, "It was... .. the night that Eldest Shixiong entered zhuji... .. I I saw Shibo's ice dragon... .."

Shock appeared on the four people's faces, chasing away the darkness before. Only now did they remember that, on that night, in order to turn away the xiuzhe that came to watch, Xin Yan had revealed his famed Ice Dragon Sword Scripture!

"You comprehended it after one look that night?" The usually calm Xin Yan finally couldn't stop himself.

"Yes... .. yes... .." Zuo Mo only felt relief as he escaped from death. He shook as he spoke.

Joy and slight guilt came onto Shi Feng Rong's face. There was only shock on the other three people's faces, deep shock! Even the usually calm sect leader was so shocked he was speechless.

Just one look, and he comprehended the sword essence. That talent at cultivating the sword... ..

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Translator Ramblings:

The complete review of Zuo Mo's battle and his strategy. His answers are just

Chapter 127: Everyone Is Troubled

Wu Kong Hall.

“What do all of you think?” Pei Yuan Ran asked the other people.

Shi Feng Rong was the first to speak, “Other than Second Shixiong, no one else knows [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture]. The jade scroll had not been released before. With Zuo Mo’s cultivation, even if he got it, he could not have read it,” She said. She was the first person to speak up for Zuo Mo, her protective intentions were evident.

Pei Yuan Ran smiled and said, “Shimei, don’t be nervous. You can’t just steal and learn [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture] even if you wanted to. I just saw that the boy was not obedient and wanted to scare him.”

Xin Yan suddenly said, “It’s a pity.”

Yan Le hurriedly asked, “What’s a pity?” The other two elders also looked at Xin Yan.

“He must have comprehended the sword essence on his own. It has the beginnings of the tide. If he had kept going like that, it would not be hard to reach the creation of the dragon. It is a pity that he merged the Li Water sword essence with it. It looks like there is more transformations, but in reality, it has caused the sword essence to become impure,” It was rare that Xin Yan spoke so much.

The expressions of the three people changed dramatically.

“Shidi means that Zuo Mo has ruined it?” Pei Yuan Ran, who never showed his emotions, had a terrible expression had the moment. In reality, he knew that he didn’t need to ask that question. They were all sword xiu and understood the result of an impure sword essence.

Xin Yan didn’t speak, but the three people that were familiar with him understood. The three of them became silent.

All four of them were in a terrible mood. It would have been alright if they didn’t know Zuo Mo’s potential, but Zuo Mo’s talent was so amazing, yet he would not be able to progress further on the Ice Dragon Sword

Scripture. For the four people who placed heavy importance on the legacy of the sect, it was a heavy blow.

Pei Yuan Ran said dejectedly, "This is my fault. I was remiss in paying attention to him."

The hearts of the other three were also unwell. Of the four, Shi Feng Rong felt the worst. She had just been happy about Zuo Mo's talent, but in the turn of an eye, she was informed that Zuo Mo would not progress further on the [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture].

"Shixiong, is there really no way?" She bit her lips and looked at Xin Yan.

"Unless he could remake his sword essence to purify it. However, what he would receive would be a new sword essence, not Li Water sword essence, nor Ice Dragon. How to progress that, we cannot teach him," Xin Yan said heavily.

Wu Kong Hall descended into silence.

Just as everyone was blaming themselves, Xin Yan suddenly opened, "Since he could comprehend Ice Dragon sword essence on his own, he is very talented. It is not out of the question that he could remake his sword essence."

Shi Feng Rong suddenly lifted her head, eyes lighting up as the disappointment left her face, "Does Shixiong have a way?"

Pei Yuan Ran and Yan Le were also uplifted. They all knew that Xin Yan was not talkative usually, but if he spoke of his own initiative, he would definitely have a way. Their eyes looked towards Xin Yan, waiting for him to continue.

"If he could understand more sword scriptures, with his talent, it should not be difficult for him to remake his sword essence. He just needs to be taught more sword scriptures," Xin Yan said solemnly, "However... .."

"What is it?" Yan Le couldn't stop himself from asking.

"He doesn't seem to be interested in cultivating the sword," Xin Yan said.

The three people stared at each other. They had been concerned about

the problem of Zuo Mo's talent and had missed the most important question. Zuo Mo was exceptionally talented, but he was the epitome of the frivolous disciple. His only habit was making jingshi. As to cultivating the sword... ..

When had he ever taken the sword seriously?

But this person with no ambitions about the sword had a talent others would admire!

Xin Yan's words struck the other three elders dumb. If Zuo Mo didn't want to practice the sword, they were concerned for no reason. The four of them were all sword xiu and knew very well how hard it was to cultivate the sword. At higher levels, other than difficulty, there was also danger. If the person's own resolve was not strong enough, they basically could not achieve anything. In other words, unless Zuo Mo wanted to learn the sword himself, they could not force him to.

The three couldn't help but thinking how Zuo Mo saying he wanted to be smashed to death by jingshi.

Pei Yuan Ran suddenly felt a headache come up.

What a troublesome youth... ..

Of course, Zuo Mo didn't know that the sect leader was having a headache over him. He was soaking in the medicinal tub, celebrating for having overcome a calamity. The mo matrix on his body had not attracted the attention of the elders. He felt surprised and extremely lucky. When he inspected the mo matrix on his body, he was shocked to find that, at some unknown time, the mo matrix had hidden away under his skin.

It was alright, alright... ..

The mo matrix hidden underneath his skin greedily absorbed the medicinal power, quickly fixing Zuo Mo's body. He found that a benefit of the mo matrix was that it could quickly absorb ling power and medicinal power, and continuously strengthen his body. The fact that his [Vajra Profound Sutra] progressed so quickly was directly connected to his mo

matrix.

After soaking for a few days in the medicine, Zuo Mo found that his benefits in the sect had risen greatly. He was familiar with dan-making now and could recognize the general components of the medicinal fluid. He found the medicinal liquid he was soaked in contained many precious ling medicines.

Zuo Mo's mind automatically converted it to jingshi and jumped in fright. Each basin was really expensive!

This didn't seem like the style of the sect!

Zuo Mo muttered inside but he quickly threw the question to the back of his mind because he thought about jingshi. This time, he had earned a lot. For him, three hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi was not a small sum. He had dared to put down so much, not because he had enough confidence, but because he had decided to spend all the jingshi before Pu Yao woke up.

If Pu Yao woke up, he wouldn't get one piece of jingshi no matter how much he had.

The odds of Zuo Mo winning had been one to three hundred. Zuo Mo had wagered three hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi. In other words, his earnings was ninety thousand pieces of third-grade jingshi.

Holy f***!

Zuo Mo felt countless jingshi were floating above his head. His soul was floating.

Ninety thousand pieces of third-grade jingshi. One fourth-grade jingshi was worth five hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi, then it was one hundred and eighty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi!

Heavens!

This was a gigantic sum!

Supposedly, when Li Ying Feng had gone to take out this enormous sum, she had asked Eldest Shixiong to protect her the whole way. Luckily, Zuo

Mo had told her to spread the wagers out, so no one had been plotting after it. But the worker at the casino that Wei Sheng had gone to wager at had a special expression when he saw Wei Sheng.

When Li Ying Feng handed the jingshi to Zuo Mo, her hands were shaking.

What Kun Lun introductory jade scrolls? All of that was thrown to the back of Zuo Mo's mind. One hundred and eighty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi. What couldn't he buy? Holding such a great sum, Zuo Mo did not need to fight at all. Wasn't it just the Kun Lun introductory jade scroll? He only needed to notice who had picked this jade scroll and buy it from him.

One hundred and eighty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi. Not just the Kun Lun beginner jade scroll. Zuo Mo felt that even if it was a normal Kun Lun fourth-grade spell, he could buy it.

He made a lot! A lot!

He had never been so wealthy before. At this time, Zuo Mo had just become an upstart, wanting to run to Dong Fu immediately to start shopping. Possessing such a great sum, he could almost sweep clean all the talisman and material shops in Dong Fu. Along with him, the casinos had also earned a lot. They were wishing that a battle like that would occur a few times each day.

In Wu Kong Hall, a cloud had formed.

"It's over!" Yan Le's face was full of helplessness, "Now the boy has made such a big amount of jingshi. Not just cultivating the sword, I'm suspicious that he would just start eating and waiting for death from now on."

"How about we take the jingshi from him?" Shi Feng Rong said hatefully. She hated Zuo Mo's lack of ambition and grieved over her unluckiness!

"That's not proper!" Pei Yuan Ran shook his head, "He earned it properly. If we take it away, how would we be different from robbers? By that time, we might force him into another sect."

The three were frightened.

Right, any sect would compete for a disciple that was as talented as Zuo Mo. If nothing else, if they crossed the line, it would be reasonable that they could force Zuo Mo away. Even a strong person like Tian Song Zi who was on good relations with Wu Kong Sword Sect wouldn't give up on him.

"What should we do now?" Shi Feng Rong's face was full of worry. Before, they had been discussing the possibility of bribing Zuo Mo since he was so miserly. But Zuo Mo had received such a fortune. Even Pei Yuan Ran and the others were jealous of such a large amount of jingshi.

Without a doubt, Zuo Mo had become the richest person in Wu Kong Sword Sect!

To bribe him with Wu Kong Sword Sect's thin assets, it was not possible.

Pei Yuan Ran couldn't help but start rubbing his throbbing brow again.

In the next few days, Zuo Mo floated as he walked. It was like he was stepping in cotton. There was only one question in his mind.

How to spend this much jingshi?

However, he didn't have time to consider that problem anymore because it was time for Wei Sheng Shixiong's match. Wei Sheng Shixiong's opponent was a sword xiu called Zuo Lin. He was a strong sword xiu, halfway up in the various rankings.

Having had a taste of gambling, Zuo Mo wanted to pull Li Ying Feng along to make some bets. But a frightened Li Ying Feng shook her head. She felt that her heart couldn't tolerate wagering like this. Without any other way, Zuo Mo could only take Xiao Guo along to go bet at the big casinos.

Zuo Mo had become famous in Dong Fu. The employees at the casino instantly recognized him.

After going to two casinos, Zuo Mo could only let Xiao Guo go make the bets.

If Zuo Mo was asked who he was most confident in, then it definitely

would be Wei Sheng Shixiong! So he did not hesitate in his wagering. To avoid being detected, he was very subdued. However, he pulled Xiao Guo along to bet at every casino in Dong Fu, all for Wei Sheng Shixiong winning.

However, the payout rate at every casino for Wei Sheng to win was very low. Everyone felt that Wei Sheng would win. Since the casinos were opened by those local factions, they all knew that Wei Sheng had caused an apparition when he entered zhuji.

As expected, Wei Sheng Shixiong crisply defeated Zuo Lin and won.

In this match, people had noticed that Wei Sheng was clearly more powerful than his opponent. After this fight, Wei Sheng was rocketed up in the rankings, easily getting into the top ten and became a candidate for winning.

Even though the payout was not high, Zuo Mo had invested a lot. In this match, he had made a little profit of ten pieces of fourth-grade jingshi.

As expected, if one had jingshi, it was easier to make jingshi. Zuo Mo sighed.

Wei Sheng Shixiong had won and he had no further interest in the following matches.

Even though his wounds had not fully healed, he was still trying to think of ways to spend the jingshi!

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Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo doesn't care but his lack of knowledge did him a disservice with his sword essence. Of course, he really doesn't have that much talent so his hopes of actually progressing with the Ice Dragon Sword Scripture is not very high unless he is very motivated.

Also, 180 pieces of fourth-grade jingshi!

Chapter 128: The Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion

For Zuo Mo, the question in front of him was an extremely serious one --- to spend this enormous amount of jingshi.

In his perspective, it was not outrageous to label it a serious problem. If he hadn't spent all of the jingshi before Pu Yao woke up, then he definitely wouldn't get a single piece. His original intentions when he had bet the original amount was because he didn't want the three hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi to land in Pu Yao's hand. This was great now. The situation hadn't changed and he needed to find a way to spend even more jingshi.

He definitely had to spend it! Before Pu Yao woke up!

If such a large sum of jingshi ended up in Pu Yao's hands, Zuo Mo felt that he would go crazy. To avoid the worst case scenario, Zuo Mo decided to act immediately.

However, before he could leave the mountain gates, he was called by the sect leader to Wu Kong Hall.

Recently, he had been too flashy. It was better to be a bit more careful. Zuo Mo decided to be more low-key. If he angered the sect leader and the others, he wouldn't have easy days.

"Xiao Mo." The sect leader raised a tea cup and took a sip, saying slowly, "I heard you do not want to attend the next fight?"

"Sect Leader, it's not that this disciple doesn't want to, but is unable to. See, this disciple's wounds have not healed. Even though the next opponent is unknown but it will definitely be a ningmai expert, and the match will be unwinnable. My wounds would be aggrieved, and leave behind hidden weaknesses for future cultivation. This disciple feels that the Sword Test Conference is just to gain some experience. This disciple has learned a lot this time. If this disciple gets hurt in order to win, and damages the base, wouldn't that be doing more harm than good?" Zuo Mo

said with a thick face.

The sect leader had a smiling expression as he looked at Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo instantly had a bad feeling.

“You have thought about the situation. Not bad, not bad. However, things have changed. One competitor had left due to an emergency so there will be one person who will draw a bye. Elder Tian Song Zi admired your performance last time very much and has decided to give the bye to you. You have to perform well to not fail the hopes of Elder Tian Song Zi. As to the wounds you have, don’t worry, your master wouldn’t bear for you to fight with wounds.”

Zuo Mo instantly froze. He still needed to attend the competition?

Wasn’t it already known to be a loss?

Other people only saw his dazzle and success in his match with Chao An. What they didn’t know was how much he had prepared for that. Even his luck had been extremely good in order for him to achieve victory. Through the information that Fu Jin had found on Chao An before the match, he had found Chao An’s weakness. He also fully used the wagering to place enormous pressure on Chao An. He had used everything he could think about, he had really put all his effort into scheming, just so he could barely make the victory.

The gap between zhuji and ningmai was still gigantic. If it was any other competitor, he would have lost. Other than the killing moves like the yin fire bead which was not suited to being used in public, he had done everything that he could.

The sect leader wanted him to keep attending the competition? What did he have left to use to compete?

He felt his mind was a bit stuck. Did the sect leader really think that he could defeat ningmai like he was cutting vegetables? He shouldn’t! Zuo Mo raised his head slightly to glance at the sect leader and instantly shook his head inside. Not in any way did the sect leader seem like such an idiot.

Just as he was thinking, he heard the sect leader say with a smile, “Go

prepare well.”

Zuo Mo dejectedly left Wu Kong Hall. For a long while, he couldn't focus. A bye? This kind of thing happened?

Just as he was dazing away on Silly Bird's back, he suddenly heard Pu Yao's voice, “Give me five yin beads.”

This was definitely the voice that Zuo Mo didn't want to hear the most. Consequently, his body suddenly froze when he heard it. When did this guy wake up?

However, he quickly responded. Pu Yao's voice was very rushed. He clearly was in desperate need of the yin beads. Without a second word, he took out five yin beads to shove to Pu Yao. Pu Yao, having obtained the yin beads, instantly disappeared.

Only now did Zuo Mo feel his heart pumping hard. Damn It, Pu Yao was going to wake soon!

No way! He needed to be quicker!

Zuo Mo felt as though there was a fire below his butt as he frantically urged Silly Bird to move. He could feel his heartbeat continuously increasing in speed, his mouth dry. One hundred and ninety pieces of fourth-grade jingshi! Before the competition, he had never even seen a fourth-grade jingshi before, much less one hundred and ninety pieces of fourth-grade jingshi. When he thought that this gigantic fortune might not belong to him, Zuo Mo felt terrible.

With a stronger desire to spend the jingshi, Zuo Mo came to Dong Fu again.

This time, he didn't wander around on the ground. He headed straight for the finest floating market in Dong Fu, the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion.

The Hundred Treasures Island was the finest market in Dong Fu and what it sold was the most expensive and highest-quality items that could be bought in Dong Fu. Every talisman that was sold here was the finest of the finest. The raw materials that it sold were all rare items. The Hundred

Treasure Flying Pavilion was forged from a small mountain peak. The reason that it could always float in the air and never needed to land was due to the jinzhi that were on it. There had never been anyone that made trouble at the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion, not even jindan experts.

This was the first time Zuo Mo came to the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion. If he didn't have one hundred and ninety pieces of fourth-grade jingshi on him, he definitely wouldn't have the bravery to come to such a high-end store.

The mountain was not big, only about seventy or so mu. It was extremely beautiful, all kinds of ling grasses and flowers planted, as the ling music flowed. Zuo Mo didn't really know much about the ling music, but the ling grasses and flowers really frightened him, who was familiar with dan-making.

F***!

Any stalk of ling grass and flower in here was a rare specimen that Zuo Mo had only seen on the jade scrolls.

Fourth-grade Antennaria Reed, fourth-grade Nightmare Mushroom, fourth-grade Red Fire Lotus... ..

They didn't need to put on any airs. Those fourth and fifth-grade ling plants were just planted there. If the customers that came in did not have full purses, they would have to be careful when they lifted their feet in fears of stepping on a plant. They couldn't afford to pay the price.

A place like the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion never had to worry it would be too crowded. When Zuo Mo arrived, there was only one guest inside.

The person that received Zuo Mo was a storekeeper wearing a gold-embroidered black robe. His eyes were very keen. When he saw Zuo Mo, he enthusiastically came over, "Hey, isn't this Mister Zuo? Such an honor to have you as a customer! Mister Zuo, your match really helped us Dong Fu gain some honor! That was a good fight. Tsk tsk, three chain, I was really shocked when I saw it. Receiving you today, it is this one's good fortune!"

The storekeeper's voice was warm but not fawning. His words touched Zuo Mo's pride but didn't exaggerate. Even the volume was controlled at an appropriate level, and wouldn't disturb the customer that was browsing through the talismans not far away. What shocked Zuo Mo even more was that this friendly-looking storekeeper was a ningmai!

At this time, Zuo Mo couldn't help but look at the other shopkeeper. As expected, also in ningmai! There wasn't just the two shopkeepers. There were two more shopkeepers waiting by the side, also ningmai cultivation.

Ningmai cultivators used as shopkeepers, this was enough to shock Zuo Mo!

He thought about the matches going on below, the ningmai xiuzhe fighting back and forth, extremely grand. Yet on the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion, the same ningmai level xiuzhe were only shopkeepers.

He wondered who was the owner of the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion. The other must have a very big background.

There was one benefit to Zuo Mo's zombie face. No matter what he was thinking inside, it would never show on the surface.

"I came to see if there was something suited for me." Due to the other's cultivation, Zuo Mo was also very polite.

"Oh, then look around. If you see something you like, this one can explain more." The shopkeeper smiled as he said. He was not too warm but not cold.

With just a look, Zuo Mo's eyes blurred.

Right now, he did own many good things, but other than the jade scroll at his waist that could barely be put in the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion, none of the other things were comparable. These were all good things! Good things! Zuo Mo swallowed continuously, his eyes lit up, wanting to sweep all the talismans on the shelves into his purse. However, when he saw the prices marked on the items, it was like a bucket of cold water was poured over his head.

"This flying sword uses the Deep Ocean Water Soul Crystals from ten

thousand miles under the surface. Each Water Soul Crystal is above fourth-grade and was made by a famous master. This flying sword is made from seven swords and can be arranged in many ways. The [Big Dipper] on the body of the swords can easily set the swords to become the Big Dipper Sword Formation. If it is in the hands of those who are skilled in formations such as you, Mister Zuo, it would become even more powerful!”

Zuo Mo looked at the price, Six hundred pieces of fourth-grade jingshi. His little heart trembled and he hurriedly looked at another item.

“This is a Sky Cotton Woven Robe. It is woven out of sixteen thousand strands of complete Ice Sky Silk. The Ice Sky Silk is extremely strong and hard to break with a flying sword, and it can automatically absorb ling energy from the surroundings. There are seven formations on there, each with different effects, all of them useful. Also, this Sky Cotton Woven Robe is extremely strong in defense. We have done specialized testing... ..”

Price, five hundred pieces of fourth-grade jingshi! Zuo Mo left without raising his head.

Zuo Mo walked around the different shelves as he scanned through superficially. Each talisman was so good, but the price of each talisman made him feel hopeless. By the end, he was completely numb, and just looked at the price first.

The shopkeeper did not hurry him and was not impatient. He showed extreme professionalism.

Zuo Mo suddenly saw an item priced at one hundred pieces of fourth-grade jingshi. He couldn't help but stop in his stride.

A ring that was like a circle of metal laid there silently.

Noticing Zuo Mo's gaze, the shopkeeper introduced dutifully, “This dimensional ring is half a failure. The forger had originally wanted to forge a fourth-grade dimensional ring but failed in the end. This dimensional ring is slightly bigger than normal third-grade dimensional rings, but it is smaller than fourth-grade dimensional rings. Because the owner is familiar with the forger, this dimensional ring was placed to sell

here.”

Dimensional ring!

Glee rushed out of Zuo Mo’s heart! He hadn’t thought that the Hundred Treasures Flying Pavilion would sell dimensional rings!

The so-called dimensional rings were storage talismans. The hundred treasure pouch at his waist was a similar talisman that could store and transport items. However, the dimensional ring was a higher level storage talisman than the hundred treasure pouch. It wasn’t just that it could contain more items, but the items stored would not increase the weight. That was where it was much better than a hundred treasure pouch. However, it was much harder to make a dimensional ring than a hundred treasure pouch. It was hard to find one on the market and the price never dropped. If it wasn’t for his unexpected windfall, Zuo Mo didn’t know how long it would take before he could afford a dimensional ring.

The dimensional ring was an extremely useful talisman. Zuo Mo almost didn’t need to think and took out the jingshi, “I’ll buy it!”

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Translator Ramblings: Isn’t Zuo Mo lucky? Well, he doesn’t think so. His plans of bankrupting himself was ruined and he’s being thrown off the deep end.

One of the staples of a Chinese fantasy novel shows up, the dimensional ring! Zuo Mo is relatively rich but not rich enough to sweep the high-end shops.

As accurate as I can remember, the conversion for jingshi is:

10 first-grade = 1 second-grade

100 second-grade = 1 third-grade

500 third grade = 1 fourth-grade

Chapter 129: Five Colored Pagoda

Zuo Mo couldn't let go of the dimensional ring once he had it in his hands.

"Mister Zuo really has good eyes. The space inside this dimensional ring is nine square zhang, more than two times the area of a normal third-grade dimensional ring, but the price is only thirty percent more expensive than a third-grade dimensional ring. Stored inside the dimensional ring, there's no rotting or decay. It will be as fresh as it was even one hundred years later. It is easy to take items out. The mind only has to move, and it will enter the palm." The shopkeeper praised and then handed Zuo Mo a jade scroll, "This jade scroll has some of the special jinzhi for dimensional rings. This shop gives them for free. Mister Zuo is really a promising youth. This store has opened for a long time yet Mister Zuo is the first customer to have a dimensional ring in zhuji."

It really was a good item!

Zuo Mo threw everything from the hundred treasures pouch into the dimensional ring, and felt his body become light. His hundred treasures pouch had been holding a huge mountain of items. If it wasn't that he had made slight progress with the [Vajra Profound Sutra], he would have been crushed under the weight of the items. Now that it was all in the dimensional ring, he couldn't feel any weight. The feeling was too good! A nine square zhang area was empty. His large pile of items only took up an extremely small corner. The gigantic space was enough to put countless formation disks.

What medicine-seal-style? With the dimensional ring, then it would be the true medicine-seal-style!

Even though he had known before, but he still sighed at the contrast between the dimensional ring and the hundred treasures pouch. No wonder it was so expensive. One piece of jingshi, one kind of item. What Zuo Mo was especially satisfied with was the appearance of this dimensional ring was plain. It looked like a normal metal circle and was

unattractive to the eye. If one didn't already know, they wouldn't ever think that this non-descript metal circle was a dimensional ring worth one hundred fourth-grade jingshi.

Zuo Mo knew that his cultivation was low. If he was too flashy, then that was no different than asking for death. Dong Fu might look orderly on the surface, but things like killing people for their treasures, and people suddenly disappearing were common occurrences. People were moved by wealth, people died for wealth, birds died for food. This was the same no matter the place. He didn't want to lose his little life for a dimensional ring. The plain appearance of the dimensional ring was well suited to his mentality.

It was worth spending one hundred pieces of fourth-grade jingshi.

Extremely satisfied, Zuo Mo thought about the remaining ninety pieces of jingshi.

Let's continue!

The shopkeeper was slightly surprised at the wealth Zuo Mo had. This was the first time he had seen a zhuji xiuzhe spend one hundred pieces of fourth-grade jingshi without batting an eye. He didn't know that Zuo Mo was racing against time with Pu Yao. If Pu Yao didn't exist, he would have tightly gripped onto the one hundred pieces of fourth-grade jingshi and certainly couldn't bear to buy the dimensional ring.

But right now, the jingshi would only be his if he spent it.

Even though Pu Yao would always offer things like spells in what he called an exchange, but thinking about the things that Pu Yao gave, Zuo Mo was so upset he wanted to spit blood. No matter if it was the [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] of the first time, or the mo matrix, and yao seed later, all of them had side effects. As for things like [Fragrance Knowledge], he wanted to kill someone.

It wasn't a crime to spend. If he didn't spend, he definitely would cry.

Zuo Mo kept walking forward. His eyes landed on a five colored pagoda. This five colored pagoda was made up of five levels, each level a different

color. Familiar with the five elements, Zuo Mo instantly recognized it as a five element talisman. Each level represented an element of the five elements.

“This Five Element Pagoda was made by a roaming xiu. Originally, this roaming xiu had intended to make a talisman that could increase control over the five elements, but his cultivation went astray and his spirit was extinguished. This unfinished talisman was sold to this store by his family. The thought behind this Five Element Pagoda is extremely clever. The five levels of the tower might not be made from the best materials, but it would have been hard to gather all five. It is a pity that Dong Fu is dominated by sword xiu and not many cultivate the five elements which is why none have asked about this talisman. I heart that Mister Zuo has a side profession of ling farming. This Five Color Pagoda is very suited for you. If you are willing, this store would also give to you the spells to forge the Five Color Pagoda for free. It is the jade scroll that the original owner of the Five Color Pagoda left.”

Zuo Mo looked at the price, fifty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi. He couldn't help but be tempted, “The item is good, but the price... ..”

Hearing this, the shopkeeper said apologetically, “I'm sorry. It's not that this one is unwilling, but the store does not bargain.”

The other might have said it politely but the tone was resolute. It looked like he really couldn't bargain, Zuo Mo muttered inside. But he was greatly tempted by the Five Colored Pagoda. He could only say, “Could you take it out for me to see.”

“No problem.” The shopkeeper crisply took out the Five Colored Pagoda and handed it to Zuo Mo.

Once the Five Colored Pagoda came into Zuo Mo's hands, he felt the lively five element energies. He started out as a ling plant farmer and was extremely sensitive to the five elements. Even the sword scriptures that he had practiced afterwards had clear inclinations towards the five elements. The levels arranged from the top of the pagoda to the base were gold, wood, water, fire, and earth. When ling power was channeled into the

pagoda, the pagoda instantly shone with five colored light. Zuo Mo felt as though he was holding an extremely pure ball of five element energy. His mind moved as he silently casted Little Art of Cloud and Rain. Then he felt the moisture surrounding him gather in his hand.

So quick!

Zuo Mo was very shocked!

It was twice as fast as when he casted the Little Art of Cloud and Rain by himself.

Such a powerful talisman!

Zuo Mo instantly realized the value of this talisman. Maybe, in the hands of another person, this talisman would not be very useful, but in his hands, it would be very effective.

“This Five Colored Pagoda is suited to you.” A voice suddenly came from behind him.

Hearing this, Zuo Mo turned around. At some unknown time, someone had been standing behind him without his knowledge.

It was him! Zuo Mo couldn't help but still.

In front of him was a person wearing a black gauze hat. It was the guy that had came to him to cut the cold magnet. This person called Su had mysterious origins. He was very strong and had easily won in the last few matches. He was ranked in the top ten of all the rankings. He had also made a wager with Chao An, which pushed Chao An into dangerous straits. He could be considered to have helped Zuo Mo out.

Of course, Zuo Mo didn't have any relationship with him, so Zuo Mo had no reason to think the other had wagered just to help him out.

“I'll buy it for you.” Su said shortly, “You just have to help me with something.”

The shopkeeper beside them perceptively moved to one side, not disturbing their conversation.

Zuo Mo was extremely wary. He shook his head, saying, “No need, I can

buy it myself.” Fifty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi was not a small amount. Converted, it was twenty five thousand third-grade jingshi. A favor whose payment reached fifty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi. Even thinking with his feet, Zuo Mo knew the favor wasn’t an easy one.

“Adding on this.” Su took out a jade bottle, “Fort Chao’s Intense Fire Dan. Thirty six of them. Help me forge something.”

Forge something?

Zuo Mo’s heart rested slightly. What he is most afraid of is fighting and killing. Oh, wait, thinking about his history of almost getting killed when he had processed the Inky Black Lotus seed, he hurriedly asked, “Forge what?”

“Forge the cold magnet into sword billets.” Su said.

“That’s not possible.” Zuo Mo said decisively, “That thing is fourth grade. It took all my power just to cut it. I don’t have the power to forge it into sword billets.”

“You can do it.” Su’s voice still was unaffected, “You could process the Inky Black Lotus seed. Adding on this Five Colored Pagoda, you can forge it.”

It would have been better if Su hadn’t mentioned the Inky Black Lotus seed. Once it was mentioned, the anger in Zuo Mo’s heart erupted. If this bastard in front of him hadn’t spread the information, then that business wouldn’t have come looking for him. He had almost lost his little life!

“I will also help you get into the top ten.”

Su’s light words instantly dissipated the fire in Zuo Mo’s heart.

Zuo Mo’s heart moved. He felt out with a question, “Then what do I do for the second round?”

“You’re the bye for the second round.” Su said.

Zuo Mo was secretly shocked. This guy did have some skill to be able to know such secret information. He had just found out from the sect leader that he was the bye and this person in front of him actually knew as well.

The other's offer tempted him. Pu Yao was most likely going to wake up soon. If Pu Yao woke up, the jingshi would instantly change possession, then his idea of buying the Kun Lun Preliminary Formation jade scroll was not realistic. If he wanted to get that jade scroll, then he had to go through the competition. There would be one hundred people that would attend the last no-rules competition. Even though all one hundred people would get a prize, but the further back he was ranked, the less the chance he would get the jade scroll.

But Zuo Mo kept on feeling the other's offer was not so simple.

"Tell me how to forge the sword billets?" He first decided to find out more.

"Carve a formation on each billet with Dying Flowing Moon. There are four formations in total." Su said.

Dying Flowing Moon... ..

Zuo Mo's head shook like a rattledrum, "Not possible, not possible! Dying flowing moon isn't a material I can use at this moment." He was not being humble. Even though Dying Flowing Moon was a third grade material, but it was a rare one. It had extremely special properties and was truly a high-end material.

They might all be third-grade, but there would be great differences.

The so-called grades were, in reality, an extremely vague concept. Sometimes, it referred to the a horizontal ranking, while other times a a vertical ranking. This vague categorization system was not because cultivators were not rigorous but due to the complexity of the attributes of many materials.

For example, the Stalagmite fire. His was a second-grade fire seed. This was the horizontal ranking, because it held the attributes of a fire seed. There were many types of stalagmite fire, if it was nurtured for a long period of time in a place with denser ling energy, it would transform into another kind of fire – Cold Purple Fire, and if it kept on going, it would form yet another fire – Yin Wave Fire.

The Stalagmite fire was second-grade, the Cold Purple Fire was third-grade, the Yin Wave Fire was fourth-grade.

Cultivators would see them as a wholly different species, because they were of different grades, and they would have different attributes, but were in fact the same fire source.

Some materials would increase in quality but keep its appearance and fall under the vertical rankings. For example fire dragon grass. Third-grade fire dragon grass and fourth-grade fire dragon grass might be different in terms of the ling energy it contained and the color of its fruit, but it was still very easy to identify it as a fire dragon grass.

Dying Flowing Moon belonged to the second type. The so-called third-grade Dying Flowing Moon referred to, how in all of the Dying Flowing Moon, it was ranked in the third to last species.

In reality, the second situation occurred far more frequently than the first situation.

This kind of categorization had formed over thousands of years, according to convention.

Dying Flowing Moon was a truly high-end material. It was extremely difficult to gather and to process. It certainly wasn't something a zhuji xiuzhe like Zuo Mo could forge. Zuo Mo suspected that he couldn't even process first and second-grade Dying Flowing Moon, much less the third-grade Dying Flowing Moon.

He couldn't take the business!

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Translator Ramblings: Don't take the rankings too seriously but just know that some will transform and others won't when they level up. Horizontal and vertical are very weird so does anyone have a better suggestion?

Chapter 130: Seeing Lin Qian Again

No matter if it was dan-making or forging, it all carried risks. This risk didn't just mean the risk of failure, but danger as well!

The loss of all ling power, souls being torn out, ling power reversing, and being poisoned... ..

The lightest would be serious bodily harm, the most severe would be the destruction of the soul. If one was processing something that was far beyond their abilities, the dangers would increase several times over.

Yao beasts needed cultivators to kill them, and those ling grasses and medicine that had lived for hundreds and thousands of years, would they let others kill them easily? All beings in the world naturally had their own defenses. Those weak looking entities, the viciousness and dangers contained in their weak bodies could easily kill a person.

Zuo Mo might frequently do some risky things, but at the core, he was an extremely cautious person. It was only when he didn't have enough assets and he had no choice that he took these risks. The lowest level cultivators, if they didn't bet with their life, what could they bet with?

But right now, his needs and the other's offer hadn't reached the point that needed him to risk so much.

"I'm sorry, I'm very busy right now." Zuo Mo said expressionlessly.

"Brother Zuo." Suddenly, a slightly familiar voice came from behind him. Zuo Mo stilled and turned around. Sometime unknown to him, a white-clothed male was standing behind him. His features seemed slightly familiar, where had he seen them?

Huh, wasn't this Lin Qian? Zuo Mo quickly remembered where he had seen this person, especially when there were not many that were as handsome as this.

The rich young master, the fat sheep? This guy hadn't left?

"Lin Qian, you haven't left yet?" Zuo Mo had a pretty good impression of this handsome guy. Meeting him again, he was quite happy.

“Haha, the Sword Test Conference is such an interesting event. If I left, and didn’t see Brother Zuo’s spectacular performance, I would have regretted it for the rest of my life.” Lin Qian smiled as he said, his tone warm and humble, subtly closing the distance between the two.

Zuo Mo was slightly embarrassed by Lin Qian’s words, and said, “I was just lucky.” Lin Qian’s knowledge far exceeded him. His little tricks were slightly clever, but that depended on who he was using them on.

However, his zombie face could not blush.

“Luck is a kind of strength.” Lin Qian laughed as he stated in a forthright manner. He turned towards the black gauze hat-wearing Su, and said with a slight smile, “Didn’t think I would meet Su Shimei here. Please send my greetings to Wen Zhenren.”

“Who are you?” Su’s voice was cold, a flash of ice streaking through her eyes behind the black gauze. The light robes billowed as though she was going to attack at any moment. Suddenly being called out by name by a stranger, she was shocked and angry. The expressions of the surrounding shopkeepers changed.

Zuo Mo felt the temperature around him drop and was shocked. Su, who had been already mysterious in his eyes, became even more powerful and mysterious.

Lin Qian was not affected at all, smiling, and stating, “Shimei has never seen me before and naturally would not recognize me.”

He didn’t seem to want to keep going with the question. He smiled at Zuo Mo, saying, “Brother Zuo, why are you not interested in Su Shimei’s suggestion? According to my knowledge, other than the prizes, for the first ten people, if they are local disciples, there are also other benefits.”

“Other benefits?” Zuo Mo stilled and scratched his head, “How come I haven’t heard of this?”

“Ha ha, destiny cannot be revealed.” Lin Qian smiled.

“Even with the greatest benefits, one needs to be alive to enjoy it.” Zuo Mo shrugged his shoulders uncaringly. He could barely manage to process

the fourth-grade cold magnet, but to carve formations onto the sword billets and to use Dying Flowing Moon in the process, it was far beyond of his abilities. The two of them had met before, and Zuo Mo was much more casual.

Lin Qian liked Zuo Mo's casual attitude as well. Hearing this, he laughed, "Brother Zuo is not confident?"

As Zuo Mo and Lin Qian talked, Su maintained her silence. She wasn't dumb and could see that Lin Qian was helping her. From that, it could be seen that Lin Qian did not have ill intentions.

Zuo Mo snickered, "No way about it. I'm only in zhuji. If I'm in ningmai, if you come find me, as long as the price is right, there's no problem."

The black gauze of Su's hat rippled. When Zuo Mo was in ningmai, how long did she have to wait? There were too many uncertainties in cultivation. No one could guarantee that they would reach a certain stage in an amount of time. In the process of cultivation, there were way too many strange occurrences that even the greatest geniuses could not avoid.

"So Brother Zuo is worried about this problem. I actually know a way that might solve it." Lin Qian said in a heavy voice.

"Let's hear it." Zuo Mo said. Lin Qian might have vast amounts of knowledge, but the problem of cultivation was not something that could be solved easily.

"Brother Zuo's spirit is exceptionally strong. Why don't you consider a double-chained Four Turn Fire formation?"

Lin Qian's words were like a streak of lightning that crossed the sky. It was like someone had cast a paralysis spell on him. He was struck dumb.

"Double-chained Four Turn Fire formation... .. double-chained Four Turn Fire formation... .."

Zuo Mo's eyes were unfocused like he was going crazy as he muttered to himself. He dropped to the floor, a few jingshi in his hands as he started to set up a formation on the ground.

Lin Qian waved his hand at one of the shopkeepers who instantly understood and closed the doors to the store. Su started with slight shock at Lin Qian but maintained her silence. She knew that Zuo Mo was in the middle of an epiphany. Epiphanies were states that could only be encountered through luck but never through skill. If it was interrupted, it was hard for the person to regain that wonderful state.

Lin Qian suddenly beckoned with his hand at Su and turned to walk to another room.

Su hesitated for a beat but still followed.

When Su walked into the room, the light in the room suddenly flashed, and the sounds from the outside instantly disappeared. She was very shocked. The cultivation of the person in front of her was unfathomably deep.

“Su Shimei, don’t worry. This is just a sound blocking jinzhi.” Lin Qian smiled as he said, “Is shimei still suspicious about my identity?” Finishing, he took out a jade pendant, “Does Shimei recognize this item?”

Su’s gaze landed on the jade pendant in Lin Qian’s hands, and her body trembled. She could not maintain her composure, “A Heart Lake Pendant!”

Lin Qian smiled and generously handed the jade pendant in his hands to Su.

Su took over the jade pendant. The little lake on the jade pendant was like a living entity, constantly changing. Occasionally, the wind would cause ripples, or the surface would be as smooth as a mirror. Feeling the familiar presences coming from the jade pendant as well as the jinzhi unique to her sect, she instantly knew that the jade pendant in her hand was the token of the sect, a Heart Lake Pendant!

But, she had never heard of another elder in the sect that still had a disciple. Yet this Heart Lake Pendant was real! Those that possessed a Heart Lake Pendant were all core elders of the sect. Her master had one. But even the best disciples of the sect, her and Gu Rong Ping, did not have a Heart Lake Pendant. The sect had a rule, seeing the jade pendant was as seeing the zhenren.

Su bowed, and made a greeting again, "Shishu!"

"Shimei is polite." Lin Qian returned the greeting and said, "Shimei and I are about the same age. It's better for us to refer to each other this way. I have not returned to the sect, so there is no basis to call me Shishu."

Su didn't know what to say and kept her silence. She was still in the middle of a deep shock. From when Lin Shixiong had appeared until now, she still was not able to see Shixiong's true power. The more hidden it was, the more awed she was. This meant that Lin Shixiong's strength was at least two levels above her.

She wondered which elder had raised such a terrifying person!

She suddenly felt lucky that Lin Shixiong was a disciple of her sect!

The shopkeepers saw the light flashing outside the room, and perceptively moved their eyes away.

When Zuo Mo opened his eyes, Su and Lin Qian entered his vision.

"Congratulations, Brother Zuo!" Lin Qian smiled and said, "After today, Brother Zuo's road to wealth has become even wider."

Zuo Mo, who had just gathered his thoughts, was happy when he heard Lin Qian's words. He raised his hands in a greeting, "I have to thank Brother Lin. Without Brother Lin's guidance, I wouldn't have thought about this method at all."

"This is Brother Zuo's own skill. I just said some things, and hadn't thought that Brother Zuo could really make them into reality. I'm very shocked." Lin Qian smiled as he shook his head.

Zuo Mo didn't say anymore. He lowered his head as he savored the wonderful state he had been in. It was very hard for him to describe the state he had been in. At the same time, he found it hard to remember what he had realized, but he felt that a little thin paper window had been broken. Many places that he hadn't noticed before, and were ambiguous were now evident.

This feeling was really too great!

He stood there, slowly savoring it. It was only when his mind had calmed down that he raised his head again.

At this time, he suddenly found that, without him noticing, it had been more than four hours. Looking at the jingshi fragments on the ground, he was slightly embarrassed. He had experimented with formations in someone else's store and actually hadn't been thrown out. This store was really easy going. When he glanced past the shut door to the store, he was slightly shocked. Then he saw Lin Qian wave a hand for the shopkeeper to open the door, and he understood.

He became even more curious about Lin Qian's origins.

From the words that Lin Qian said, he knew that this fat sheep definitely had a high background, but looking at it now, it was much stronger than he had imagined. Looking at the respectful demeanor the shopkeepers had towards Lin Qian, Zuo Mo couldn't help but speculate. Was Lin Qian the owner of the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion? But the first time that he had encountered Lin Qian, Lin Qian hadn't appeared to have ever come to Dong Fu.

Noticing Zuo Mo's gaze, Lin Qian smiled easily and said, "Does Brother Zuo have some chance now at forging? If Brother Zuo agrees, this Five Colored Pagoda can be considered one part of the payment for Brother Zuo. Other than what Shimei has promised Brother Zuo, I can add some more. In the future if Brother Zuo comes here, every purchase will be twenty percent off. How about it, is Brother Zuo satisfied now?"

Very rich benefits! Disregarding the value of the Five Colored Pagoda, just this twenty percent off was extremely valuable.

Just as everyone thought that these were enough to move Zuo Mo, Zuo Mo shook his head.

"Oh, If Brother Zuo has some other request, please state it." Lin Qian made a gesture of request.

"I'll take the job." Zuo Mo surprised everyone once again, "As to payment, Brother Lin just paid it right now."

Just as everyone was dazed, Zuo Mo pointed at the Five Colored Pagoda, “I’ll buy the Five Colored Pagoda.”

Finishing, he took out a heap of jingshi.

Everyone’s faces changed simultaneously. Of low cultivation, with a face of a zombie, Zuo Mo suddenly became honest and good in their eyes. Behind the gauze, a strange expression came onto Su’s face. The Zuo Mo in front of her was like another person compared to what she knew before.

At this time, nothing could be seen of Zuo Mo’s wretchedness or greed.

Was this the guy’s true personality? As expected, Master was not wrong. You could not judge a person by their appearance.

Just as she was pondering it, she suddenly heard Zuo Mo hurriedly add with heartache.

“Remember the discount!”

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Translator Ramblings: In case people get confused, there are both levels and stages. For example, *lianqi*, *zhuji*, *jindan* etc are stages. Each stage has levels. For example, Zuo Mo had to go through the levels of *lianqi* at the beginning of the story.

Chapter 131: The Wondrous Abilities of The Five Colored Pagoda

Zuo Mo left with a heap of items.

Other than the Five Colored Pagoda, he had a large pile of various materials. He had spent all the jingshi he had. Now that he had the dimensional ring, he completely didn't have to worry about the problem of weight. The materials of the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion was extremely high-quality. Other than here, Zuo Mo couldn't think he could have brought what he did anywhere else in Dong Fu. In his mind, after this visit, it would be a long time before he could come to the Hundred Treasures Flying Pavilion again.

In any case, he could use the materials, so he wasn't wasting anything.

Looking at the piles of materials in the dimensional ring, Zuo Mo's heart was very content, and it washed away the heartache from spending all his jingshi. He also released a long breath. He was not worried anymore. Hee hee, Pu, I'll let you understand what it was to be penniless.

He also had four pieces of fourth-grade cold magnet, one bottle of Intense Fire Dan, one bottle of Dying Flowing Moon, and a jade scroll. The Intense Fire Dan was a payment, the jade scroll recorded the formations that needed to be carved onto the four sword billets.

The moment Zuo Mo left the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion, he heard Pu ask urgently: "Do you have jingshi?"

"Ha ha ha ha... .." Zuo Mo couldn't stop himself from roaring with laughter.

"What are you laughing about? Pu Yao who had just woke up was evidently a beat slower.

"No... .. no more... .." Zuo Mo tried very hard to stop laughing and said deliberately seriously: "Why didn't you say it earlier? I just bought some things, and spent all the jingshi."

“Not even one left?” Pu Yao asked dumbly.

“Not even one left.” Zuo Mo replied certainly.

Zuo Mo was extremely happy and smug to be able to get one over Pu Yao. Sitting on Silly Bird, he hummed a weird tune. As Silly Bird moved her wings, she rolled her eyes. After a while, she couldn't bear it anymore, and started to honk, trying to suppress Zuo Mo's voice.

In a good mood, Zuo Mo suddenly became angry, throwing a punch to Silly Bird's head.

“What are you honking about, can't you hear ge is singing?”

Silly Bird became dizzy and it took a while to recover. Her head low, she flew on weakly. Zuo Mo continued to howl at the top of his throat. Once they managed to reach the Little West Wind Yard, the moment they landed, Silly Bird stumbled over to the water to throw up.

Zuo Mo glanced at Silly Bird, humming: “Not able to see ge's beauty, it is your greatest crime... ..”

Returning to his own little house, and pondering over everything that happened today, Zuo Mo sank into thought.

There were many suspicious things about this incident. Like Lin Qian's identity. The first time he met Lin Qian, Lin Qian had appeared to be a person that was not familiar with Dong Fu at all. But looking at it today, he seemed to be very close with the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion's owner. What surprised Zuo Mo was that Lin Qian had referred to Su as shimei but Su didn't seem to recognize him.

Su's origin was a mystery. Adding on an even more mysterious Lin Qian, Zuo Mo suddenly felt that the incident today was even more bewildering.

Su was slightly better, but Zuo Mo could not clearly see through the constantly smiling Lin Qian, not one bit. Behind the warm smile, there was something that Zuo Mo was instinctively wary of. That was why he had persisted in buying the Five Colored Pagoda by himself. Even though he had spent jingshi, but he wanted to feel comfortable. It was a very bad feeling to owe someone a favor, and especially owe someone that he didn't

know anything about. That was just not discourteous, but very dangerous.

I still have many things to do. I still have to find answers!

Zuo Mo said to himself.

His attention turned to the Five Colored Pagoda that he bought today. This was an incompletely forged five element talisman. No wonder it couldn't be sold in Dong Fu. Zuo Mo understood when he thought about it. Dong Fu was dominated by sword xiu. Most xiuzhe of the five elements were dan-makers and forgers. Dong Fu didn't have any dan-making and forging xiuzhe that were wealthy enough to go to the Hundred Treasures Flying Pavilion to spend fifty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi to buy a talisman.

A half-forged talisman that could sell for fifty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi, it was enough to prove it was not ordinary.

Zuo Mo could only celebrate his good luck. If this Five Colored Pagoda was complete, with his pitiful cultivation, he wouldn't be able to control it.

He studied the jade scroll that roaming xiu had left behind. Zuo Mo managed to get the general gist of the roaming xiu's intentions. He had to sigh with amazement. This roaming xiu had such great ambitions!

This roaming xiu wanted to create a complete five element world inside the Five Colored Pagoda. Inside the world, five balls of five element energy would be continuously processed, and, in the end, form a base source of five elements. They would birth and subdue each other inside the pagoda, forming a small world at equilibrium. The essence of five element energies would freely change within the pagoda. As to what this five element would transform into, even the roaming xiu that was the creator couldn't predict.

Of course, that was just the final goal. That roaming xiu was not an impractical person. Before this talisman met its final goal, the pagoda still had many uses. The Five Colored Pagoda was a very unique container. Anything that was put in would be quickly separated into its component elemental energies. Of course, if what was put in was higher grade than the grade of the Five Colored Pagoda, it naturally was not possible.

Also, if it was used to cast a spell from the five elements, the effect would multiply.

The Five Color Pagoda was an experimental talisman, so in the jade scroll, there were many speculations the creator had made, but that did not have much to do with Zuo Mo right now. The talisman was not something he could complete at the moment. Zuo Mo was doubtful that he could even complete it when he was in ningmai.

But it was fine if he did not complete it. The maker had already set up the basic skeleton. For Zuo Mo, what he needed to do was simple. He had to put in five element materials.

Tilting his head to think for a second, Zuo Mo suddenly flicked his finger. A strand of milky-white flame flew from his finger and entered the Five Colored Pagoda.

The bright red middle level of the Five Colored Pagoda suddenly lit up. As the Stalagmite fire entered, it was quickly deconstructed into fire energy that circled around the second level of the five element pagoda. Gold, wood, water, fire, earth. The tip of the tower was gold, the base was earth. Zuo Mo could clearly feel that the fire element energy inside the Five Colored Pagoda was a few fractions stronger than before. The red light around the pagoda dissipated, but the red level was more red than before.

Zuo Mo had expected this but was still surprised. It was not surprising that the Stalagmite fire could increase the amount of fire element energy. However, the Stalagmite fire was a cold fire. This didn't seem to change the effect on the pagoda.

He couldn't understand after thinking it over. Zuo Mo decided to not think about it, and continuously threw materials into the pagoda. As the materials were put into the pagoda, they would quickly broken down into five element energy, but the color of the pagoda did not change.

Was it that the grade was not high enough?

Zuo Mo sensitively caught the crux of the matter. What he had thrown in had been first-grade materials so the Five Colored Pagoda did not

respond. Hesitating for a second, he gritted his teeth and threw in a third-grade Green Fragrant Wood. The moment the Green Fragrant Wood was thrown in, the green light of the wood level suddenly lit up. The wood elemental energy inside instantly grew bigger.

Having proved what he had suspected, Zuo Mo was not very happy, but sucked in a cold breath.

Woah-oh!

He had thrown in a third-grade Green Fragrant Wood, but the wood element energy inside the pagoda had just increased just that little bit. How many high level materials would he have to add in to fill it? Even more importantly, it needed good materials. Zuo Mo guessed that when the five element energy inside reached a certain level, it would not be satisfied with third-grade materials. By that time, it would require fourth-level, fifth-level... ..

It was like a bucket of cold water had been poured on his head. Zuo Mo's excitement instantly cooled greatly. He was in poverty right now. He definitely could not use expensive materials to fill this bottomless hole.

His idea of continuing to process it was quickly killed in its infancy. He started to study the other uses of the Five Colored Pagoda.

As he studied the jade scroll, and examined the Five Colored Pagoda, Zuo Mo did find a very practical use.

Zuo Mo found the five element energies inside the Five Colored Pagoda could be taken out for his use!

This discovery made him exhilarated.

Xiuzhe of the five elements usually needed to form their own five element energies. For example, xiuzhe that specialized in fire would use scriptures from the very beginning to turn the ling power inside the body into fire ling power to release fire oriented spells. As the person's cultivation deepened, the ling power inside the body would automatically become fire element energies. Fire element energy was purer than fire oriented ling power, and after continuous processing, it would become

even more pure. At the end, it would form a fire element source that would emanate from his entire body.

Zuo Mo was still at the stage that he could only turn ling power into five element ling power.

But as long as there was five element energy inside the Five Colored Pagoda, he could take it out and easily cast many kinds of five element spells. The power of these spells would far surpass the power of spells he could cast by himself.

The only thing he found pitiful was that the five element energies in the Five Colored Pagoda did not replenish after use. It needed him to continuously replenish it. Only after it was completed and could form the five element sources would it naturally produce five element energies. That was as far away from Zuo Mo like the stars in the sky.

Zuo Mo's calculations were extremely abnormal.

He was calculating how much five element energy a spell would require, then he would turn the equivalent of the amount of five element energy into third-grade ling grass, then the ling grass into jingshi... ..

F***! So expensive!

Zuo Mo's hand shook from heartache. He instantly decided that he would not use the five element energies inside the pagoda unless he really had to.

These days, even good talismans were this expensive! He could afford to buy it, but not use it.

But even so, the Five Colored Pagoda was very useful for Zuo Mo. He could use it to increase his control over the five elements. It could be used in ling farming, dan-making, forging and formations.

"A pretty good little thing." Pu Yao suddenly sneaked out. Looking at the Five Colored Pagoda in Zuo Mo's hands, his expression was not good.

"He he" Zuo Mo's hairs stood as Pu Yao looked at him, shamefaced. However, his hands were not slow and threw the pagoda into the

dimensional ring.

“Not bad, you even have a dimensional ring now.” Pu Yao’s tone became even more unfriendly. He finally realized why there was no more jingshi.

“This is an investment for making jingshi in the future. Without investments, how will anything be produced!” Zuo Mo blathered on, his heart having a bad feeling.

“It seemed you are very unsatisfied with me.” Pu Yao’s face suddenly calmed down and he started to slowly pick at his fingernails.

Those barefoot were not afraid of those wearing shoes... ..

The penniless Zuo Mo told himself this and his courage rose: “It’s because what you give me each time sucks!”

“Sucks?” Pu Yao’s expression was spectacular, and dumbstruck.

It would have been better not to mention it. Once the topic came up, the more Zuo Mo thought, the angrier he got. He jumped up and started cursing as he pointed at Pu Yao’s nose: “You even have the face to mention it? When did you give something good? [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] almost cause ge to lose my little life! What yao seed and mo matrix, it caused ge’s ling power to not grow anymore! [Fragrance Knowledge], knowledge my ass! That yin bead, a bunch of jindan almost skinned ge, and cooked ge’s bones into soup! You are a fraudulent merchant! Your goods are crap... ..”

Pu Yao stared, dumbstruck, at the infuriated Zuo Mo.

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Translator Ramblings:

Zuo Mo is super lucky and also fed up. He really got one over Pu Yao this time. More magic theory in this chapter.

Chapter 132: Healing Wounds

As Zuo Mo stormed and raged and swore, Pu Yao was left completely struck dumb.

“They aren’t crap... ..” Pu Yao dumbly wanted to explain.

“If they aren’t crap, then what are they?” Zuo Mo glared.

Realizing that he had been suppressed by Zuo Mo’s presence, Pu Yao instantly became irritated. His right eye narrowed, revealing an extremely long red blade. In a cold voice, he said, “Oh, what do you want to say?”

Zuo Mo couldn’t help but stop breathing. Meeting Pu Yao’s cold and strange gaze, he instantly shrunk back, “I... .. I just meant... .. you have to give me... .. things that don’t have side effects... ..”

“I am yao.” Pu Yao said faintly, “The road that I understand is different from you xiuzhe. It is normal to have side effects.”

Pu Yao’s meaning was extremely clear. He could not be blamed for the side effects. He was also stating that the things he would give in the future will also have side effects.

If Pu Yao decided to be unreasonable, Zuo Mo could do nothing about it. The two were vastly different in power and, naturally, their right to speak was not equal.

Zuo Mo could only choose to remain silently defiant.

Pu Yao’s gaze became even more unfriendly. Zuo Mo could only bear it. He knew that if he capitulated each time, his position in Pu Yao’s eyes would fall, and his outcome would become even worse. Power was something that had to be fought for. This could not be avoided, he had to take a certain degree of risk,.

Facing Zuo Mo’s stubborn silence, Pu Yao started to have a headache.

To get a horse to run, you had to feed the horse. Zuo Mo, this guy who only had jingshi in his eyes, and was becoming wiser. It was not possible to trick him like before.

But the time he had... ..

Thinking about that, Pu Yao's mood instantly became irritated. Looking at the person making trouble for him, he wanted to smash Zuo Mo into smithereens. But he suppressed the impulse in his heart. His temperament was not good, but he was not dumb.

"The scriptures of yaomo, it is not strange that humans would have problems practicing it." The viciousness in Pu Yao's eyes gradually faded, and his tone resumed its habitual peace. "However, I do have some xiuzhe scriptures in my possession. In the future, the rewards will be for these scriptures. You cannot blame me if there are side-effects then."

Zuo Mo was happy, but he still corrected, "It's transactions!" Transactions and rewards were two completely different concepts. A transaction meant that he was owed something, but if it was a reward then the meaning was different.

"Up to you." Pu Yao's face was unconcerned. Inside, his head hurt even more. Zuo Mo was becoming harder to deal with.

"However, you need to be quicker!" Pu Yao's tone became extremely dissatisfied, "The speed you make jingshi is too slow. I need more jingshi!"

"I am a zhuji cultivator." Zuo Mo had to emphasize reality.

Pu Yao choked on Zuo Mo's words. He knew that Zuo Mo had been bothered by the fact his cultivation was not increasing. What Zuo Mo said was the truth. In the ranks of zhuji xiuzhe, there would not be many that could make more jingshi than he did.

This guy that was so enthusiastic about making jingshi, but was also stubborn in his bones, Pu Yao didn't know what to do. If he switched to another person, truthfully, Pu Yao felt that they wouldn't be better than him. This guy was a natural at making jingshi. Pu Yao found that Zuo Mo was extremely sensitive to everything related to him. Zuo Mo knew when to fight for himself but not enrage the other party, he knew when to compromise. He was a smart individual.

Oh, even among the yao, there were not many as smart as him.

The potential that Zuo Mo had displayed was gradually changing Pu Yao's opinion. He suddenly remembered that a certain person had selected Zuo Mo from the beginning and his mood dropped like he had eaten a mosquito.

Giving a cold snort, he disappeared.

Zuo Mo was not puzzled by Pu Yao's sudden appearance and disappearance. Zuo Mo sighed in relief. It was extremely dangerous to negotiate with Pu Yao. The majority of the time, Pu Yao was normal, but his temperament was fickle. If Zuo Mo was not careful, his outcome would be very bad.

Luckily, the result this time was pretty good. He was very satisfied.

However, he temporarily did not need to consider the problem of making jingshi, because he was penniless. And in front of him, there was still the last round of the Sword Test Conference.

He needed to get Kun Lun's beginner formation jade scroll. Even though he had Su's guarantee, but Zuo Mo still didn't feel secure. There would be one hundred competitors in the last round, and only ten would pass. It could be seen just how cruel the competition was going to be. Su's power might be deep, and she would definitely have no problem protecting herself, but if she was protecting him as well, then it was hard to predict.

It was safer to rely on himself.

He had a general plan in his head. As he thought of this plan, he was full of excitement and expectancy!

However, right now, he had to suppress the excitement inside and throw the plan to one side. There was an immediate problem he faced, recovering from his wounds.

In the last match with Chao An, he had won even with a disadvantage, but he had received serious injuries. After his Master's emergency healing, he had managed to recover greatly. Originally, Zuo Mo had planned to slowly recover, but who would have thought that the sect leader suddenly wanted him to attend the free for all round. Now with the jade scroll as an

extra reason, he had to focus on the problem of healing.

His cultivation was far lower than the competition. If his body was not healed, even if Su was helping, he would not manage to make it to the end.

Of course, the most important part was healing didn't need him to cost any jingshi... ..

Fragrant Ginger Yard, Shi Feng Rong had a cold expression as she stood in front of the medicinal tub. Zuo Mo's entire body was soaked in the medicinal fluid, only his head could be seen.

The black medicinal fluid exuded a noxious odour. Sitting in the tub Zuo Mo naturally received the brunt of it and became dizzy, "Master, what's in here? Why does it smell so bad?"

"Don't waste your words." Shi Feng Rong said shortly, "Channel your ling power." Whenever she saw Zuo Mo, her anger would well up and couldn't be suppressed. He had such talent, but didn't like cultivating the sword, and only concentrated on making jingshi! How did she end up taking such a degenerate and greedy disciple?

Zuo Mo heard the thick dissatisfaction in his Master's voice and instantly became much more docile.

In reality, he could feel the power in the tub of medicinal fluid. The thick and lively medicinal power was like countless little worms burrowing into his body. However, this process was not pleasant. Zuo Mo felt as though he was being pricked by countless needles.

Hearing Master telling him to channel ling power, he slightly paused. Should he start [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] or [Vajra Profound Sutra]? The thought circled through his head and he decided on [Vajra Profound Sutra]. The origins of the [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] technique was unclear. It wouldn't be good if his Master

detected it. He was not afraid of using [Vajra Profound Sutra]. Xin Yan Shibo had given it to him. Even though the [Vajra Profound Sutra] he was practicing now was the gravestone version, the difference between the two was only the five phrases.

Once he started [Vajra Profound Sutra], Zuo Mo instantly felt it was different than usual.

The countless tiny medicinal powers seemed to have been attracted by a magnet, turning into several dozen streams as they moved through the large meridians on Zuo Mo's body, and quickly entered the flow of ling power moving in the channels.

A short time later, Zuo Mo felt all the channels in his body were congested. He was frightened. He had never encountered a situation like this.

Whoa!

What medicinal fluid was this? It had such a strong power!

Zuo Mo couldn't attend to anything else other than furiously using [Vajra Profound Sutra], doing his best to spread the remaining medicinal power into the rest of his body. As the medicinal power spread through the body, it continuously healed Zuo Mo's wounds. It was like a large rainstorm, soaking the dry earth. His wounds greedily absorbed the medicinal power.

Outside the tub, Shi Feng Rong had a concerned expression. Zuo Mo's entire face was dark gold, as though he was painted in gold. At some unknown time, Pei Yuan Ran, Xin Yan and Yan Le had appeared next to her.

"This boy is really strong." Yan Le said in shock, "His body cultivation is this strong? Isn't this the Golden Flesh Clothing?"

Xin Yan snorted coldly, "He just doesn't like cultivating the sword!"

The expression of the others had become instantly ugly.

If Zuo Mo's cultivation talent was average, they wouldn't feel this

terrible, but he clearly was extremely talented at cultivation .Anything he practiced, he would progress at lightning speed. Even the [Vajra Profound Sutra] that had been given to him carelessly, he could silently cultivate it to the step of Golden Flesh Clothing. But he just had to be uninterested in cultivating the sect's sword. The numerous powerful sword scriptures of the sect were all open to him, but this guy, after going to look once in the beginning, he hasn't gone back.

How could Pei Yuan Ran and the others feel good?

"I'm insisting in having him participate in the next round of the Sword Test Conference. This is to let him understand the true power of sword xiu." Even though Pei Yuan Ran was experienced in keeping his composure, he was extremely infuriated by Zuo Mo, "I've already told Wei Sheng to do his best at the conference. Humph, Zuo Mo needs to see what a sword xiu is, and why sword xiu are the strongest xiuzhe in the world!"

"Yes! The sect's disciple that is not interested in the sect's scriptures. If this fact got out, even if our ancestral masters knew, we would lose face!" Yan Le, who usually had a smile on his face, had a face full of anger.

"This cannot be tolerated!" Xin Yan's face was full of murderous intent.

Shi Feng Rong who had been concerned before said discontentedly, "This guy needs to be taught!"

Zuo Mo's terrible conduct had caused the upper echelons of Wu Kong Sword Sect to come to a consensus.

Being focused on channeling ling power, Zuo Mo paid attention to nothing else. He had no idea of what was being said in front of him. His entire consciousness, all the ling power, they were completely concentrated on controlling the medicinal power. He didn't know what ling grass Master had added into the medicinal tub this time, but the medicinal power was domineering. He felt he was going to explode from the medicinal power flooding in!

The speed he tamed the medicinal power was far slower than the speed he was absorbing it.

He gritted his teeth. He knew if he could endure through this little while, he would receive great profit. He was very familiar with making medicine, he understood that the medicinal power contained in the ling medicine was limited. As long as he could make it through, he could slowly absorb the medicinal power inside his body. As the medicinal power burrowed into his body, it quickly turned to gold dots of light and entered his flesh. Right now, his tendons and flesh were all gleaming with gold light. The dots of gold light embedded in his flesh became even more populous.

But the rate that the gold light increased was far slower than the rate of increase in the medicinal power.

What Zuo Mo felt panicked about was that the medicinal power did not show any signs of slowing down, and was as still domineering as before!

The medicinal power was like a flood, furiously flowing into his body.

His channels were filled to the brim, but the medicinal power was still pouring into his body uncontrollably. His channels enlarged, the change obvious to the naked eye.

What Zuo Mo felt fear about was that he could not stop!

The flowing ling power and the medicinal power mixed together and was like a wild horse that went off its reins. It couldn't be stopped!

Damn it!

*

Translator Ramblings: Pu Yao has his own things going on Zuo Mo is getting better at bargaining! Pu also realizes that Zuo Mo isn't as bad as he could be... .. and is a pretty good money-making machine.

Chapter 133: Pei Yuan Ran's Bad Mood

"He's actually making another breakthrough?" Yan Le gaped at Zuo Mo sitting in the medicinal tub. Then he said to himself, tilting his head, "Hmm, why did I use another?"

No one minded him. Everyone's face was heavy as they looked at Zuo Mo.

The gold light on Zuo Mo's gold face was even brighter. The light rippled in layers like waves. Starting from the roots, his hair started to turn gold. His body was slightly trembling, as though he was under great pain. The dissatisfaction on Shi Feng Rong's face flew away. What took over it was generous concern.

"What stage is after Golden Flesh Clothing in [Vajra Profound Sutra]?" Pei Yuan Ran asked.

Xin Yan wielded his words like gold, "Red Lotus Flowing Gold."

"Body cultivation... .." Pei Yuan Ran seemed to be recalling something, "Which level can it naturally form abhinna?"

"Fifth." Xin Yan answered.

"So the fifth level." Pei Yuan Ran nodded, indicating he understood.

"With his speed, it won't be long before he reaches the fifth level." Yan Le inserted. "I'm very curious if this boy reaches the fifth level, what kind of abhinna he will form."

The others did not say anything. They were all unfamiliar with body cultivation.

The entire realm of Kun Lun was the dominion of sword xiu. Sword xiu only cultivated the sword, and did not ask about anything else. Those skilled in body cultivation were the Dhyana, and the realm of Xuan Kong was the holy ground of the Dhyana.

The Dhyana xiu was another major kind of xiuzhe. Their main focus was on cultivating the body, emphasizing their sense of self. In terms of

progression difficulty, the most difficult would probably be the Dhyana xiu. However, the scriptures of the Dhyana were clear and simple, and was extremely easy for beginners to learn. As long as they had the perseverance, the majority would accomplish something. However, the tradeoff was that even though it was easy in the beginning but it become harder to progress. The further along in cultivation one went, the harder it was to cultivate, and more perseverance and comprehension was required to achieve greater things.

But to be able to cultivate to the fourth level as fast as Zuo Mo did, that kind of talent was very rare.

What made people most wary about the Dhyana were the abhinna. The abhinna were abilities that naturally formed after one cultivated to a certain level. Other xiu admired and envied this attribute very much. As long as the level was reached, they would always receive an abhinna. However, this abhinna would differ between people. Some had tried to find patterns in the abhinna, but up until now, no one had managed to predict the mechanisms.

But even if Zuo Mo could cultivate to the fifth level of [Vajra Profound Sutra], and form an abhinna, Pei Yuan Ran and the others wouldn't be happy.

They were sword xiu!

If the Dhyana could be described as peaceful, then sword xiu were mostly haughty and puritan. They only believed in their sword. As the xiuzhe who had the greatest attack power, the sword xiu did have the capital to be proud. The bigger and more known sects, the clearly this attribute could be seen.

Wu Kong Sword Sect might only be a little minor sect right now, but the ancestral master had been renowned. There was still quite a difference compared to the normal minor sects. Pei Yuan Ran and the others didn't even put any importance on other sects, how could they not look down at any cultivation method other than cultivating the sword?

The more Zuo Mo achieved in body cultivation, the worse they felt.

The black medicinal fluid gradually became clear. Zuo Mo gradually stopped trembling, his dark golden face now seemed more solid. Before, it had seemed like there had been a layer of dark gold plated onto his face, but now, it was like his face was made out of dark gold.

It was still that expressionless face, but there was now an unspeakable dignity.

Pei Yuan Ran and the other's expressions became even uglier. If it wasn't that Zuo Mo's talent was exceptional, and he was also the sect's disciple, they would have already kicked him off the mountain.

Zuo Mo opened his eyes and saw the four elders standing in a row in front of him, their eyes unfriendly as they looked at him. The joy from breaking through to the four level of [Vajra Profound Sutra] was still in his chest, but the ugly expressions of the four elders pulled him back to reality.

He didn't know how he had enraged the sect leader and the others, but he knew he shouldn't pour oil into the fire. The less said, the less the wrong, if he didn't say anything, he could not commit any wrongs. He perceptively closed his mouth.

"Arlight, your wounds have pretty much healed. For you, your master had spent a lot of effort. You need to perform well, and not fail the expectations your master has of you. This Sword Test Conference, if you do not enter the top ten, you can go to your Second Shibo to be punished." The sect leader humphed and threw down the sentence before striding off.

Second Shibo... .. punishment... ..

Zuo Mo's gaze couldn't help but turn to Second Shibo. Seeing the cold light flickering in Second Shibo's eyes, even though he was in the boiling hot medicinal water, he felt as though he was freezing.

Even Master and Yan Le Shibo left without a word.

Zuo Mo didn't understand. What had happened?

But no matter how much he thought, he could not figure out what had happened. He quickly pushed the question to one side because he

suddenly remembered the last words the sect leader had left.

The top ten... ..

Was the sect leader drunk? Or had he heard it wrong? Zuo Mo sat dazedly in the tub, unable to react for a long time.

Dong Fu, the night was coming. The multi-colored light of the lanterns seemed to fill every corner of Dong Fu. The Dong Fu that had become prosperous like it never had before due to the Sword Test Conference had not calmed down as the night came. It was still lively as ever. The cries and slogans mixed together. The light of swords and talismans flew above the sky, and the howls of some ling beasts passed into the ears of those near.

“Why has Sir stopped me?” A plainly dressed xiuzhe asked sternly of a white-clothed male in front of him.

The white-clothed male faintly responded, “You are not Wei Ping.” It was the Lin Qian that Zuo Mo had encountered at the Hundred Treasures Flying Pavilion.

This xiuzhe suddenly smiled, “Sir really is funny. Who am I if not Wei Ping?”

“You have to ask my sword.” Lin Qian lightly sighed.

Wei Ping’s expression changed dramatically, revealing a viciousness. A faint purple elemental smoke appeared on his hands suddenly which shot towards Lin Qian.

A streak of sword light!

The sharp sword light moved like it did not encounter any resistance, easily cutting the light purple elemental smoke in half and headed for Wei Ping.

Argh!

Wei Ping's eyes widened angrily, given an in-human howl. His body suddenly expanded in size!

Pew!

The sword light suddenly accelerated. Wei Ping's eyes bulged and then the howls suddenly stopped.

On his chest, there was a small hole. What was weird was that not a drop of blood had flowed out.

"The tenth one." Lin Qian said lightly, his gaze full of worry.

A residence in Dong Fu.

"Old Luo is dead."

"Have we found who did it?"

"Same as before, killed by a single sword stroke. It should be the same person. Someone has locked onto us."

"That's not strange. The noise from the Stars in Daytime was too large, it could not be concealed. Have our affairs made any progress?"

"Nothing. If it really is a certain personage, they would certainly be thinking of ways to contact us. Could it be... ..."

"Don't think nonsense. The Stars in Daytime cannot be faked. Even though I do not know what the personage is thinking, but we need to fulfill our duty."

"Yes."

"Continue to pay attention. You guys need to carefully conceal yourself. Only you few have been able to sneak in. It will take a few months until the next group will arrive. Right now, the situation in Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie is shifting. We need to find this personage quickly!"

“Yes!”

In a little store, Zuo Mo was in discussion with Su. Since Su was promising that he could enter the top ten, it would really be disadvantageous for himself if he didn't use it. But when they entered the Great Pine Pavilion, their starting position would be random. No one knew where they would end up.

This information had been provided to Zuo Mo by Su. It was very clear that she felt that, as long as she gave Zuo Mo enough information, Zuo Mo would be able to find a way to resolve this. The match between Zuo Mo and Chao An had fully proven his abilities in this area.

Zuo Mo went over all the questions about the Great Pine Pavilion in great detail. Because he had not been concerned with the Sword Test Conference in the beginning, he didn't even have the most basic information, and he was very attentive.

It had to be said that Zuo Mo was a very practical person. Once he was certain that he needed to fight for victory, he would think of all the possible ways.

“It is very simple to communicate. We only need to make two paper cranes, one for each of use. We can carve a yin and yang guiding formation on the paper for the crane, and that will allow us to quickly find each other's position.” Zuo Mo said shamelessly, “Once we enter, I will stay at my position. You need to find me with the quickest possible speed.”

“Alright.” Su did not hesitate at all, nodding in agreement. However, she was still struck by Zuo Mo's shamelessness. Normal men, including her Shixiong Gu Rong Ping, were full of the desire to perform in front of her. But Zuo Mo, he was completely shameless in doing nothing, and he didn't show any unnaturalness when doing it.

After the two finalized the details of communication, Zuo Mo left.

Right after Zuo Mo left, Gu Rong Ping walked out from the back.

“Even if you help him, he can’t enter the top ten.” Gu Rong Ping said with certainty.

“You want to be enemies with me?” Su said icily.

“How could I?” Gu Rong Ping said with a smile. He gave a light laugh, “This Sword Test Conference, the young experts of all of Sky Moon Jie is gathered here. He might be talented, but he does not have enough power.”

“So what?” Su’s voice was still cold. However, she did know she was being stubborn. She also knew that Shixiong was waiting for her to beg him.

She stayed silent.

Gu Rong Ping glanced at her before standing and leaving.

Even with Su’s help, Zuo Mo was certain his chances of entering the top ten were still minuscule. He was the weakest person of the competitors entering the Great Pine Pavilion. Any competitor that saw him was not going to be nice.

He was like the fat little sheep that entered crossed paths with pride of the lions!

However, when he thought about his plan... ..

Zuo Mo was full of anticipation!

Wu Kong Mountain.

“Did you hear? The sect leader ordered Zuo Shixiong to enter the top ten! Otherwise, he needs to go Xin Yan Shishu to get punished!”

“Heavens! Xin Yan Shishu? Is the sect leader finding Zuo Shixiong an eyesore recently? It would be better if he sent a direct punishment.”

“Right. That is too unrealistic.”

“Oh, offending the sect leader. Zuo Shixiong will not have good days.”

... ..

When Xiao Guo heard the gossip, it was as though something was blocked inside her heart. It had been quite a few days since she had seen Zuo Shixiong. Ever since Zuo Shixiong came back from the outside last time, he had shut himself in the valley and hadn't come out since.

A hint of worry flashed through her eyes.

What she was worried about was not that Shixiong would be punished. She was an inner sect disciple and clearly understood to the position that Shixiong had with the sect leader. The punishment would not be major. What she was worried about was the Shixiong would risk his life for this. She knew that Shixiong looked as though he only cared about making jingshi, but if he really wanted to do something, he would put in all his effort.

A serious Shixiong was very scary... .. but if he was injured due to it... ..

Xiao Guo bit her lips.

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo is having such good progress, just not in the direction that his elders want. More things are happening behind the scenes. Zuo Mo's Stars In Daytime is still causing waves.

Here's the Wikipedia link on the abhinna:

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Abhij%C3%B1%C4%81>

Chapter 134: Before The Battle

After two rounds of competition, with the exception of Zuo Mo, all the remaining participants were crowd favorites and were highly ranked in the power rankings. The experts that everyone favored all easily defeated the competition. Those matches might have been good, but they didn't excite the audience.

Everyone's focus was on the last round of competition, the free for all round.

Of one hundred xiuzhe, only ten would win. There were no rules, or protocols. The Great Pine Pavilion would become a frenzied battlefield. Only ten would luckily survive.

The fierceness could be predicted, the powerful encounters could not be avoided, and there were many environmental factors that could be used...
...

How could people not look forward to this competition?

A few days before the final round, Elder Tian Song Zi announced that he was going to set up a [Mirage Illusion Formation] around the Great Pine Pavilion. When it was time, all the battles inside the Great Pine Pavilion would be viewed in front of everyone like a mirage.

Once this was announced, all of Dong Fu shook.

A no-rules battle previously had only been the concern of the gamblers because many people couldn't view it. The most spectacular battle was not interesting if people could not see it, but Tian Song Zi's action quickly attracted every xiuzhe's attention. The news was broadcast through the sound tablet, and the news quickly spread.

Dong Fu suddenly became the center of the entire Sky Moon Jie. Countless xiuzhe, regardless of cultivation level, travelled day and night, forming lines, as they gathered in Dong Fu.

This, was where the strongest youths of Sky Moon were fighting! This, was the gathering place of the greatest geniuses of Sky Moon Jie. This,

would have Sky Moon Jie's grandest spells! This, would show Sky Moon Jie's most cruel and fierce combat!

Such a grand event, how could they miss it? It was such a rare chance to personally see it.

Dong Fu was busier and more prosperous than it ever had been before. All the large sects sent their disciples to spectate. They might not have the chance to enter the Sword Test Conference, but it was very beneficial to view the battles and observe how the best of their generation wielded spells. When xiuzhe faced their enemies, they usually hid everything. To be able to examine and see it in real-life, no one wanted to miss the opportunity.

The illusory jade scroll of Zuo Mo's match with Chao An was now priced at one hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi. The market had sold out. Many people regretted that they hadn't made some more illusory jade scrolls at the time. They would have gotten rich! The illusory jade scrolls of the match had mostly been bought by the larger sects. They were planning to give the jade scrolls to their disciples that were skilled in formations. It had to be said that the larger sects were much more sensible.

While the number of illusory scrolls of the following matches were more plentiful, the demand could not be compared to Zuo Mo's match.

The little Dong Fu was filled with all kinds of xiuzhe. Many xiuzhe saw the opportunity and started to do business. Some put out the talismans and materials they did not need to exchange or sell. Some started a business of buying low and selling high. Dong Fu had over night, become the biggest and most prosperous market in Sky Moon Jie.

Wu Kong Hall, Wei Sheng and the sect leader sat across from each other.

“How is it?” The sect leader said with a small smile, “You didn’t meet a strong opponent for your first two matches, are you disappointed? You must be looking forward to the next round very much.”

“This disciple is looking forward to it.” Wei Sheng said honestly, he was unable to hide the excitement in his eyes, “To be able to fight with so many experts, it really makes my blood boil!”

The sect leader nodded in praise. In the eyes of the elders of Wu Kong Sword Sect, Wei Sheng had almost all the good attributes that a sword xiu should have. His personality was steady and determined, he worked hard at his cultivation, and his mind and heart were pure. He was completely dedicated towards the sword. Almost no one could compare to his talent with the sword. Facing this battle, Wei Sheng was full of the desire for battle, not afraid in the least. He did not hide from anything, and did not panic at obstacles.

Thinking about talent, Pei Yuan Ran couldn’t help but think of Zuo Mo. In all the disciples of the sect, the only person that could match Wei Sheng in talent would probably only be Zuo Mo. But when he thought of this problematic youth, his brow unconsciously furrowed.

Detecting his Master’s vexation, Wei Sheng couldn’t help but ask in curiosity, “Has Master encountered something?” Even though in the elders of the sect, the one with the deepest cultivation had to be Xin Yan Shishu, but Master’s power was also incomprehensibly deep. Wei Sheng’s cultivation was far stronger than before. Whenever he felt the strong presence that Master occasionally exuded, he felt afraid.

Something that even Master found difficult, what could that be?

Noticing his loss of composure, Pei Yuan Ran waved his hand. “Nothing.” Afterwards, he deliberated and softly said, “That boy, Zuo Mo, he must be cursing me inside. I sent a death order demanding he enter the top ten.” He suddenly thought of something, and said teasingly, “I heard that there are many people in Dong Fu right now. Ying Feng hasn’t been able to rest at all. All the inventory in the shop has been sold out. If the boy knew that he missed such a good opportunity to make jingshi, he

would probably spit blood.”

Hearing Master’s light teasing, Wei Sheng relaxed. When he thought about his shidi’s obsession with money, he laughed, “This disciple feels the latter is a heavier blow to Shidi.”

“Haha!” Thinking about the problem that Zuo Mo had given him recently, now that he got one over the boy, Pei Yuan Ran felt extremely good. “Your shidi, he might have good talent, but his personality is too lazy. If he landed in jingshi, he will not come out and he has no interest in cultivating the sword.”

“Shidi will definitely understand the efforts of Master and the shishu.” Wei Sheng said. He was helpless against his shidi as well. He knew that Zuo Mo’s personality was so, and he could not force it.

“Your Xin Yan Shibo has prepared an entire regimen of punishment and is just waiting for the boy to come.” Thinking about it, Pei Yuan Ran couldn’t help but be slightly smug.

Based on cultivation, Zuo Mo could not enter the top ten no matter what he did. However, in this world, strength was not everything, and Wei Sheng knew very well that this shidi of his was cunning and would have many tricks up his sleeve. He understood Shidi better than his master and the others. Shidi might seem lazy on the surface, but he was abnormally stubborn in his bones, which bordered on insanity. The other people only saw Shidi’s talent, but only he suspected the amount of effort Shidi’s Little Art of Cloud and Rain had required to reach the fourth level.

The practice of any spell was not just possible with talent.

However, this was only his gut instinct. If he said so to Master, there was no proof and it would not be effective. He was also curious how his Shidi, when forced into the corner, would react? From the fact that Shidi had been in seclusion since Wei Sheng came back, he knew that Shidi was serious.

Shidi was like a slack and loose spring. The more he was compressed, the stronger the explosive power. A serious Shidi could not be underestimated.

Suddenly, he felt another kind of expectation towards the upcoming Sword Test Conference.

Noticing the anticipation in Wei Sheng's eyes, Pei Yuan Ran mistakenly assumed Wei Sheng was thinking of the Sword Test Conference. Thinking about the things he and his shidi had done when young, he started to reminisce. He refocused, and asked gravely, "Who do you plan to find to be your opponent?"

Hearing this, light flashed through Wei Sheng's eyes. He unconsciously sat straighter, heavily stating three words.

"Gu Rong Ping!"

The Little West Wind Yard.

Zuo Mo's hair was a mess as he sat on the ground, his eyes bloodshot as they stared fixedly in front of him.

"Not right... .."

"Still not right... .."

... ..

His mouth unconsciously muttered to himself. Materials were scattered as they laid before him, yet those materials seemed to have an unspeakable magnetism, attracting his gaze.

Under the tangle of hair, that pair of bloodshot eyes flashed with a nimble light.

"Hmm... .."

Suddenly, his eyes lit up!

Luo Li sat on the mountain peak, looking at the bright moon as his thoughts wandered.

“Shidi, you are still angry at me?” Hao Min bit her lips and said pitifully.

Luo Li did not turn his head, saying lightly, “Shijie exaggerates. My heart only has the sword, no anger.”

Hao Min’s breathing stopped. She didn’t know what to say. After Luo Li had been wounded by Zuo Mo, she had not even visited once. But who could know that Luo Li had seemed to be reborn, fighting his way into the last round of the Sword Test Conference. The entire Wu Kong Sword Sect was looking at him again. Hao Min had been reminded of his good qualities from the past, and wanted to get together again, but Luo Li looked at her like he was looking at a stranger.

“Shidi truly does not care about our past feelings?” Hao Min made a last effort.

“There had been no feelings before.” Luo Li’s answer was straightforward and crisp without any disguise, ‘It’s late. Shijie, please return.’”

Hearing Hao Min cry as she left, under the moonlight, Luo Li started to practice the sword.

Under the moonlight, the sword light seemed to contain a faint sorrow.

Dong Fu Hall, Tian Song Zi looked at his beloved disciple, slight comfort and satisfaction in his eyes. He said warmly, “The rank is not important, it is intangible. What is most important is comprehension, of fighting with different people, of facing different spells, of ambushes, and of melee fighting. You will encounter them in the future, and also in this competition.”

“Yes.” Yu Bai respectfully answered with his head down.

“Do you have a potential opponent?” Tian Song Zi asked.

“This disciple wants to spar with Zong Ming Yan.”

Tian Song Zi suddenly furrowed his brows, and said irritably in a deep voice, “This is not a spar, it is a fight, it is a battle!”

He didn’t know why his Master was suddenly so angry. Yu Bai said slightly fearful, “Yes.”

Tian Song Zi waved his hand. “Go, prepare well. Zong Ming Yan could receive Zuo Mei Tian’s true teachings, he will not be weak.”

“Yes.” Yu Bai hesitated before leaving.

Looking at his most loved disciple, Tian Song Zi suddenly sighed silently, a deep worry floating up in his eyes.

Ling Ying Sect.

The sect leader looked at Chang Heng standing in front of him. He was slightly irritated. Chang Heng’s temper was rebellious. Looking at him carelessly standing, without any of the required respect, the dislike in the sect leader’s heart became stronger.

Chang Heng might be the most outstanding of the Ling Ying Sect disciples, but he was never liked by the elders.

“Humph, Chang Heng, if you meet Wu Kong Sword Sect’s Zuo Mo this time, do not let him go.” The sect leader said hatefully, “This boy has embarrassed the sect many times, you cannot release him!”

Chang Heng was not affected. His eyes were half-lidded. He actually was sleeping in the hall.

Seeing Chang Heng act like this, the sect leader was even angrier. He raised his volume, “Chang Heng! Have you heard me?”

Chang Heng slowly opened his eyes. He glanced at the sect leader, throwing down, “Nag! I’ll fight whoever I encounter, there’s no trouble.”

Finishing, he didn’t care about the petrified disciples and the exploding sect leader, freely leaving.

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Translator Ramblings: Everyone is preparing to fight! Everything will now be broadcasted. Real-time TV right here.

Chapter 135: Great Pine Pavilion

Dong Fu Hall was the residence that the Dong Fu Xianren had left behind. It was the most complete and best residence in Dong Fu. Other than the dense ling energy, there were many marvelous features to the residence itself, like the Great Pine Pavilion. The Great Pine Pavilion was similar to Wu Kong Sword Sect's sword cave, it was a whole other world. When compared to the tightly held secret of Wu Kong Sword Sect's sword cave, Dong Fu Hall's Great Pine Pavilion was famous.

The world inside the Great Pine Pavilion was high and steep, full of mountainous peaks. The area was extremely large. Ling beasts were raised by the master of Dong Fu, and it had been this way in every generation. Most of these were vicious and wild beasts. The disciples of each generation, after they reached ningmai, would be allowed to gain experience in the Great Pine Pavilion. This was why in all the casinos, the wagering favored Yu Bai so much. While other people the Great Pine Pavilion was unfamiliar, to Yu Bai it was his backyard.

A Secret Paradise talisman like the Great Pine Pavilion needed great power to create. Almost all large sects that had some foundation, when their founders created the sect they would spend great amounts of power to create a secret world to become the base of their sect. Inside the Great Pine Pavilion, any battles by xiuzhe under jindan stage, no matter how they fought, there would cause no damage. Of course, the ling beasts that were being raised there were not immune.

In all of Dong Fu, only Dong Fu Hall and Wu Kong Sword Sect had a Secret Paradise talisman, but almost none knew about the sword cave of Wu Kong Sword Sect.

The elders and sect leaders of the other sects could only stare with jealous eyes as Tian Song Zi opened the Great Pine Pavilion. Among them, the sect leader of Ling Ying Sect was especially jealous. This was an indicator of how deep a sect's foundation was. No matter how wealthy Ling Ying Sect was currently, in the eyes of those slightly high-level xiuzhe, they were just a nouveau riche sect.

A Secret Paradise talisman was not something that could be bought with jingshi. Other than the great power it took to create the talisman, it cost a large price. Other than making them for their own sects, no one would ever make a Secret Paradise talisman to sell.

Pei Yuan Ran and the others were very calm. The secrets of Wu Kong Sword Sect's sword cave was comparable or even better than Great Pine Pavilion. Even when they themselves discussed the sword cave, they would sigh at the great power of the ancestral founder. The four of them may be in the stage of jindan and rank among the top experts of Sky Moon Jie, but they did not have the power to make a Secret Paradise talisman.

The one hundred competitors attending the last round stood there silently, but curiosity came onto many of their faces. Many of them had never entered a Secret Paradise talisman before, and were extremely curious. The disciples of larger sects, like Gu Rong Ping, either had a calm face or were looking arrogantly at the other people, feeling superior to the others.

Around the Great Pine Pavilion, the [Mirage Illusion Formation] slowly activated, the seven colored light swimming around like countless fishes flying. Slowly, above the Great Pine Pavilion, a faint image appeared.

The image quickly grew larger and became clear until it covered all of the sky above Dong Fu. Presented in front of everyone was a serene and peaceful world.

Row after row of mountain peaks with steep slopes that were so elegant as though they were drawn. Between the mountains, ling beasts could be seen moving.

Such a clear and gigantic illusion, it was very rare to see. Many people sighed in amazement. The xiuzhe who had come from long off were celebrating that they had made the journey. It was very rare to see such a

spectacular event.

No matter if the people were floating in the sky or on the ground, they could easily see this gigantic mirage.

At this time, Dong Fu formed an extremely strange spectacle. Countless xiuzhe had packed in the sky, low and high, some flying around as they adjusted their angle, and sigh with wonder. On the ground, people took out recliners, some crouched on the rooftops, as they raised their heads to look at the enormous mirage in the sky.

They were all xiuzhe!

Tens of thousands of xiuzhe were gathered in Dong Fu. Looking from a distance, they appeared to be packed densely like ants.

“Such a grand picture!” A non-local elder of a sect couldn’t help but praise, “Spectacular!”

“Tian Song Zi really has the breadth of spirit, no wonder he is the master of Dong Fu.” An elder beside him said, “Such a grand event. If this was held every few years, it would be a beneficial matter!”

“That’s hard! The number of sects in Sky Moon Jie that have a Secret Paradise talisman can be counted on the hands. Even if they had one, who would be like Tian Song Zi and bear to let it be used for a competition?”

“Exactly! Who doesn’t hide the Secret Paradise as deep as they can? It really is the first time someone has acted this way. I wonder what he is thinking?”

“I’ve seen Tian Song Zi before. He’s not stupid. He definitely has his own thoughts.”

... ..

As they discussed, the topic of the elder’s discussion veered off-topic.

“Who do you feel is going to win?” One of the elders suddenly asked.

“Gu Rong Ping!”

“Gu Rong Ping!”

“Naturally, it is Gu Rong Ping. Heart Lake Sect has deep foundations and is one of the top sects in Sky Moon Jie. Gu Rong Ping is one of those genius seen every hundred years. It would be hard to find someone that could be comparable to him.”

Everyone was in consensus on this point.

“Other than Gu Rong Ping?” An elder who rarely spoke suddenly opened.

“That Su is very mysterious and pretty powerful.”

“Gu Feng’s [Little Ghost Sword] is extremely experienced. I favor him.”

“Wei Sheng’s two battles were clean and quick. But I haven’t heard of this Wu Kong Sword Sect. It’s probably a small sect.” An elder said hesitantly.

“Speaking of this Wu Kong Sword Sect, it should not be underestimated. The three disciples it has attending the competition all entered the last round.”

Hearing this, the elder who was favoring Su sneered, “We shouldn’t even speak of this matter. That guy that looks like a zombie had a bye to get into the last round. We can only say this Wu Kong Sword Sect is on pretty good terms with Tian Song Zi.”

Another elder instantly objected, “Even though this guy’s cultivation is a bit low, but he’s still skilled.”

The elder that favored Su asked in response, “Do you favor him?”

“Not possible!” The elder shook his head. “The gap between the stages of ningmai and zhuji is too large. There is also Chao An as the precedent. When his opponents see him, they would not be light on their guard. He’s just a zhuji, how many skills can he have? He probably has used up most of them. His elders must be wanting him to get some experience.”

“Does someone favor him?” The elder that favored Su asked the other people.

“Ha ha! If someone favors him, then I would really admire the person!”

“Ha ha... ..”

... ..

The crowd of elders discussed interestedly. The ones of the same sect would communicate and see if there were suitable seedlings.

Between the xiuzhe, Zuo Mo turned his head around and looked. Even though his zombie face was expressionless, but curiosity flashed in his eyes.

Privately, he was conversing with Pu Yao.

“Pu, if you compare this Great Pine Pavilion to the sword cave, which one is better?”

“All trash.” Pu Yao’s voice was full of disdain.

Zuo Mo instantly was speechless and rolled his eyes. With the same tone, he shot back, “Aren’t you a Sky Yao? Can you make one?”

Pu Yao did not know shame. “I play with things that should not be played with. This is not interesting.”

Zuo Mo finally knew why he was only a zhuji xiuzhe and Pu Yao was a Sky Yao. This was a direct ratio to the thickness of the face.

Hmm, he suddenly noticed that Gu Rong Ping seemed to have swept a look in his direction. Even though Gu Rong Ping had disguised it well, but Zuo Mo sensitively caught the strange emotions contained in that look.

No way!

Such a little person as him was not worthy of Gu Rong Ping’s interest. It must have been that he sensed it wrong.

“Careful!” Pu Yao suddenly said heavily.

Zuo Mo paused. “What is it?”

“Just now, someone used a detection spell.”

“Detection spell?” Zuo Mo was dumb, and then said in shock. “No way!”

He was preparing to look around when Pu Yao immediately shouted, “Don’t look!”

Zuo Mo instantly didn’t dare to move, obediently standing on his spot. He rarely saw Pu Yao this nervous, as though he was facing a great enemy.

Someone had used a detection spell. He deliberately pretended to casually sweep across the surroundings. No one seemed to be behaving strangely. Even Gu Rong Ping didn’t seem to detect that someone had just used a detection spell.

Zuo Mo was shocked. To be able to use a detection spell on this many people, but no one had discovered it, the caster’s cultivation must be terrifying!

“Humph, it seems someone is targeting me.” Pu Yao snorted coldly, but there was no fear in his words.

“How do you know it is to catch you?” Zuo Mo reflexively followed up.

“Isn’t it just the [Fire Eye]? I’ve encountered it a few times before.” Pu Yao’s tone turned colder, filled with dislike. “It’s just as bothersome as the Dhyana’s [Sky Eye] abhinna!”

Hearing such hate filled words, then thinking of Pu Yao’s tendency to want to get even, Zuo Mo didn’t even need to think to know that Pu Yao had definitely suffered before due to this spell. He instantly became nervous. “Has the other found you?”

Hearing this, Pu Yao instantly became smug. He snickered, “That person would never think that I am in your sea of consciousness. This fire eye might be powerful, but it can only detect the energy of yaomo. Don’t worry, as long as you act normal, the other would never think of it.”

“That’s good.” Zuo Mo’s heart landed.

Just at this time, Tian Song Zi stood up. All the eyes gathered on his body.

Tian Song Zi was very good at keeping his composure. He didn't seem to notice as he said calmly, "Prepare now. I will now send you into the Great Pine Pavilion."

Finishing, he started to cast a spell. His legs stood steadily, ling power spraying out of his lightly moving palms.

Everyone suddenly found the average looking figure of Tian Song Zi suddenly became towering figure, like a millennia old pine tree, weathered yet strong. His legs seemed to reach deep into the ground like countless roots, steady as a rock, unmoved by wind or rain. The rippling pressure almost covered all of Dong Fu.

Other than the jindan xiuzhe that were calm, the xiuzhe under the stage of jindan, even Gu Rong Ping who really conducted himself elegantly, changed expression. Yu Bai looked with a hot expression at Master, his heart filled with pride. Wei Sheng seemed to be affected. There was no retreat on his face. He raised his head, the light in his eyes bursting, the two hands by his side unconsciously turning to fists.

Wow, such a powerful old man! Zuo Mo gaped inside. But comparing Tian Song Zi and Second Shibo, he still felt that Second Shibo was more scary.

"Ho!"

Tian Song Zi bellowed.

Countless lights rose up under the feet of the one hundred xiuzhe. The light flashed, and they disappeared.

*

Translator Ramblings: I don't get the elders sometimes and what Wu Kong Sword Sect did in the past. Remaining so low-key until now if Zuo Mo hadn't ended getting picked up by Pei Yuan Ran, Wei Sheng wouldn't have had an apparition, and then seriously, Wu Kong Sword Sect has enough assets to rival Dong Fu Hall.

Chapter 136: Heart Turn Sword Essence

Zuo Mo felt his vision blur, a strong feeling of dizziness making him almost unable to keep upright.

A gust of cold wind blew into his face. He quickly refocused. Of course, he couldn't help but complain inside that the comfort of Tian Song Zi's transportation spell was lacking compared to Pu Yao's transportation formation. He glanced at the surroundings. What entered his eyes were all old trees. Occasionally, the wind would blow past, and he could smell water.

There was a source of water nearby!

Zuo Mo's mind became alert. The power of water was strong near water sources. It was extremely useful for him.

After Zuo Mo cast a hiding spell, he carefully walked in the direction of water. The spells in the jade scrolls of Elder Wei Nan proved to be useful. Like this spell that concealed his figure, it was very effective. If ningmai xiuzhe didn't pay close attention, they would have a difficult time detecting him.

In all of the five element spells, Zuo Mo's skill was the best with the [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] and he was most sensitive to the power of water. After walking about fifty paces, he found the source of water.

A water pond about half a mu large with weeds growing along the edges. The excrement of ling beasts could be seen everywhere.

Zuo Mo carefully inspected the surroundings. He was very satisfied. It seemed that his luck had been very good this time. But he still warily scanned the surroundings with his consciousness. He didn't put out the paper crane immediately to report his location to Su.

"Strong Warrior Protect Master!"

The figure of a golden giant started to appear behind Zuo Mo. The golden shadow quickly became tangible. A gigantic soldier wearing golden armor stood proudly.

Only now did Zuo Mo release a breath.

With this seal soldier, his safety could be guaranteed to a certain degree. It was usually ningmai that used seal soldiers. Only those xiuzhe that were very wealthy, like the Wang Shixiong of Ling Ying Sect, would be able to use seal soldiers when they were only in the stage of zhuji. Actually, this seal soldier had been given to Wang Shixiong by his family to use when his life was in danger. It was just that he had been threatened by Zuo Mo and he had panicked, using this seal soldier. He had not won, and even paid up the seal soldier to Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo's eyes glowed as they looked at the dignified armored seal soldier. His heart was full of regret. It was a pity that after being used this time, this seal soldier would be useless. In Dong Fu, compared to those that made dan, or forged, the xiuzhe that understood seals were even more rare. There wasn't even one person that had the power to create seals as powerful as this seal soldier. He didn't know where Wang Shixiong's elders had bought this seal soldier.

With the protection of the seal soldier, his confidence rose. However, he still did not release the paper crane in his possession.

He thought about the plan that he had spent so much effort on. On the wooden and frozen face, pride flashed through his eyes.

This last round was a free for all round. There were no rules. The last ten xiuzhe that were remaining in the Great Pine Pavilion were the last winners.

Zuo Mo decided to utilize this rule to the fullest!

It was a pity that his concealment spells were not outstanding. Otherwise, he could just find a place and conceal his presence. That way, his chances of winning would be greater. He could think of this, and other people also would. He suddenly thought about the [Fire Eyes] that Pu Yao mentioned today. If someone really knew [Fire Eyes], it was useless to hide.

Hue hue, all of you definitely don't know what ge is planning.

Zuo Mo was full of motivation!

In the sky above Dong Fu, the gigantic mirage clearly showed every change inside the Great Ping Pavilion.

Seeing the competitors appear on the mirage, the spectators instantly became alert, and praised the wonders of the [Mirage Illusion Formation]!

Those that were watching in groups fixed their eyes on the mirage as they discussed.

“Who do you think will get first?” Yan Ming Zi asked.

Hu Shan shook his head. “I don’t know. Maybe Gu Rong Ping. He’s just too powerful!”

Tao Zhu Er suddenly pointed to the most prominent main peak in the mountain range depicted in the mirage, shouting, “Look!”

At the same time, many xiuzhe found two people on the main peak. The discussion was like the retreating tide, quickly disappearing.

Everyone’s eyes gathered onto the main peak.

There were fifteen great peaks that touched the clouds in the Great Pine Pavilion, and among them, the central main peak was the most prominent. It was extremely steep, like a gigantic sword cleaving the clouds.

On the main peak, two people were standing.

Gu Rong Ping and Wei Sheng!

The person who was predicted to win first in this Sword Test Conference, Gu Rong Ping!

The person who had an apparition when he entered zhuji, Wei Sheng!

No one had thought that those two people would appear at the same position. The competition had just started, and it had entered a peak, it

was out of everyone's expectations!

At the same time, many of the competitors inside the Great Pine Pavilion noticed the two people on the main peak. The two of them were like two swords, without any disguise or concealment as they stood proudly. Many people couldn't help but release a breath. Those two were opponents none of them wanted to meet.

Through the black gauze, Su gazed at Gu Rong Ping standing on the peak. Her heart relaxed slightly. What she had been most worried about was that Shixiong would encounter Zuo Mo. Shixiong definitely wouldn't give Zuo Mo a chance and show any mercy. Because she hadn't begged him.

But that guy, why hadn't he sent out the paper crane?

She suddenly turned her body.

On the main peak, the wind was very strong.

"Didn't think that I would encounter Brother Wei so soon. It really is a surprise to me." Gu Rong Ping said with a smile.

Wei Sheng's expression was solemn. He did not speak, the desire for battle rising in his eyes. At some time, Splitting Rainbow sword had appeared in his hands. The air around his body seemed to have been pushed by an invisible hand, slowly spinning around him. A traceless yet pressuring presence, with him at the center, rippled out.

The smile on Gu Rong Ping's face disappeared.

His eyes could see Wei Sheng in front of him, but in his spiritual

perception, where Wei Sheng was standing, there was not a person!

It was an empty space, but there was sword essence!

The xiuzhe in Dong Fu conversed, their faces puzzled. What they were seeing was out of their comprehension, yet among the sect leaders and elders of the various sects, it exploded.

“Who told me Wu Kong Sword Sect is a small sect? Wei Sheng’s sword scripture definitely is above fifth-grade!”

“Heart Turn Sword Essence! The next step would be Metamorphosis! Heavens! What kind of monster is Wei Sheng? How old is he?”

“Wu Kong Sword Sect is going to rise. This boy’s future is limitless!”

“Impossible! Impossible! How is it possible... ..”

“I heard when this boy was entering zhuji, an apparition of sword energy had appeared. I had thought it was just a rumor but seeing him now, it’s probably the truth!”

... ..

The faces of Pei Yuan Ran and the other three were filled with pride and happiness. Ever since they discovered Wei Sheng’s talent, they had put large amounts of effort into him. Almost all the resources of the sect had been given to him. Xin Yan had taught him step by step. For the first time, the sword cave had been opened for a disciple. Even the ling food and lingdan that was put into the sword cave when Wei Sheng had been fighting in the sword cave had been made at the expense of countless expensive materials. Otherwise, no matter how outstanding Wei Sheng’s talent was, he couldn’t have broken through to ningmai so quickly.

Seeing the shock that Wei Sheng gave others, the four exchanged smiles. Their hearts were full of the feeling of accomplishment.

Wu Kong Sword Sect previously did not have any outstanding disciples. That had been a burden on all of their hearts. It was only when Wei Sheng had appeared that everything had changed.

If people knew how short of a time it took Wei Sheng to go from zhuji to ningmai, they would be frightened out of their wits. A slight hint of mirth floated on the corner of Pei Yuan Ran's mouth. Sometimes, he would also be frightened by Wei Sheng's cultivation speed.

Heart Turn Sword Essence, it was comprehending a deeper level of sword essence. Upon reaching this stage, the xiuzhe could control the sword essence according to his heart and wishes.

Controlling the sword scripture and controlling the sword essence were two completely different concepts.

The former could affect the power of the sword essence, the strength of the attack. It required delicate control of ling power, and the finer it was, the greater the power of the sword scripture. But after one could control a sword scripture perfectly, if they wanted to progress further, they had to reach Heart Turn sword essence.

Each sword scripture, at the beginning, it was based on the "law" that xiuzhe that created it had. For those who came after and learned the scripture, these were different "laws". Reaching Heart Turn Sword Essence, that meant that Wei Sheng had started to comprehend deeper levels of "law". Only by comprehending his own "law", could he break through the layers of restrictions in the sword scripture.

When one reached the Metamorphosis Sword Essence, it was creating one's own "law", a "law" that belonged to the individual.

This was why when the same sword scripture was practiced by different people to higher levels, it would differ so much. Normally, the people who could touch this level were xiuzhe entering jindan. Wei Sheng was a ningmai xiuzhe and had already started to comprehend "law". Such talent, it was terrifying!

"Wei Sheng has progressed so fast, it really is the good fortune of the sect! So young and having reached the level of Heart Turn Sword Essence,

even Second Shidi hadn't done the same at that age." Pei Yuan Ran praised. The four were tired of sitting and fighting with the other sect leaders so the four took the inner sect disciples to one side to watch the competition.

Li Ying Feng saw the agreement on Second Shibo's face, and couldn't help but jump in to say, "Master, so this means that Eldest Shixiong is going to win?"

Yan Le shook his head. "Not certain."

"Isn't Shixiong on a higher level?" Li Ying Feng was puzzled.

Yan Le explained, "Heart Turn Sword Essence is a transition level and a very unstable level. The old restrictions have not been completely broken, and the new sword scripture has not formed. The advantage provided in battle is not always evident. If the heart is uncertain, the power of the sword scripture would actually decrease."

The disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect all had ugly expressions. Even Pei Yuan Ran and the others had left the joy of the previous moment, their expressions serious as they stared at the mirage.

Zuo Mo's cultivation was a pitiful zhuji stage. His eyes naturally couldn't compare to those ningmai xiuzhe, and was unable to notice Wei Sheng Shixiong's battle.

Everything had been thrown far into the back of his mind. With the protection of the seal soldier, he could put all of his attention onto his plan.

He started to furiously take things out of the dimensional ring.

In the blink of an eye, a small mountain piled up in front of him. A small mountain completely made up of various materials!

Seeing this pile of materials bought with his pile of jingshi, Zuo Mo's

heart ached with pain.

“Hmm hmm, I’ll get all of you to taste the power of jingshi!”

It was a pity that everyone’s eyes at this time were gathered on Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping as they faced off on the main peak. No one noticed, beside a non-descript pond, a certain zombie was like a laboring ant, slowly moving a mountain made up of materials!

*

Translator Rambling: Wei Sheng’s luck is both good and bad. There’s a bit more world-building and theory on the sword. It’s important, it really is. Also, reaction chapter for Wei Sheng, our deuteragonist!

Chapter 137: Each Person's Opponent

Su coldly stared at the thin male in front of her. She recognized him.

Gui Feng, he had unknown origins, skilled in the [Little Ghost Sword], and he had a mysterious ghost concealment movement method. He was a popular contender of this year's Dong Fu Sword Test Conference.

Gui Feng was dressed in black. She didn't know what material it was made of, but it was dark and no light reflected off the material. His figure was thin and tall, his hands shriveled like twigs, his eyes were dark, and his entire body was emanating a dense yin energy.

The two of them weren't the type to waste words. As their eyes met, the two made their moves at the same time.

Su's hand spread slightly, her snow white fingers lightly grasping at the air.

Gui Feng felt the scene in front of him twist slightly, sky and earth spinning, as a feeling of dizziness came over him.

[Magnet Polarity Sword]!

Even though she held no sword in her hand, but her Magnet Polarity sword essence was still powerful.

Gui Feng snorted coldly as his dark hawk-like eyes slightly narrowed. He didn't seem to move but had disappeared from his spot.

Su's hand straighten into sword fingers, swiping at the air beside her side.

A white bone ghost sword suddenly shot out of the air. Gui Feng's sword and Su's fingers seemed to have made an appointment, strangely crashing together.

Su gave a muffled grunt. Gui Feng had compressed all of the sword essence on the tip of his sword. Once the sword and her fingers met, she had been disproportionately impacted. The dark and cold sword essence followed her fingers to enter her body. She felt her body freeze.

The white bone ghost sword was snowy white, made from an unknown bone. The sword guard was a complete skull, the open mouth perfectly biting on the sword body, four sharp and curved fangs criss crossing. In the empty eye sockets, two bean-sized ghost fires burned lightly. The sword grip was made of seven continuous copper coins, wrapped in grass rope.

The name of this white bone ghost sword was not known, but at a glance it could be seen that it was not ordinary.

Behind the black gauze, Su had a slightly angry expression. Having lost the first encounter, this experience was very rare to her.

She had lost because she did not use her flying sword. Even though she was not willing, she still took out a black flying sword. She had originally planned on not using a flying sword before her new flying sword had been forged.

Even though the sword named [Black Daze] in her hand was of high quality, it was not very suited for her sword scripture.

To a female that was a perfectionist, she was not willing to use a flying sword that was not suited to her.

What she was furious about was not having lost the encounter, but that the Gui Feng had forced her to use a flying sword that she didn't want to use.

Once Gui Feng had the advantage, what would follow would be continuous attacks that wouldn't give her a chance to breathe. Normally, she would slowly wear him down, but today, she still needed to find Zuo Mo! She didn't have much interest in the Sword Test Conference, but Zuo Mo entering the top ten impacted the forging of her new flying sword.

She needed to quickly finish the fight!

Gently turning the handle of [Black Daze], the sword tip pointing up, it was held in front of her body. The surrounding area around her suddenly started to twist. Only Su who was standing at the very center, was unaffected.

Just at this time, the white and sharp bone sword suddenly stabbed towards Su as it appeared out of nowhere in front of her.

Su was not moved.

Seeing the other had no intentions to dodge, Gui Feng was slightly surprised, but there was no hesitation in his bone sword. The skull hilt gave a howl, like countless angry souls wailing, shocking a person's soul. If this sword met its target, there was no chance of survival.

The speed of the flying sword was extremely quick, arriving in the blink of an eye to touch the black gauze in front of Su's face. Gui Feng felt slightly joy but also puzzled. Was Su so weak to be defeated in one blow?

In this Sword Test Conference, there were many experts, and among those favored, the two that were most mysterious were Gui Feng and Su. Both of them were of unknown origins. No one had thought the two most mysterious competitors would become opponents.

He hit the target!

Gui Feng was not happy, but shocked. Even though his eyes saw the sword meet the target, but the bone sword in his hand did not feel as though it had hit anything tangible.

Not good!

With shock, Gui Feng retreated back.

For some reason, the bone sword brushed past a space three cun from Su's gauze. The dark and cold energy made her feel uncomfortable but she did not even blink.

The Black Daze sword in her hand turned and crossed her chest. Her left hand raised on its own, she quickly spat out three notes.

She started to counterattack!

Zuo Mo wiped the sweat off his forehead, looking in satisfaction at the formation in front of his eyes.

He had completely fenced off the half mu of the pond to become the central formation of the formation. Compared to things like a lake, the water pond had weaker water elemental power, but it was enough for him. Since it was completely fenced in, he didn't need to worry about other people damaging it.

Seven palm-sized green flags were on the border of the water pond, responding to each other.

The poles of the seven small flags were made from third-grade Greenwood, and the cloth of the flag was woven from third grade Sky Silk. With the formations carved in them, the seven greenwood flags were like seven roots, taking water elemental power from the water pond and turning it to wood elemental power.

Placed around each greenwood flag were seven second-grade Mini Copper Lionhead Dan Cauldrons, forming the shape of the Big Dipper, and supporting the greenwood flag, forming a second-grade [Li Fire Formation].

Beside each of the seven dan cauldrons, there were twelve jade cards scattered around. The twelve jade cards were connected by an extremely thin red gold thread. A delicate net made from slender red gold thread entangled the seven copper dan cauldrons. It formed a complete [Three-Turn Fire Formation].

And the seven by seven, forty nine little dan cauldrons flashed with light as they interacted with each other, forming another formation -- [Great Li Fire Formation].

Borrowing water elemental power to add wooden elemental power, and turning it to fire!

[Li Fire Formation] was not a high-level formation. It was commonly engraved in most low-grade dan cauldrons. Compare to [Streaming Fire Formation], [Great Li Fire Formation] was higher-grade, and usually constructed of two or more [Li Fire Formations].

The [Great Li Fire Formation] that Zuo Mo setup was composed of seven entire streaming fire formations! The seven Li Fire formations were being aided by plentiful wooden elemental energy, after being strengthened by the Three-Turn formation!

How strong would the fire they produce be?

Zuo Mo was full of expectation, and wanted to find a person to try it on.

The entire pond had been turned by Zuo Mo into an enormous dan cauldron! It could be imagined just how great the firepower of this great dan cauldron would be. But he didn't know how high it would reach. The previous experiments he ran had used basic and cheapest materials. He had been somewhat satisfied with the power.

This [Great Li Fire Formation] was really piled up using all of his jingshi. The majority of the components had been bought from the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion.

He took out a bunch of three chi long nails from the pile of materials to heave onto his shoulders, his right hand holding an enormously large hammer!

Zuo Mo's eyes flashed with light. Hei hei, this was just the beginning... ..

Chang Heng casually walked along the mountain paths as though he was taking a stroll, his expression lazy. He would occasionally stop, and look at the happily fighting Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping.

He had encountered a few xiuzhe, but they acted as though they had seen a ghost, turning and running away. He was too lazy to chase, lazily strolling along. In the last two rounds, the outcome of his opponents had been the same, both seriously wounded! One was going to lie on the bed for half a year, and the other eight months.

For most contestants, they were more willing to battle Gu Rong Ping

than Chang Heng. This was a choice between loss and seriously injured. The great majority were naturally more willing to lose rather than be seriously injured for half a year.

Competitors like Chang Heng that moved around freely had absolute confidence in their power. Normal competitors found places to hide. The longer they stayed in, the higher their ranking. Everyone understood this and the xiuzhe that had reached this level, none of them lacked patience.

Chang Heng finally met a xiuzhe that didn't run away upon seeing him.

An extremely average looking xiuzhe that had not left an impression on Chang Heng in previous rounds. A yellow face, a bulbous nose, a short robe. The other appeared extremely calm, looking in interest at him.

Chang Heng suddenly sniffed, tilting his head and muttering to himself, "A familiar smell."

The other paused, and then had revealed an expression of great joy.

Chang Heng didn't know why the other person would be so happy, just like he didn't know why the other would have a smell that he would find familiar. But he was too lazy to ask, his right hand directly reaching for the copper ring between his clavicles.

The tooth-aching sound of a blade grinding against bone sounded, a horrifying scene appeared again.

The bright red Blood Spider Sword slowly was pulled out.

Chang Heng found the xiuzhe opposite him was staring at the Blood Spider Sword. The joy had disappeared. Replacing it seemed to be disappointment.

Disappointment!

Strangely, a smile appeared at the corner of Chang Heng's mouth. His wiry hair stood like swords, full of killing intent.

Luo Li carefully concealed himself in a mountain valley. Compared to the calm of Eldest Shixiong and the casualness of Chang Heng, he was much more cautious. He sat down cross-legged at the center of the valley, his flying sword floating perpendicular to the ground beside him. His eyes were tightly closed as he nurtured the sword essence inside.

He was like a hunter waiting for his prey. Any enemy that appeared at the mouth of the valley would face his long-prepared attack.

Thinking back to his former arrogance, he was like a bystander that judged himself. He had wanted to use the [Empty Sword Scripture] and [Shapeless Sword Scripture] to recover [Void Sword Scripture], but had accidentally walked onto another road, a road that belonged to himself.

His talent was not as awe-inspiring as Wei Sheng, but it was still better than others. Before Wei Sheng and Zuo Mo had appeared, he had been the most outstanding disciple of Wu Kong Sword Sect. It was the heap of favor that he had received that had gradually caused his pride and conceit. His entire person had become impetuous. Zuo Mo's blow had been like an alarm, shaking him awake.

The Luo Li that had woken up was abnormally hard-working and started to display his talent.

The person who had earned the greatest benefits from the opening of the sect's records had been Luo Li. No one was clear on what Wei Sheng had received in his trip of the sword cave, but Eldest Shixiong was not interested at all in the records. Zuo Mo was only interested in dan-making, forging, and formation. Other than flipping through [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture], he didn't even look at any other sword scripture.

Luo Li was different.

Unable to achieve anything from studying [Empty Sword Scripture] and [Shapeless Sword Scripture], he could only search for another road. As though he was dying of thirst, he had read through almost all the sword scriptures in the sect, in hopes that they could inspire him.

Especially the fourth-grade sword scriptures like [Cloud Sword Scripture], [Red Flame Sword Scripture] and [Greenstone Sword Scripture], he had repeatedly read over and over. No one would have thought that, just by using these three sword scriptures, he had really merged [Empty Sword Scripture] and [Shapeless Sword Scripture]!

But the newly merged sword scripture was different from [Void Sword Scripture]

Luo Li named it [Self Separation]!

Note:

the scripture is called 我离 or Wo Li. The “wo” means I or me. The “li” is the same “li” as Luo Li, meaning split or leave.

*

Translator Ramblings: Luo Li is improving as a person, which is nice. My other choices for the name were [I, Separate] or just use [Wo Li]. There will be more on him in the upcoming chapters. He’s a genius too, just not as good as Wei Sheng.

Zuo Mo is starting his own plans. Everyone is doing their own thing now.

Chapter 138: Aggravation and Pleasure

Yu Bai had not found Zong Ming Yan. That slightly disappointed him. He suddenly noticed, not far away, there stood a golden armored soldier. He recognized it as a seal soldier. The fact that Zuo Mo had challenged Ling Ying Sect was not known by the non-locals, but it had spread widely in Dong Fu locally. Naturally, one piece of important information had been Zuo Mo had taken a seal soldier, so Yu Bai knew of it.

He hadn't thought that Zuo Mo would be so close to him.

Yu Bai shook his head. He didn't have much interest in Zuo Mo. Even though the other had displayed outstanding talent, Yu Bai looked down on doing something such as bullying a zhuji xiuzhe. His Master and Wu Kong Sword Sect were on good relations. He was not willing to disrupt this kind of friendly relationship.

He was even considering, that if there was the chance, he would help Zuo Mo out.

But, very quickly, he did not have the attention to spare to think about this question because he saw a great enemy. A large man holding a gigantic sword the size of a door, stomping heavily as he neared. The other had already noticed him. Yu Bai could feel the other nearing, as his presence was quickly rising.

Nan Men Yang, the brightest grassroots xiuzhe in this Sword Test Conference. This extremely large figured man was extremely talented. Practicing the second grade [Vajra Scripture] and using the second-grade [Mountain Breaker Sword] combined for astonishing power. Because he belong to no family or sect, he quickly became the piece of jade that all sects were vying for. The benefits each sect offered him quickly rose. According to those familiar, Gu Rong Ping had represented Heart Lake Sect to give an invitation. Other than that, almost all the large sects had made an offer.

He was only twenty four years this year, his potential seemed limitless.

Nan Men Yang was the largest xiuzhe in the Sword Test Conference. His

height of one zhang made him look like a moving mountain. All the muscles on his body were hard and powerful, the hard curves carved as they gave off the special faint gold light from the [Vajra Scripture], a presence that pressured others and suffocated them.

His strides were long, steady, and heavy, and one couldn't help but feel the ground was shaking as he walked.

Zuo Mo felt the vibration of the ground and raised his head. However, due to the dense foliage of the trees, he couldn't see the figure of Nan Men Yang.

After muttering a few words, he continued his work.

Three zhi long metal nails glowed with a cool blue light. Barely visible were the patterns of formations that covered the entire body of the nails.

Zuo Mo spat into his palms and raised the large metal hammer, channeling [Vajra Profound Sutra] as he pounded the metal nail into the ground. In total, there were nine large metal nails that were hammered into the ground by Zuo Mo according to specific locations. They formed the beginnings of a formation. After the hammering, Zuo Mo didn't wipe his sweat away as he stood at the center of the formation, his fingers flying as he spat out a string of rushed notes.

The cool blue light started to spread from the nine metal nails into the surroundings. In the blink of an eye, with Zuo Mo as the center, a circle with radius of thirty zhang was completely dyed with blue light.

Zuo Mo suddenly shouted, "Set!"

The blue light that had been spreading instantly stopped. They brightened and then disappeared.

Zuo Mo released the ling power on his hands, collapsing onto his behind on the ground as he panted. Oh dear, this [Nine Metal Earth Formation]

might not be a high-grade formation but it really used up a lot of ling power. [Nine Metal Earth Formation] was a second-grade formation. It only had one ability, it turned all the earth within the area of the formation as hard as metal, preventing enemies from attacking from below the earth.

After solving the problem of defending the earth, the next he had to solve was defending against the sky.

This time, Zuo Mo chose to use the [Dragon Tying Formation]. If a ningmai xiuzhe was trapped by the [Dragon Tying Formation], they usually couldn't get out quickly. What Zuo Mo needed was just that little amount of time. Out of caution, Zuo Mo set down six [Dragon Tying Formation], almost covering all angles.

Not everyone's eyes were fixed on Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping. Some people were noticing every single one of Zuo Mo's actions.

"What does he want to do?" Yan Ming Zi dazedly asked Hu Shan.

Hu Shan was also gaping. He woodenly shook his head. "Don't know... .."

"Is he trying to build a cave residence there?" Tao Zhu looked as though she had seen a ghost. "This this this... .."

At the place that the disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect were gathering, everyone's expressions became extremely strange.

"Zuo Shidi's thinking... .." Li Ying Feng's face was red, and she forced out, "extremely unique!"

Xiao Guo's eyes were full of stars, extremely admiring. "Shixiong is very strong! To be able to think of such a powerful method! Too powerful!"

The expression of the disciples that heard this became even stranger.

“So embarrassing!” Yan Le sighed, covering his head, not bearing to look.
“We are sword xiu... ..”

Shi Feng Rong’s face was black. “When he comes back, we need to sort out this rascal! He really humiliated us Wu Kong Sword Sect to the ground!”

The cold light in Xin Yan’s eyes were like the dance of countless blades. His voice seemed to come out of a deep glacier, so cold that people’s hearts shook. “I’ll teach him what a sword xiu is!”

Pei Yuan Ran, who had the greatest experience in keeping his composure, felt his face was extremely red. He seemed to hear the memorial tablets of the ancestral masters in Wu Kong Hall were all jumping, the ancestral masters beating their chests and stomping their feet.

“Embarrassment, embarrassment... ..”

“So humiliating, so humiliating... ..”

“You unfilial disciples, I... .. I need to climb out... ..”

... ..

Pei Yuan Ran felt as though his entire body was freezing. As he looked at the Zuo Mo in the mirage happily setting up his formations without a hint of stopping, his breath choked at his throat. His face was suffocating so much it was red, his fingers trembling.

Just at this time, he heard Xiao Guo’s innocent voice.

“Why says that Shixiong is an embarrassment? Shixiong’s formation looks very powerful!”

Pei Yuan Ran felt his vision turn black. He almost fainted.

At least, there is Wei Sheng. He comforted himself like this.

———

Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping's battle quickly reached the climax.

The tip of the main peak soared over the other mountains, clouds occasionally floating past the body of the mountain.

No one would have thought that Wei Sheng could display such power. Based just on the level of cultivation, Wei Sheng definitely had no hope of winning. However, real battle did not mean that those of the higher cultivation stage would win. But even if Wei Sheng lost this fight, no one would ever doubt his strength again. Even if Gu Rong Ping won, the title of the Strongest among the younger generation of Sky Moon Jie would still be Wei Sheng.

Gu Rong Ping was also clear about this, so his expression was very ugly, ugly like it had never been before.

He had never thought that anyone in the younger generation would surpass him. Maybe there was, but certainly not in Sky Moon Jie.

Who was Wei Sheng? Where was Wu Kong Sword Sect? A few months ago, who even knew?

A person who had been unknown suddenly took away the halo around him, and had done it in front of this many people. Hate slid across Gu Rong Ping's eyes. His sword presence became increasingly vicious.

But the elders that were watching all shook their heads and sighed. Gu Rong Ping's Heart Lake Sword was based on the heart as a lake, clear and without waves. But right now, Gu Rong Ping's sword presence was full of viciousness. Compared to the emptiness previously, even though the power looked to have increased, but in reality, he was losing.

Facing Gu Rong Ping's sharp sword presence, Wei Sheng had no thoughts of retreat. His square face and thick brows were miles away from Gu Rong Ping's handsomeness and elegance. Yet the steady square face, at this time, had a different kind of charisma.

Only those jindan experts with their keen eyes could sensitively catch the doubt that occasionally flashed through his eyes. That was the chaos and unsteadiness of the stage of Heart Turn Sword Essence.

Some of the elders and sect leaders took the chance to teach the disciples beside them what was Heart Turn Sword Essence.

Originally, Wei Sheng, with his unsteady situation, was not expected to win against Gu Rong Ping. However, Gu Rong Ping had lost his equilibrium, and did not give Wei Sheng enough of a threat. What Wei Sheng was now relying on was [Void Sword Scripture]!

The long-lost sword scripture [Void Sword Scripture] finally showed itself in his hands. Even Pei Yuan Ran and the others didn't look away. The experts that were watching felt an unparalleled shock!

Sixth-grade sword scripture, this was the best sword scripture in Sky Moon Jie without a doubt!

Gu Rong Ping felt extremely uncomfortable.

Wei Sheng's sword moves seemed to be intangible and invisible. It was untraceable, and what made him want to spit blood the most was the other's sword essence! It was clearly a tangible and sharp sword essence, but upon impact, it was like hitting empty space, as though that sword essence was a mirage rather than tangible. But if he did not pay attention to it, there would definitely be countless more holes on his body.

Gu Rong Ping had never fought as uncomfortably as this.

The other's sword essence was really too strange. It really was out of the norm!

What he cultivated was [Heart Lake Sword Scripture]. It was the secret of Heart Lake Sword Sect and was ranked high in fifth-grade. Did the other's sword scripture have a higher grade than [Heart Lake Sword Scripture]?

Impossible! A backwater little sect, how could it have a sword scripture over fifth-grade?

Gu Rong Ping tightened his jaw, staring at Wei Sheng, the sword presence rising.

Since he could not understand, then he wouldn't understand!

Gu Rong Ping resolved his heart.

“Our sect’s [Void Sword Scripture] is as wondrous as expected!” Rather than the aggravation as he looked at Zuo Mo, Yan Le’s face was light as he watched Wei Sheng’s fight.

Xin Yan didn’t have the attention to talk. His eyes were opened wide as he stared at Wei Sheng unblinkingly.

Pei Yuan Ran’s eyes were dazedly looking in the distance, muttering, “Master, this disciple has not failed... ..”

[Void Sword Scripture] had always been a sickness on his heart. Now that it could see the light of day again, he was naturally very excited. The four elders of Wu Kong Sword Sect were skilled and had found fame in Yao Hunt, but were willing to lurk in Dong Fu. It had all been for this, for the succession of the sect. Now that there was a disciple of limitless potential like Wei Sheng and [Void Sword Scripture] had been restored, his heart was beating rapidly.

Such a situation, everyone understood that Wu Kong Sword Sect would definitely become one of the top sects in Sky Moon Jie!

In possession of such a wondrous sword scripture, and having a disciple of unparalleled talent, Wu Kong Sword Sect could not be stopped.

Some with nimble minds started thinking about reacquainting themselves with this sect that had appeared out of nowhere. And other people, like the sect leader of Ling Ying Sect, had a terrible expression. If Wu Kong Sword Sect had been a power unable to be dismissed before, then the present Wu Kong Sword Sect would squeeze into the top ranks of the Sky Moon Jie sects. Ling Ying Sect had already lost the qualification to compete with them.

At this moment, Wei Sheng was like the sun that was burning in the sky,

releasing rays of unparalleled bright rays. All the other competitors were like the stars beside the sun, completely diminished and dark.

Zuo Mo did not know anything about these situations. All of his focus was on the formation in front of him.

He wiped away the sweat on his face, and started to create the most important part of this formation group.

-- [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]!

*

Translator Ramblings: Semi-reaction chapter. Yu Bai is too nice of a person, and also underestimates other people. Pei Yuan Ran is I feel this little arc could also be called "How to piss off all your teachers."

Chapter 139: Formation-Defense-Style

The ferocity of Su's counterattack surprised Gui Feng!

After the three rushed notes were spat out from behind the black gauze, the Black Daze sword that was held horizontally in front of Su's body began glowing. The surrounding space twisted as if pulled by an invisible hand. There was no wind, but one felt as though the space was collapsing. Gui Feng's white bone sword trembled, the two dots of ghost fire in the eye sockets of the skull guard flickered like the a candle flame, and seemed ready to be extinguished at any moment.

Gui Feng's expression changed dramatically!

The ling energy around Su's body was extremely chaotic. The white bone sword was like a little boat in a storm, about to capsize at any moment. That moment just now, he had almost lost his connection to the white bone sword!

What sword scripture was this?

Full of shock, Gui Feng decided to retreat.

Su instantly detected Gui Feng's intentions. She snorted coldly, her right hand actually letting go of the hilt of Black Daze.

The Black Daze sword did not drop to the ground, but floated horizontally and was spinning rapidly. At the same time, a clear hum started to sound like that of a bell, sometimes near and then far away.

As the bell sounded, countless invisible magnetic lines formed a gigantic net, heading for the white bone sword!

[Magnetic Polarity Net]!

Without a flying sword, a sword xiu was just a tiger with no claws nor teeth.

Gui Feng was not willing to surrender. The cold light in his eyes grew, his body twisted slightly and he disappeared on his spot. Ghost Movement! At the same time, he appeared in the magnetic net!

Falling into the web? Su was slightly surprised.

Appearing in the magnetic web, the first thing Gui Feng did was reach to grab the white bone sword.

Once the white bone sword entered his palm, Gui Feng felt very secure. He had understood Su's sword scripture!

The strongest attribute of the magnetic force sword scriptures was that they could manipulate the ling energy in the world, affecting the connection and blocking the sword xiu from their flying sword. If they cultivated to high levels, they could easily control the magnetic forces of the world to their will, possibly even creating their own world, extremely powerful.

However, Su was far from that step.

Holding the copper coin hilt, Gui Feng's wrist shook. A shriek came from the white bone sword, like a soul wailing. A ball of black mist flew out of the flying sword, suddenly exploding and turning into countless wisps of thin smoke that spread in all directions.

In the blink of an eye, there were countless thumb-sized black ghosts in the surroundings. Formed from the black smoke, these were little black ghosts, their faces like those of a leper that were extremely ugly. They appeared extremely horrifying, their bellies were round, their limbs short and stout, and their eyes were an eerie green.

The dense crowd of little ghosts floated beside Gui Feng, so many they could not be counted, fearful to the bystander.

Gui Feng's pupils were a strange dark black, so deep the bottom could not be seen. His face which had been dark and thin in the beginning was now completely robbed of vitality, so white it was like that of a dead person.

Behind the black gauze, Su's expression finally changed!

Gui Feng grumbled a sound, and the white bone sword in his hand pointed at Su.

[Little Ghost Ask Directions]!

Creak, all the little ghosts in the sky simultaneously gave a strange howl. Their features twisted as they turned to countless black images and headed towards Su. These little ghosts were extremely fast, their bodies blurring as they would suddenly disappear in the sky, and then suddenly appear out of the air.

Ghost Movement! These little ghosts had the ability of Ghost Movement!

Su did not dare to keep her strength now, her right palm firmly hitting the sword hilt of the Black Daze that was spinning.

The Black Daze sword was like a windmill as it spun, circles of invisible magnetic force suddenly spreading out.

A thin snow-white finger pointed at the center of the black light wheel.

[Magnetic Shield]!

The invisible magnetic force that was spread by the wheel of light instantly increased to the point that the ripple like patterns were visible to the naked eye. The invisible patterns quickly covered Su.

The vicious and raging little ghosts, when they encountered the invisible patterns, were instantly deflected back. But these little ghosts were not damaged in the least. With a strange howl, they kept on leaping towards Su!

This seemed like a black storm that would never stop, howls ringing out endlessly. The little ghosts did not seem to know exhaustion, repeatedly charging at Su. The invisible patterns were like the surface of a lake that was being attacked by the storm, rippling restlessly, but no matter how the little ghosts charged, it managed to firmly protect Su.

The battle instantly became a stand-off. Neither could win over the other.

Gui Feng's ebony black eyes looked deeply at Su behind the magnetic shield, and suddenly disappeared on his spot. Disappearing along with him were the countless little ghosts.

This black storm had come suddenly, and left even more abruptly!

Su took a breath, but did not dare to move aside her finger. Only when she was certain that Gui Feng was not beside her did she move her finger aside, releasing the magnetic shield. Only now did she discover, without her noticing her back had become soaked with sweat.

Su, who had been very certain that she could guarantee that Zuo Mo would enter the top ten, realized that she had underestimated the heroes of the world!

Calming down her messy ling power, she decided to go find Zuo Mo immediately.

The faster she found Zuo Mo, the higher the chance they could win this battle. Up until now, she still had not received Zuo Mo's paper crane. This made her heart fill with worry.

Did the little zombie have such terrible luck? Had he encountered danger so early?

She unconsciously sped up. If she had an appropriate flying sword just now... ..

Zuo Mo had long thrown the matter of the paper crane to the back of his mind. All of his attention was on his [Skyring Moon Chime Formation].

The [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] was the formation he had gotten in payment for processing the Inky Black Lotus Seed. It was the only fourth-grade formation in his possession so after he had received it, he had spent large amounts of time on it. He had made a very profound conclusion. Formations above fourth-level weren't that simple.

[Skyring Moon Chime Formation] did not look very complex. It was a mother-and-child formation. The grade of each child formation was not

high, most of them second-grade. The formation that was the crux was just a third-grade formation. But the more he studied it, the more Zuo Mo felt this [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] was not simple!

The difficulty of each child formation was not high and he could easily complete it, but fitting all of them together greatly increased the difficulty.

The smallest [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] required eighteen child formations. The more child formations there were, the more powerful the formation became. The power of a thirty six child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] was extremely powerful. If Zuo Mo was trapped in it, he definitely could not get out.

Zuo Mo had decided to make a seventy two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation].

Seventy-two child formations and thirty-six child formations, the number of child formations had doubled, but the difference in the power had more than doubled.

The little mountain of materials was mostly prepared for the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]. If this formation was successfully set up, Zuo Mo felt the likelihood of a ningmai xiuzhe coming out once they were trapped in the formation was low. Also, the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] was extremely profound. It was impossible to damage the formation just through brute force, unless someone found the eye of the formation.

But at the eye of the formation, Zuo Mo had just carefully made a gigantic “dan cauldron!”

It was a pity he didn’t have the time to fantasize about his enemies being burnt. Zuo Mo needed to quickly finish the formation.

It required large amounts of time to set up the seventy-two child formations. So in Zuo Mo’s plan, it was to first make an eighteen children formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], and with that as the base, add another eighteen, forming a thirty-six [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]. Increasing it step by step, it would make sure he still had the power to fight if an enemy sneaked up.

He was extremely proud that he had thought of such a great plan.

His cultivation wasn't enough, so he won't compete in cultivation with you people!

Looking at the formations that he had already set up, Zuo Mo's heart was filled with accomplishment. With the pond as the center, the groups of formations, jade pieces, copper cauldrons, and metal nails flashed with blinding light. The pond had been half a mu large in the beginning. This formation territory had reached an area of five mu. Originally, not many people had been paying attention to Zuo Mo, but when this five mu of formations were completed, all kinds of lights came and crossed. In comparison to this gigantic light-emitting formation area, the golden armored seal soldier that was summoned it was extremely tiny.

This formation belt was really too eye-catching. The people watching from the gigantic mirage in Dong Fu could easily find it with a glance.

Consequently, many people unconsciously looked at this sparkling formation belt.

Their expressions were strangely similar, all gaping with wide eyes, dumbstruck where they were.

Pei Yuan Ran and the others had abnormally ugly expressions. Because their cultivation was too high, they could easily hear the conversation in the surroundings.

"I heard this guy is from Wu Kong Sword Sect, he isn't the normal kind of extreme!"

"Are you sure it isn't Wu Kong Formation Sect?"

Pei Yuan Ran's eyebrows twitched. The other three had dark expressions. The four of them had a strong impulse they had never had before -- charge into the Great Pine Pavilion, and cut Zuo Mo down with a

blow to pay for his crime towards the ancestral masters!

Another kind of conversation was going on at the other side.

“I understand now!” A xiuzhe suddenly stood up, his face full of realization, extremely excited.

Hearing this, his companions hurriedly crowded over. “What do you understand?”

The xiuzhe was extremely excited. “Zuo Mo’s true aim is to get the entire Great Pine Pavilion! He’s putting on a disguise and winning in the dark! He wants to slowly take over the Great Pine Pavilion. Right, the books say this is called nibbling... ..”

At this time, not just Pei Yuan Ran, but all of the Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples, were so embarrassed they wanted to find a crack in the ground to hide in.

“This disciple is unfilial! To have shamed the ancestral masters!” Tears streamed down Pei Yuan Ran’s face, extremely sorrowful.

Xin Yan’s hand unconsciously touched his flying sword, his voice seeming to have come out of purgatory. “I will let him know that he cannot go to Wu Kong Formation Sect!”

Yan Le, who was usually cheerful, gritted his teeth. “From next month, I’ll stop all of his allowance! He won’t get one more jingshi from me!”

Shi Feng Rong’s response was very calm. “Don’t worry, I’ll help heal him. He definitely won’t die. You can slowly work on him.”

The disciples in the surroundings were shuddering as they unconsciously distanced themselves from the exploding elders.

Zuo Mo, not knowing that he had provoked public rage, was extremely proud. He turned into a laborious worker-ant, energetically continuing his great endeavor of construction.

Just five mu, it was too small!

Once the seventy-two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] was completely set up, it would form a gigantic formation belt over fifteen

mu large!

Zuo Mo called his new idea: formation-defense-style. The full name was Complete Formation Territory Defense Style.

Today was the day destined for formation-defense-style to become famous.

Zuo Mo was extremely motivated, his heart full of anticipation!

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo's skill at naming is terrible.

Chapter 140: [Self Separation]

Chang Heng and the yellow-faced man fought fiercely.

The strangely shaped copper ring, the Blood Spider sword, shined a sticky bloody color each time it was waved a noxious odor wafted forth. His strength was much stronger compared to when he had fought Zuo Mo.

Yet the yellow-faced man in front of him moved with ease. A copper dagger axe flew around him. The copper dagger axe emitted a green-blue light. As it flew, it formed a blue curtain. The bloody light was not able to break through this fragile-looking green-blue curtain of light.

“Cultivation using blood, how extremely obscure,” The yellow-faced man said, “it’s a pity that you didn’t cultivate it correctly, you just have the appearance of it.”

“Just the appearance?” Chang Heng’s pupils slightly shrunk.

His fingers twitching slightly, the Bloody Spider sword that was over his fingers flew into the sky. As the sword flew, it turned into an enormous shadow.

Boom!

Six thick legs heavily hit the ground, dust flying away as the ground trembled slightly . A bloody spider stared fiercely at the yellow-faced man. Compared to when it had faced Zuo Mo, it was more than double its previous size. The six legs of the spider were slender and long, full of hooks. The joints were much thicker, stronger and more powerful. The dark patterns on the surface of the blood spider was more evident than before, and there was a slightly metallic sheen, making sure people would not doubt its hardness.

What made others the most terrified was the face of the blood spider. The flat face seemed to have a few marks reminiscent of a human face. This face that seemed human-like was extremely vicious and cruel, a brutal presence emanating from it.

“Oh, not bad. To be able to cultivate almost to the step of Human Face, you have some talent,” The yellow-faced man said, “However, some parts of your cultivation are not correct. If you do not correct it, there will be many side-effects.”

For the first time, a serious expression came onto Chang Heng’s face. The yellow-faced man expressed through his facial expressions and speech that he was familiar with Chang Heng’s cultivation scripture. He might be part of Ling Ying Sect, but the scripture he practiced was not one of Ling Ying Sect’s scriptures. He had obtained the scripture and the Bloody Spider sword from a xiuzhe that he killed.

However, the scripture he had obtained was not complete. Evidently, its previous owner had not received it through proper channels. The blood method was extremely powerful, but at the same time, it was much more dangerous than normal scriptures. Just the tiniest mistake, and it could rebound and kill him. Chang Heng’s personality might seem dominant and vicious, but he was extremely careful when he cultivated.

The yellow-faced man’s words shot straight into Chang Heng’s heart.

Chang Heng suddenly took back the Blood Spider, “What do you want for it?”

The yellow-faced man gave an expression of praise, “Find me after the competition.”

Finishing, his figure disappeared where he stood.

Chang Heng’s heart shook. Regardless of whether the yellow-faced man had been fooling him or not, but just judging from his method of movement it was apparent the yellow-faced man was more powerful than he was.

From the first clash between Chang Heng and the yellow-faced man a very short time had passed. Compared to the flashiness of the other battles, their fight did not attract anyone’s attention.

Meng Qing was like a cat as he carefully traversed through the woods. He was most skilled in concealment and assassination, and had once even escaped the pursuit of a jindan expert. But this time he was even more careful. The fifteen mountains covered a large area, but if there were one hundred ningmai xiuzhe fighting, then this battlefield could not be considered large. Quite the reverse, this battlefield was too small.

Since the battlefield was small, the fighting had become chaotic and extremely fierce. What he needed to be careful about was, other than him, that the ninety-nine other people were all his enemies.

Different than the other xiuzhe, he had a clear goal. However, when he thought about it, he felt it strange. A zhuji xiuzhe, was it worth spending jingshi for him kill the person? He looked down at it inside. A zhuji xiuzhe, how could he pass through the last round of fighting?

However, since he received the client's jingshi, he still decided to complete the job. In his business, having a good reputation was everything. His own cultivation was limited and there were not many jobs he could complete. Usually, his living was very tight. Coming to the Sword Test Conference was because he wanted the prize. Then the luck came. Someone had actually found him and requested a job.

The payment was extremely tempting, and most importantly, the target was the only zhuji xiuzhe in the Sword Test Conference. If it was any other person, he might be slightly unconfident, but since it was Zuo Mo, he did not hesitate in accepting the job. He had seen Chao An and Zuo Mo's fight. Truthfully, to win from a disadvantage, he admired Zuo Mo. He was suspicious that the person who made the request was Chao An. Chao An must have been unable to bear being eliminated and was now scheming from the shadows.

However, what did that have to do with him? He wouldn't be at odds with jingshi!

These days, it was hard to make a living. Other than concealment, his battle abilities were average. There were not many jobs he could usually

do. He was full of confidence for this job. He thought that the reason Zuo Mo could defeat Chao An was that Chao An had underestimated his opponent. Also, Zuo Mo had prepared very well beforehand. If it had been him, he definitely wouldn't have given Zuo Mo so many chances to fight. From the beginning, he hadn't thought of fighting openly. No matter how weak Zuo Mo was, he would persist in an ambush. In any case, he was just going for the jingshi.

However, to complete this job, he needed to find Zuo Mo first. This was the most troublesome part of his job.

Alright, jingshi wouldn't just drop from the sky. If there was no difficulty, other people wouldn't have spent so much jingshi to hire him.

He carefully controlled his body, like a blurry shadow, as he carefully moved among the trees. The color around his body kept on blending in with the surroundings. His presence was kept inside his body, it was as though he did not exist and his presence was difficult to detect. It was only due to his skills with this technique that no one had found him along the way. He was especially careful today. The surroundings were all filled with ningmai xiuzhe, and there was no lack of experts. If he was found, he didn't have a chance of victory.

Hm, there was a mountain valley up ahead.

Meng Qing decided to take a look. Zuo Mo's own cultivation was lower than other people, and naturally wouldn't dare to walk around. After taking the job, he had been constantly pondering. He felt it was most probable that Zuo Mo would find a corner and use formation to defend his position. So during his search, he was especially attentive to places like mountain valleys and other hiding places.

The mouth of the valley up ahead was especially narrow. He didn't dare to be brash, and carefully moved around by taking advantage of the geographic landscape.

Inside the mountain valley, Luo Li sat cross legged with his eyes closed. His flying sword was silently floating beside him. He was like a volcano, looking peaceful on the surface, but the sword essence was boiling inside.

Today, would be the first time he used [Self Separation] in battle!

There was a strange excitement welling up inside. This unnameable excitement was like a soundless flame, burning every bit of his body.

But he did not move, he was motionless like an old monk in meditation. He was suppressing it, suppressing this excitement that made him want to fight!

The air around him moved without a wind pushing it. Inside the little valley, it was like a tornado had started. However, what people would gasp at was that, no matter how strong the wind was inside the valley, there was no hint of it at the mouth of the valley.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes!

Someone was here!

[Self Separation] had been created with [Shapeless Sword Scripture] and [Empty Sword Scripture] as the rope and [Cloud Sword Scripture], [Red Flame Sword Scripture] and [Greenstone Sword Scripture] as the beads. He had put a lot of thought into it. Even though it was limited by his cultivation and knowledge, there were still many wonderful aspects, even Xin Yan Shibo had praised it.

Luo Li remained cross legged as his mind expanded with him at the center, to a radius of ten zhang. The mountain rocks, and the trees, slowly disappeared, like they were vanishing into space, turning into a patch of emptiness.

He was sitting in the center of a void.

The slightest animal, if they entered this patch of void, would become evident, and he would easily detect it.

It would be as though a drop of black ink appeared on a piece of snow

white paper. No matter how small the ink dot was, it would be abnormally startling.

Meng Qing's body was blended with the surroundings. He was hard to see using the naked eye, but in this patch of void in Luo Li's mind,, he detected that there was another person!

The excitement that had been suppressed for so long in his chest finally found a vent.

In reverse to the heat and excitement in his eyes, his expression was serious. His right hand opened, palm faced away from his body. His thumb and pinky crossed as the other three fingers pointed at the sky.

The silently floating flying sword was like a vicious beast that had woken up from its dreams, opening its blood red eyes, and baring its sharp fangs.

A clear hum sounded in the air.

On the sword a green and red light entwined like two ling lovers in a passionate embrace, extremely joyful!

“Separate!”

A light sigh, unable to be traced, spoken as though from far away but like a murmur close to the ear.

The red and green light gradually turned to white light. The joy on the sword quickly became faint, a feeling of loneliness rose, like the autumn wind blowing.

The white flying sword did not move fast. Like a piece of ice, the flying sword quickly melted into the air with speed invisible to the naked eye.

At the moment Luo Li moved, Meng Qing knew that he had been detected!

Not daring to hesitate, he jumped up and sprinted for the opening of the

valley.

The shocking transformation of the other's flying sword made his skin on his head prickle. What sword scripture was that?

Especially when he saw the other's flying sword disappear into space, the danger he felt suddenly reached a peak. In his profession, the thing most trusted was instinct. Each time that he had a bad feeling, he knew there was danger!

But such a strong feeling of danger as he had today, he had only encountered it before, when he had been pursued by that jindan expert.

F***! Didn't they say it was all ningmai xiuzhe? Did he encounter Gu Rong Ping? Damn it, he should not be so unlucky!

Meng Qing paled. The feeling of danger might not rival the last time when he had met the jindan expert but it secured the position of second. His heart jumped rapidly. He didn't dare to keep anything back, all of his ling power furiously channeling behind him as he leapt to get out of the valley! Behind him, a ling shield formed, looking slightly like a turtle shell.

He had just taken one step when something invisible suddenly hit the ling shield on his back. The solid and hard ling shield instantly shattered into pieces.

Pew!

It was as though Meng Qing had been struck by lightning, his pupils suddenly expanding. He spat out a mouthful of blood, and instantly became unconscious.

A figure landed from the sky, lightly inspecting the unconscious Meng Qing before saying indifferently, "Eliminated."

After that, he grabbed Meng Qing and disappeared.

But before he left, the gaze he threw at Luo Li contained a hint of shock.

*

Translator Ramblings: Guess who's brilliant? There's a saying in Chinese that you lose in the romantic battlefield while you win on the

soccer field/basketball court/politics. That's Luo Li at the moment.

I feel Ming Qing is another version of Zuo Mo. Someone had malicious aims against Zuo Mo.. ...

Chapter 141: Zong Ming Yan VS Zuo Mo

Zong Ming Yan's face was dark. Seeing Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping's battle with his own eyes, and the power the two showed that was clearly a notch above him. The proud him really did not feel very good seeing the fight.

In a terrible mood, he threw away all concealment, the sword essence on his body vibrating as he waited for some idiot to land on his hands.

Zong Ming Yan, as the first seat disciple of Dong Qi Sword Sect, the beloved disciple of Zuo Mei Tian, was not weak. Now that he was not disguising it, his presence revealed, most xiuzhe turned and left upon seeing him. Those that had some power were also not willing to use up their ling power this quickly. Everyone knew the earlier they used up their ling energy, the faster they would be eliminated. This round was not just testing strength, but patience.

He heard sounds of fighting in the distance, snorted and headed over.

Nan Men Yang's body was glittering with gold light, hand holding an enormous sword, eyes bulging, as his mountain-like figure moved ferociously. Not far from him, Yu Bai was dressed in white. Even though his demeanor was not as extraordinary as Gu Rong Ping, he was also warm and elegant. His long bamboo-like sword danced around him, battling the other to a standstill.

The two of them were very strong, especially Nan Men Yang's [Mountain Breaker Sword]. It was extremely forceful and domineering. Each blow howled like thunder, as though it really had the power to break mountains!

The elders and sect leaders of each sect that watched their battle all sighed in admiration.

“This Nan Meng Yan is extremely talented. Just a second-grade [Mountain Breaker Sword] is this powerful in his hands! If this boy works hard, he will definitely become an expert!”

“Right! Who can take him into the sect, will have another expert!”

... ..

In reverse, no one was surprised at Yu Bai’s strength.

Wu Kong Sword Sect’s elders also noticed Nan Men Yang, the brightest non-sect xiuzhe of this Sword Test Conference.

“Shixiong, this boy really isn’t bad! Should we also consider making an offer?” Yan Le didn’t bear to tear his eyes away, as though he had seen a treasure.

Pei Yuan Ran pondered for a while and shook his head helplessly, “This boy is full of potential, but you know our assets as well as I do. Wei Sheng is just enough for us to deal with, and we have Zuo Mo who is even more of a headache. Luo Li had improved greatly, and his personality is much better than before. If we nurture him well, his future will also be bright.”

When other people were having a headache over not having talented disciples in the sect, Pei Yuan Ran was being troubled by having too many talented disciples.

“Our wealth isn’t that big of a problem. After this Sword Test Conference, I’m afraid we cannot stay low like we did previously. We should fight for what we need. These years, I’ve been very uncomfortable being suppressed,” When Yan Le said this, he was full of bravado.

Pei Yuan Ran grinned, the light in his eyes flashing.

Xin Yan suddenly inserted, “There’s no scripture suited for him.”

Only now did they think about this crucial problem. Yan Men Yang was really talented, but that depended on the scripture he practiced. Even though [Vajra Scripture] and [Mountain Breaker Sword] was only second-grade, but because it was suited to him, it was extremely powerful. If the scripture was not suited, then it was hard to say how far he could cultivate.

Those with experienced eyes could see with a glance that Nan Men Yang was a xiuzhe that needed special scriptures.

Shi Feng Rong suddenly said, "Isn't Zuo Mo practicing [Vajra Profound Sutra]? Why don't we let him also practices [Vajra Profound Sutra]."

Pei Yuan Ran grimaced, "[Vajra Profound Sutra] is just a normal third grade body cultivation scripture. Many sects have this scripture. We really cannot offer anything of substance. Alright, we shouldn't pull him over and then waste his talent. That will be our crime."

The other people fell silent. None of Wu Kong Sword Sect's sword scriptures were very suited for Nan Men Yang, so they gave up on the thought.

"Hm," Yan Le suddenly pointed at the mirage and said, "Isn't that boy Zong Ming Yan. He's very near that rascal."

The others might have many opinions of Zuo Mo, but he was still a disciple of their sect. Hearing this, they followed Yan Le's finger.

But when their eyes saw where Zuo Mo was, they were instantly angered.

The sparkling five mu of formations had been eye-catching enough already. But in this short period of time, the formation belt that spread to twice that area, taking over ten mu!

What was the guy trying to do? That was the first thought that jumped into their head. The second thought was, that was it! They really lost face this time!

The previous five mu of formations had just been a little pieces of land among the large green mountains. Right now, it was a glowing big patch. Zuo Mo was passing through the formations, not knowing exhaustion. If one looked closely, they could find the pride and excitement that could not be disguised by his face.

If they knew how to lip-read, they could easily know what he was muttering.

“Fighting with ge, kill you!”

“Can’t beat you in cultivation, ge will use jingshi to smash you to death...
... Who who who said that jingshi can cause people to bow... ... bow to ge!”

“I’m very poor, but I’m very wretched... ...”

... ..

But lip-reading was not a profound skill. There were many people that knew how to do it. Occasionally, people would burst into laughter.

The four elders felt that in this Sword Test Conference, their already fragile spirits were greatly tortured. Whenever someone beside them laughed, they would be paranoid in feeling that those people were laughing at them. They became four easily alarmed birds.

The heavens take pity!

The honored sect leader of Wu Kong Sword Sect! Ice Dragon Sword of a vicious reputation! Even Yan Le and Shi Feng Rong were jindan experts! They were actually tormented by a zhuji disciple to the point of wanting to die. They were almost driven into insanity!

Zong Ming Yan was truly heading for Zuo Mo. He had actually wanted to fight with Yu Bai, but since Yu Bai was locked in fierce combat with Nan Men Yang, he naturally could not interfere.

For them, stooping to using low tactics to win was not a honorable thing. No matter if it was Yu Bai or Zong Ming Yan, they were extremely proud. They definitely could not tolerate themselves winning because they took advantage of someone else. So Zong Ming Yan could only change his target.

The seal soldier’s head that was a length above the trees was like a lighthouse glowing in the dark, attracting Zong Ming Yan to come closer.

“Now that’s something interesting to see! Zong Ming Yan meeting the Scalping Zombie!”

“It’s karma! I hate people who use jingshi to smash others the most!”

“He’s losing the face of us Dong Fu sword xiu! Zong Ming Yan, ge supports you! Get him down quickly, he’s too much of an embarrassment! The shame of Dong Fu!”

Hearing the consensual indignation of the Dong Fu sword xiu, Pei Yuan Ran and the others wanted to clap in agreement.

“Huff!” Yan Le exhaled deeply, “This is great! He finally can’t keep going!”

It was as though a heavy weight had been lifted off Pei Yuan Ran’s shoulders, “It’s not embarrassing to lose to Zong Ming Yan.”

Xin Yan gave his rare agreement, “Die early to be reincarnated!”

The three of them had the same opinion, hoping that Zong Ming Yan could quickly finish the fight. That way, Zuo Mo would have less time to embarrass everyone. Now, they felt that it was the stupidest decision of their lives to make Zuo Mo attend the last round of the Sword Test Conference. Wei Sheng had earned the sect lots of praise, but it was far from the amount that Zuo Mo embarrassed the sect by. They really lost.

Only Shi Feng Rong didn’t feel that great, “Why is it Zong Ming Yan? I don’t like Zuo Mei Tian, he’s an old bandit!” She suddenly turned her face, “Wei Sheng should go and kick Zuo Mo out!”

Pei Yuan Ran pondered it., “Fighting among the sect, that might not be good!”

Yan Le gave an idea from the side, “Let Zong Ming Yan first kick Zuo Mo out, then let Wei Sheng kick Zong Ming Yan out!”

Xin Yan, who had been silent, suddenly opened, “Splendid!”

At the doorway to every casino, a wagering match of Zuo Mo facing Zong Ming Yan was quickly put up. The shopkeepers doing their best to holler.

“Shaking all of Dong Fu, a wager of ten moves! The most unpopular choice of the last two rounds, can the zombie do it again? It will be revealed very soon! A world-shattering wager, if you do not personally participate, how could your life be perfect?”

“Come look, come see! Strong sword versus strong shield! What? No shield? Heavens! Sire, look, is there a stronger, more turtle-like shield than this? This is certainly this year’s strongest turtle formation! Look at what Mister Zuo Mo had named his work! Complete Formation Territory Defense style! Just this extremely strong name, full of the feeling of security, it is worth you betting on it!”

“The odds are one to five hundred! What? You still aren’t satisfied? This one can personally guarantee that there wouldn’t be a payment rate better than this! Think about it, last time, our wonderful Zuo Mo had been the main actor of a sky-shattering wagering match. Think about the people that had won so much! My neighbor Wang Xiao Er’s aunt’s son had just put down ten pieces of jingshi... ..”

Fu Jin’s eyes were red as he wagered all the jingshi on his body, muttering to himself, “It’s not that I favor you. This is a grudge between me and Dong Qi Sword Sect!” The worker at the casino who heard this felt his heart shudder. Dong Qi Sword Sect was a large sect in Dong Fu.

Fu Jin recognized Zong Ming Yan! .It was during that incident, he had been injured by Zong Ming Yan and another Dong Qi Sword Sect disciples. It was also that time that Zuo Mo had stood up for him, and his relationship with Zuo Mo had deepened.

His eyes were entirely red as he bit his lips tightly, afraid for Zuo Mo.

He had naturally heard of Zong Ming Yan’s strength. Adding on that the two people had once had a conflict, Zong Ming Yan definitely wouldn’t have mercy.

Zuo Mo's consciousness was better than others and quickly found Zong Ming Yan. Zong Ming Yan's steps were not fast. Step by step, he headed towards Zuo Mo. Truthfully, Zuo Mo wanted to run. He might have some hope of victory against the average xiuzhe, but against experts like Zong Ming Yan, there wasn't a chance at all.

The biggest flaw of the Formation-Defense-style he was proud of finally revealed itself. That was, once it started, other than guarding it to the death, there wasn't any other way.

The two did not have a happy previous encounter. Due to him, a Dong Qi disciple had been banned from Dong Fu.

Fine, if he couldn't escape, he wouldn't! Zuo Mo boldened his heart. If he decided to fight, there was a bit of presence.

Wasn't it just Zong Ming Yan?

He looked at the surroundings. The glittering materials were like the sparkling jingshi, glowing with an enchanting light that blinded him.

Courage rose in his heart.

Ge could use jingshi to smash down Pu Yao who called himself a Sky Yao. You're just a ningmai beginner, ge doesn't believe ge can't drown you!

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo's not perfect, and his tactics still need work. Zuo Mei Tian is Zong Ming Yan's master that was mentioned a long time ago. He never shows up, he's just always mentioned.

Chapter 142: “Seven Plum Sword”

In reality, Zuo Mo was not confident at all.

He had just made forty-five child formations for the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], there were still twenty-seven child formations until he reached seventy-two child formations. Mother-and-child formations like [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] usually had an attribute. The more child formations they had, the stronger they would be. The growth of power was a nonlinear increase dependent on the number of single child formations, but increased in a pattern of values like six, twelve, thirty six, etc.

The power of forty-five child formations, was just slightly stronger than thirty-six child formations. If he could complete seventy-two child formations, the power of the formation would be the difference between heaven and earth compared to a thirty-six child formation. It would go up an entire stage. Zuo Mo estimated that the power of a seventy-two child formation would be more than four times that of a thirty-six child formation. Of course, there were also differences in the difficulty of setting up the formations. When the number of child formation reached a certain amount, the difficulty would multiply when adding on one more formation.

However, this was not the time to consider these things. He had no other choice.

Zong Ming Yan did not have any intentions of relenting, heading straight for Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo didn't hesitate, raising his hand to sent out a five level multi-colored mini pagoda.

Once the Five Colored Pagoda flew into the air, it grew in size. In the blink of an eye, it was the height of a person. The Five Colored Pagoda flew into the sky above the pond. The pond below instantly filled with mist, moisture roiling. The moisture quickly rose up, reaching the base of the Five Color Pagoda. From far away, it looked as though the water was

supporting the Five Colored Pagoda.

The light of the Five Color Pagoda lit up, the body of the pagoda continuously emitting countless flashes of five colored light that entered each formation.

Centered around the pond, the jade pieces, copper cauldrons, and formation nails in the ten mu formation belt lit up.

If the formation belt could have been called sparkling before, then right now, it was like a gigantic piece of gold had been embedded into the green landscape, extremely gaudy. Naturally, it received the unanimous disdain of everyone.

But when the entire ten mu of formations completely lit up in the flick of a finger, that blinding scene, how many people had seen anything like it?

No one had seen anything like it.

Such a large formation belt, it could only appear in the restricted grounds of a sect, and not just any sect. There was none like it even around the sword cave of Wu Kong Sword Sect. There was none around Dong Fu Hall. Heart Lake Sect did have one, but it had never been activated. The last time it was activated, it was several hundreds of years ago.

The densely packed crowds of xiuzhe around Dong Fu were completely struck dumb by such a spectacular scene.

Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping's fight might be more profound and skillful, but in front of such an enormous formation, it became minuscule. With Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping's cultivating stages of ningami, each sword energy would be seven or eight zhang. The longest would be ten zhang. No matter how magnificent they were, they could not compare to the spectacle of ten mu of formation being activated at once.

For a short moment, all of Dong Fu was completely silent.

A moment later, people slowly came out of their shock. Dong Fu instantly exploded. Several ten thousands of xiuzhe speaking at once, from

extremely silent to waves of roaring, some xiuzhe that were of weaker cultivation felt their eyes rings and could not hear anything anymore.

After a while, their hearing finally recovered.

However, everyone's discussion had not stopped. Quite the reverse, it had become even more fierce.

"Worth it! Definitely enough for me to come this far!"

"Spectacular! As expected, Zuo Mo really has some abilities, he can also muster up something!"

"What formation-seal-style? It is just jinzhi!"

... ..

As everyone was sighed, the formation was completely activated. The formation belt about ten mu big suddenly changed.

A crescent rose up high over the pond, the light flashing. Inside the formation, green blue mist rose, blurring the landscape. Inside the mist, countless light rings of various sizes floated in the air, gathering and scattering like a school of nimble fish.

On the rooftop of one of Dong Fu's residences, three people were standing together.

"Zuo Mo truly is a formations genius. Such a short period of time and he could comprehend [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], really powerful! Luckily, we did not offend him that day." A red-robed male stared at the mirage and praised.

These three were the customers that had Zuo Mo process the Inky Black Lotus Seed.

"Humph, he's a zhuji xiuzhe. He can only take advantage of outside forces, what can he accomplish?" The snarling man snorted.

"It's good to have low cultivation." The eagle-nosed man said darkly.

"You want to use force? Don't forget that he has a powerful shixiong!"

The snarling male shook his head and said. All three of them were extremely wary due to Wei Sheng's strong performance.

"We don't have enough people. His shixiong isn't a bad substitute." The eagle-nosed man said.

The snarling man still shook his head. "He's only in zhuji. No matter how skilled his formations are, it is still limited."

"It's alright as long as he has talent." The red-robed male suddenly opened. "This isn't Tian Huan Realm, it is not easy to find xiuzhe skilled in formations. Wei Sheng might be powerful, but he is just one person. Us three brothers do not have to be afraid."

The red-robed man held great authority among the three. Since he said so, the other two had no objections. Also, what the red-robed man said was the truth. There were many xiuzhe that knew formations, but those that could be called skilled were extremely rare. Those that had some reputation, either their price was too high, or they were unwilling to risk their own personal safety.

The snarling man smiled, and said, "That's true. If he dares to have other thoughts, the new Black Lotus Yin Banner that we just forged can be tested."

The eagle-nosed man furrowed his brows. "But how to persuade Zuo Mo? That guy isn't easy to fool, and we cannot use force."

The red-robed male was very confident about this point. He smirked. "Temptation! That's easy with someone like Zuo Mo. Even a person as obsessed with the sword as Wei Sheng is won't be immune."

As the three talked, Zong Ming Yan had reached the edge of the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation].

The moment the formation had activated, Zong Ming Yan's mind had blanked for a quick instant but he quickly recovered. His steps were not rushed or slow, looking like a calm and relaxed expert. Only the shocking presence he was releasing expressed that the desire for battle inside had

reached a peak.

Zuo Mo's figure had disappeared into the formation.

The blue-green mist spread, forming its own little world. Countless rings of light in various sizes were nimble and lively. Occasionally, two rings of light would hit each other, and chimes like that of glass would sound, clear and crisp. The chiming that passed through the mist were hard to follow, and echoed.

What entered the eyes was blue-green mist and the swimming rings of light. Not just Zuo Mo, even the jade pieces and metal nails on the ground had disappeared.

Ding ding dong dong!

Zong Ming Yan couldn't help but snort. As the first seat of the younger generation of Dong Qi Sword Sect, he followed his master in cultivating the sword, and had a very basic knowledge of formations.

However, so what?

He was not afraid in the least.

One sword breaks all methods, that was a sword xiu! He had not reached that amazing step, but his opponent was just a zhuji. A xiuzhe only in zhuji, could he block the sword?

He didn't believe it!

As for his conflict with Zuo Mo, he had long forgotten about it. He had never kept it on his mind. A disciple of his sect being banned, that was because his abilities were not as good as others. He was too lazy to care. He didn't have especially bad feelings about Zuo Mo. Of course, he didn't have any good feelings either.

It was a pity that Yu Bai and Nan Men Yang had matched up.

He was very regretful as he looked at Yu Bai and Nan Men Yang that were fighting heatedly behind him, and then looking at Zuo Mo ahead, he felt it was very bland.

Even if it wasn't Yu Bai, he would be fine with Nan Men Yang, but why

was it Zuo Mo?

As he sighed in regret, he summoned out his flying sword.

This was an extremely unique flying sword. The shape was like a section of old plum. There were many joints on the plum branch, appearing like a bone, old yet resilient. On the plum branch were seven fresh and blooming plum blossoms, so fresh that they seemed to have just been picked. A faint fragrance floated in the air.

“[Seven Plum Sword]! Zuo Mei Tian actually passed [Seven Plum Sword] to him! It seems he doesn’t have low hopes for Zong Ming Yan!

“This is the first sword of Dong Qi Sword Sect, [Seven Plum Sword]? As expected, it is extraordinary! Zuo Mei Tian is really brave. Such a good sword, he actually gave it to a ningmai disciple!”

Conversation rose, as everyone’s expressions were full of awe.

[Seven Plum Sword] was the most famous flying sword of Dong Qi Sword Sect, ranked fourth-grade. It was most suited to Dong Qi Sword Sect’s [Plum Cutting Sword Scripture]. However, the reason that this sword was so famous was because its owner was Zuo Mei Tian.

In Sky Moon Jie, Zuo Mei Tian was a very famous personage. Everyone was especially wary of his cruelty and ruthlessness. These years, he had not been seen much in public. The rumors had been that he had been focusing on teaching his disciple. Looking at it now, it was true. To pass a great treasure like [Seven Plum Sword] to Zong Ming Yan, it could be seen just how great his love was.

The people that had been drooling over [Seven Plum Sword] quickly killed their greed. It was easy to deal with the young one. But if they fought the young one, and the old one came, they couldn’t deal with that.

The faces of the four from Wu Kong Sword Sect were heavy. Even though they hoped that Zuo Mo could leave the competition as soon as possible, but when they saw Zong Ming Yan take out [Seven Plum Sword], their expressions changed slightly.

Zuo Mei Tian's ruthlessness was famed, and look at it, his disciple Zong Ming Yan was not a merciful person either. They were not worried that Zuo Mo would lose the competition, because it was already set in stone. They were worried that Zuo Mo would be injured. If Zong Ming Yan was as heartless as his master, Zuo Mei Tian, then today, Zuo Mo was in danger!

However, at this time, Zuo Mo's big formation was already up and running. Through the mirage, it was hard for them to see the situation inside the formation.

Inside the blue-green formation, the rings of light danced, a crescent moon hanging over top of it all!

In opposition to what everyone had imagined of Zuo Mo being on guard to face a great enemy, Zuo Mo was extremely busy. Taking advantage of the cover the formation was, he had silently sneaked to the other end of the formation, continuing to set up child formations for [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]?

One more child formation, the power of the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] would increase a bit.

His movements were extremely quick. After continuously putting down forty-five child formations, he was extremely practiced.

He guessed that Zong Ming Yan would try to test the waters in the beginning so he decided to make good use of the time.

You hit, I set!

Wasn't it just competition on speed?

Let's see if you first break the formation, or I first finish the formation!

Zuo Mo thought hatefully inside, his hands moving even quickly.

No one would have thought, that in such a time of emergency, Zuo Mo was still persisting in laying down formations.

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Translator Ramblings: Poor Zuo Mo, all he wants to do is be left alone.

Chapter 143: Heavyweight News

Wei Sheng's clothing was ripped, his entire body covered in countless little sword cuts, and he appeared to be out of energy. If the judges hadn't seen that he was still stubbornly persisting, they would have stepped in a long time ago.

Gu Rong Ping's expression was peaceful, the darkness and viciousness on his face had disappeared long ago.

He could be favored by so many to win, and had never lost until now, how could he be unable to see his own situation? When he realized he had made a mistake and started to adjust himself, Wei Sheng was instantly placed at a disadvantage.

Heart Lake Sword, heart like a lake, undisturbed.

Wei Sheng struggled to keep going. If it wasn't that he had a more profound knowledge of sword essence, and could dodge or stop Gu Rong Ping at the last possible second, he would have lost already. Even so, he still could not stop Gu Rong Ping from attacking. Gu Rong Ping had changed from the previous impatience to a relaxed ease as his advantage was slowly increased.

The sword scriptures were different, and the roads they walked would be drastically different. Some sword scriptures were forceful and explosive, what they needed was each attack to be like a thunderbolt, without keeping anything back. Some sword scriptures walked the path of entanglement. They did not pursue killing with one attack. They went for continuously accumulating an advantage like pulling silk off a cocoon, to exhaust the opponent and in the end leave them with no energy to attack.

Gu Rong Ping was so.

"Gu Rong Ping truly isn't bad. [Heart Lake Sword] is very advanced for such a young age! Bao Rong hadn't reached this level when he was his age. Tian Song Zi couldn't help but praise. After a slight pause, he couldn't

help but keep praising, “This Wei Sheng is even better! Ningmai stage and he could cultivate to Heart Turn Sword Essence, even more rare is that his personality is resilient and strong. Even though he is clearly trapped, he still does not submit. This boy will be great in the future!”

“Yes. I’m afraid that Dong Fu’s sects will have to eat behind Wu Kong Sword Sect in the future.” Ling Ying Sect’s leader Feng Qing glanced at Tian Song Zi.

These words were what many of Dong Fu’s little sects were thinking. Many people did not have good expressions.

Tian Song Zi knew it, but didn’t state it, only faintly saying, “The strongest rule, the power naturally determines the benefits. Or does Sect Leader Feng believe Wu Kong Sword Sect does not have the power?”

Feng Qing choked but he defended himself, “I’m afraid that Wu Kong Sword Sect will have too big of an appetite!”

Dislike rose in Tian Song Zi’s heart. He turned to look at the surrounding people, and said, “Wu Kong Sword Sect has been keeping a low profile all these years. If they were truly greedy people, with Ice Dragon Sword’s strength, there would not be many in Dong Fu that could stop him, much less Sect Leader Pei and the others who are also jindan.”

These words instantly made many people relax greatly. They found it was true when they thought about it. If Wu Kong Sword Sect were really those kind of people, did they even have the power to resist?

“Wu Kong Sword Sect is a part of Dong Fu. Wu Kong Sword Sect is strong, our Dong Fu is strong. Dong Fu is strong, everyone here will naturally benefit.” Tian Song Zi said meaningfully.

“Right! I see that Sect Leader Pei and the others are not those that would steal from others. If our Dong Fu can take a step up among the thirteen primary towns, that’s beneficial for everyone!” Someone praised.

The others all agreed. No one could rival Tian Song Zi’s influence in Dong Fu. Over all these years, he was mostly fair in his conduct, and everyone trusted him. The Ling Ying Sect leader was on the side, his

expression changing.

Tian Song Zi suddenly stood up. Everyone knew that he had something to say. The surrounding instantly feel silent.

“There are many people that do not know my initial motivation for holding this Sword Test Conference.” Tian Song Zi started slowly. His voice was not loud, but there was an extra hint of solemnity. Everyone could help but perk their ears to listen. Those that were clever already realized that the matter was not simple.

“Maybe some people know, but it’s possible some people do not know.” Tian Song Zi paused slightly, before continuing, “Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie is showing signs of instability.”

First, it was silent, then it was a ruckus.

“No way!”

“How is it possible?”

“Weren’t there many experts holding the fort in Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie?”

... ..

The panicked voices flowed. These light words were like lightning on a clear day, instantly shaking up all the sect leaders. Even Ling Ying Sect’s leader was struck dumb. Gradually, fear started to show on his face.

Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie was the buffer between xiuzhe and yaomo. That was the paradise where countless xiuzhe hunted yao. As long as you had the power, you could receive anything you wanted. Jingshi, talismans, rare materials... ..

Expert after expert became famous there. It was the backyard of the xiuzhe, the material store of the xiuzhe.

So when Tian Song Zi said Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie was showing signs of instability, they hadn’t managed to react to the connection between the Sword Test Conference and Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie, had not reacted to the implications behind this news.

Only when people remembered how Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie had formed did they suddenly wake.

Even the most composed person had a changed expression.

“Is the news confirmed?”

“The market didn’t have any news at all!”

Terror quickly spread across the people. They were only asking out of reflex. Everyone knew if Tian Song Zi could say this publicly, the news definitely would not be fake. Tian Song Zi had more avenues of information than they did.

Tian Song Zi lightly sighed. “Everyone, please prepare. This time, the first one hundred local xiuzhe, I will open the secret realm for them.”

This was another heavyweight news!

Secret realm!

A secret realm was like an extremely small jie. No one knew how a secret realm formed, but each jie would have secret worlds. But how many there were, it was unable to be predicted.

Secret realms were all different, but there were similarities. In every secret realm, the ling energy inside would be plentiful, and it would be extremely beneficial to cultivate inside. Inside the secret realm, due to the high density of ling energy, and the lack of people, there would be large numbers of rare ling grasses and beasts. And in some secret realms, there would also be residences left behind by ancient xiuzhe.

No one would have thought that Dong Fu Hall would have a secret realm!

As expected of the true master of Dong Fu. The wealth he possessed was truly unimaginable.

“This secret realm had been discovered by my ancestral founder. However, it is a pity that xiuzhe above jindan cannot enter, so this secret realm has been unopened until now. Since a great calamity is approaching, the disciples of all sects, as long as they enter the top one

hundred, they can enter this secret realm. But as to what they can obtain, that will be up to their good fortune.” Tian Song Zi said.

A small smile finally came onto the fearful faces of those large sect leaders.

If they were talking about disciples from the top ten, then Dong Fu might not have many, but the top one hundred, the core disciples of most of the Dong Fu sects were basically all in there.

“Elder’s efforts! We really are shamed!” A sect leader suddenly came out and bowed deeply to Tian Song Zi.

The other sect leaders also came out and bowed in thanks to Tian Song Zi. To open one’s secret realm and allow disciples from other sects to enter, such a matter, it had never been heard of before. Tian Song Zi’s breath of mind received everyone’s admiration. Even Ling Ying Sect leader Feng Qing did not hesitate in bowing.

There was no joy on Tian Song Zi’s face. He sighed, “The fire of succession. Only when there is fire can it be passed on!”

Everyone’s hearts started to fall. From Tian Song Zi’s words, they finally realized that the situation was far worse than they had imagined.

Zong Ming Yan saw those nimble rings of light but still unhesitatingly stepped into the formation.

Once he stepped in, the scenery around him instantly changed.

Limitless blue-green mist covered the empty wilderness. He was in the middle of the wilderness, his surroundings empty. In the sky above his head, light rings of various sizes swam like schools of fish.

In the faint blue-green mist that was like what occurred during sunrise, the chimes from the collisions became even more ethereal. Those mischievous and nimble rings of light danced high above his head, and even higher up, a crescent moon hung, its faint shine falling on this patch of wilderness, giving even the mist a blurry shine.

This was a formation that a zhuji could set up?

Zong Ming Yan was slightly surprised and had to reconsider Zuo Mo.

He may have little knowledge of formations, but he had received Zuo Mei Tian's attentive teachings, and a half-assed outer sect disciple like Zuo Mo could not compare. Even though he was not clear what formation Zuo Mo had set up, but he could clearly understand the meaning contained in the formation in front of his eyes.

He decided to put away the disdain in his heart. This Zuo Mo could be considered a genius in formations.

Zong Ming Yan casually walked, strong confidence revealed in his expression. So what if the other was a formations genius? He did not have any fear in his heart. Quite the opposite. He, who had thought he had picked a bland opponent, started to feel anticipation.

Zong Ming Yan's desire for battle increased even more!

Gently shaking his wrist, the plum branch in his hand sliced and made a circle.

A plumb blossom gently trembled and fell off the plum branch, floating into the sky.

[One Cut Plum]!

This plum flower silently shattered in the air, turning into a pink ball of light. The light seemed to be pulled by two invisible hands in opposite directions, quickly pulled long and thin. A circle of faint sword essence, with the pink ball of light as the center, suddenly spread out towards the surroundings.

The long and pink sword essence had no warmth or gentleness. Quite the opposite. When it truly became a sword energy, the harsh and sharp sword essence reached a peak!

Zong Ming Yan narrowed his eyes, and his expression just like that pink sword energy became sharp and menacing!

The energy being disrupted, the dancing rings of light in the air were like

startled schools of fish.

The chimes of collisions were like rain!

“Go!” Zong Ming Yan shouted, the plum branch in his hand leading.

The long and narrow pink sword energy suddenly brightened, drawing a bright pink light in the air as it headed into the rings of light.

The sword energy was extremely sharp. The rings of light were like bubbles, popping upon a single touch.

The fragments of light rained down like snowflakes.

Under the bright moonlight, inside the blue-green mist, the dots of broken light flushed away the killing intent carried by the sword essence, and added a hint of poignancy.

Hiss! Zuo Mo couldn't help but inhale sharply.

This Zong Ming Yan's power wasn't on the same level as that Chao An he had encountered before. The power in that one blow was enough to frighten his little heart to beat rapidly.

If before, he had some thoughts about attacking first, Zong Ming Yan's sword strike instantly made him understand how unrealistic his thoughts were.

The only method he had now was defense!

This was the only thing he could do. If Zong Ming Yan found his position, Zuo Mo was sure that, with his half-learned sword essence, he would lose within three blows.

After making a decision, the last stray thought in Zuo Mo's mind was erased. His hands became even faster.

Fast!

Faster!

*

Translator Ramblings: A few scene changes ... multiple things are happening at once. The possibility of war makes people panic, especially if

there were no major wars for three thousand years. Fighting and killing is a whole different matter compared to a war.

Chapter 144: Strange

Zong Ming Yan quickly frowned.

Those rings of light had appeared extremely weak, like bubbles that popped upon contact, but there really were too many of them!

His sword essence had, without him detecting it, had much of its momentum lost and its strength had been worn down by half. However, the rings of light in the sky did not seem to decrease in number.

Even more... .. he still had not found Zuo Mo!

His eyes looked in the surroundings and didn't find any shadow of Zuo Mo. He knew that, in a formation, one should not believe what the eyes showed. His consciousness had also swept through the surroundings, but it would always encounter strange interference that prevented him from detecting Zuo Mo.

All of this indicated that the formation Zuo Mo had constructed was not normal.

Zong Ming Yan did not panic, however. Everyone always saw him brimming with murderous intent and assumed that he wanted to find Zuo Mo to immediately to defeat him. In reality, it was not so. He enjoyed battle and enjoyed the pleasure of being challenged. The stronger Zuo Mo was, the more his desire for battle rose.

He planned on destroying Zuo Mo's entire formation!

What would be more pleasurable than destroying the other's strongest defense from the ground up? This made Zong Ming Yan's blood boil!

The noise when [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] had been activated had truly been scary. Not just the audience in Dong Fu, but even the other xiuzhe in the Great Pine Pavilion had been shocked by the sudden light!

Many xiuzhe were curious but they still didn't dare to walk around freely, all staying in their original places. As for the powerful xiuzhe, they did not have any hesitations about running towards the source of the light.

Su pushed her movement speed to the maximum. To stop other xiuzhe from ambushing her along the way, she released the ling power in her body spread out without anything holding back. The Black Daze sword under her feet released a powerful magnetism. Different from the howling flight of other flying swords, the flight of the Black Daze sword was more like gliding. But due to its terrifying speed, it howled as it broke through the air. She did not conceal herself as she raced towards the source of the light.

That cowardly guy that ate soft rice actually did not send out the paper crane!

In flight, Su couldn't help but furrow her brows.

She held extreme dislike for Zuo Mo's conduct. He clearly knew his strength was not enough but still acted on his own, it was very easy for his companions to dislike him. Even though Su did not think of Zuo Mo as her companion, but she needed Zuo Mo's help to forge her flying sword. This meant that she could not disregard Zuo Mo's safety.

If Zuo Mo could not enter the top ten, then no matter how high of a rank she achieved, it would be useless.

She disliked people who increased the difficulty of things she had to do!

Only this once!

After this affair ended, she never wanted to see this dislikable guy again.

Suddenly, she thought of what Lin Qian Shixiong said to her, and her heart became even more irritated.

Chang Heng still casually strolled, but the light released by the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] was peerlessly bright, far surpassing the light of any sword energy.

"That's an interesting guy." He said to himself, before leaping into the air. Carrying a patch of bloody light, he disappeared.

At a hill, a figure suddenly disappeared, and then suddenly appeared not far away, before disappearing, and then appearing even further away. Because of the speed of movement, before the afterimage at the previous place had vanished, he would appear at the next position.

Where he passed, he left behind a string of shadows, extremely strange.

Gui Feng was using his ghost movement to run. In the blink of an eye, he was far away, his speed not much slower than a flying sword.

But that direction... ..

The xiuzhe along the way gaped as they stretched their necks to look in the direction that Gui Feng disappeared in.

—It was the place that was flashing with light!

Luo Li had thought of being a hunter waiting for his prey, but he was slightly shocked by the light that had suddenly rose on the horizon.

That scene... ..

It definitely wasn't something caused by a sword energy or something like it. Truthfully, a person that could create [Self Separation], there wouldn't be any problems with his intelligence. He quickly knew what it was!

Formations! Only formations!

He instantly was speechless. Of all the xiuzhe that attended the last round of the Sword Test Conference, only one person would lose the face of sword xiu to make formations, there was only Zuo Mo.

“Such a person that does not endear himself to others.” Luo Li said helplessly to himself. Grabbing the flying sword, he stood up. He had spent the longest with the sect leader and the others, and knew their thoughts better.

Maybe he should go and kick the other out of the competition... .. to

spare him from further humiliation... ..

He wasn't certain about the sect leader, but he believed the other shifu definitely would not oppose it.

In reality, curiosity dominated Luo Li's heart.

That fight with Zuo Mo had been the most important turning point in his life. At the beginning, he had been slightly angry and hateful, but gradually, as Luo Li reflected on himself, his hate towards Zuo Mo had disappeared without a trace. If not for Zuo Mo, he was afraid that he would still be living his days out muddle-headedly like before.

That would be terrible... ..

But he definitely didn't have any thoughts of thanking Zuo Mo.

He was naturally curious. When Zuo Mo had fought with him, the difference in cultivation between them had been great, but in the end, Zuo Mo had won. He had seen Zuo Mo's fight in the Sword Test Conference. The difference in cultivation between Zuo Mo and his opponent had been even greater, but Zuo Mo had won again. All those dazzling tricks that Zuo Mo had showed had greatly expanded his vision but he couldn't help but find it pitiful.

He really couldn't understand, with Zuo Mo's great talent in the sword, why would he not cultivate the sword, and rather learn all those middling things.

In the time that he had created [Self Separation], his comprehension of the sword was much deeper than before, and his eyes were naturally better. With one look, he had seen that while Zuo Mo had many tricks up his sleeve that made people gasp in awe, but it was a great obstacle for him in his future cultivation of the sword.

Heterogeneity was the greatest taboo of sword xiu.

But Luo Li was still curious! Even though he was shaking his head inside, but he was still curious what Zuo Mo would do. This guy was extremely cunning and slippery, with an endless bag of creative tricks. Adding on that he was an extremely treacherous person, and if he could ambush

someone twice, he definitely wouldn't do it only once.

This Sword Test Conference, there were many experts. The difference between Zuo Mo and them was even greater. He might not understand Zuo Mo very well, but he felt that Zuo Mo was not someone that would easily surrender. If he didn't cause some trouble, he probably wouldn't surrender.

Would not easily surrender, had many tricks, and some power... ..

This kind of weirdo, how could people not have a little bit of anticipation?

"It would be good to see." Luo Li spoke to himself as he stepped on the flying sword and left the mountain valley.

Chang Heng was the first person to appear outside the formation. Right after, Su and Gui Feng almost appeared at the same time.

The appearance of three experts caused the xiuzhe that had been hiding in the dark to feel as though his heart had jumped out of his chest. These three, none of them were easy to deal with them. Luo Li quickly appeared not far away. Facing the three experts, he was extremely calm. Without a word, he sat down cross legged on the ground, his flying sword floating in front of him.

"Hm." Chang Heng turned with slight shock to look at Luo Li.

Su and Gui Feng turned their faces at the same time to look at Luo Li.

In their perception, the seated Luo Li was disappearing bit by bit. But they could clearly see him sitting there, not having moved at all.

The three of them were slightly shocked. It seemed that every disciple of Wu Kong Sword Sect had some skill.

"I'm not fighting!" Nan Men Yang bellowed, and then took a step back. No matter who it was, realizing that there were strong opponents in the surroundings, would not be willing to use up all their power.

Yu Bai did not say anything but backed up a step at the same time.

He didn't want to fight either. With so many experts at the sidelines, if

even one of them attempted an ambush, he wouldn't be able to deal with it.

However, the attention of this group of people was not on them but on the formation.

The two exchanged a look and, at the same time, turned to look at the formation, waiting to see the spectacle.

Not long after, another person came to spectate. It was the yellow-face man that Chang Heng had encountered previously. Occasionally other xiuzhe would land outside the formation. Those that dared to come up to watch at this time were experts that had confidence in their power.

Up until now, other than Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping that were still fighting heatedly on the main peak, basically all the experts had gathered here.

Such a strange scene, not just the competitors but even the xiuzhe watching the mirage in Dong Fu were gaping.

What, what was this?

Everything in front of their eyes, no matter what direction they looked, carried a strange atmosphere.

A formation with a moon hanging over it, and a crowd of people outside.

All of them were experts... ... almost all of the top ten from the rankings were present. It was like a gathering of experts. If they didn't have the power, they would be too embarrassed to come over!

The battle between Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping which had been watched by the most people quickly was abandoned by everyone. Everyone's turned to Zuo Mo's position.

Strange!

Too strange!

If these experts didn't come from different sects, and different places, some with stronger backgrounds than Dong Fu Hall, they would definitely be suspicious that someone was manipulating the competition from the

shadow. But right now, all of them were performing the same action, stretching their necks out, looking into the formation projected by the mirage.

It was like there was an astonishing beauty hiding in the formation, and she was completely naked!

Pei Yuan Ran and the others were also gaping. Behind them, the crowd of Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples were dumbstruck.

“What... .. what are they doing?” Yan Le stammered out.

Pei Yuan Ran’s lips trembled, but he didn’t know what to say. He looked dumbly at the scene and couldn’t say anything. Xin Yan, who was usually stoic and wooden, had his mouth wide open, his eyes bulging. Shi Feng Rong was covering her mouth, her eyes widened greatly, not noticing how strange it was that she was maintaining this position.

“They... .. want to watch?” Yan Le hesitantly stammered out, “To watch... .. they aren’t fighting... ..”

Pei Yuan Ran felt blood rise to his throat, his vision turning black and almost fainted. When he raised his head again, his face was bright red!

Heavens! Ancestral Masters! Forgive this disciple!

If before, he had only been regretting his action of making Zuo Mo attend the last round of the Sword Test Conference, right now, he wanted to smash his head against the wall and kill himself!

Yan Le’s words swirled in his head.

To watch... .. they they wouldn’t fight... ..

*

Translator Ramblings: Now everyone except Wei Sheng’s fight is gathered in one place. This was what Fang Xiang was doing in all those previous chapters. These people are important, some more than others.

Pei Yuan Ran finally regrets his decision. Wei Sheng and even Luo Li

understands Zuo Mo better than the sect leader. I wonder if it's the generational gap?

“Eating soft rice” is an idiom usually used for men who don't work or rely on their wives to support the family. It's different from being a boytoy which usually is described as a “little white face. ”

The next chapter is also one of my favorite chapters

Chapter 145: Nan Men Yang! A Real Man!

Different from the outside, Chang Heng and the others could clearly see every move that Zong Ming Yan made inside the formation. However, Zuo Mo was still hidden away.

Zong Ming Yan's [One Cut Plum] brightened many people's eyes.

In reality, Zong Ming Yan did not feel well. It was like his punch had landed in soft cotton, his power undetectably being dissipated.

He couldn't help but frown. It was not because he felt it was difficult, but out of dislike. He disliked this kind of soft attack very much. Most sword xiu did not like fighting with warm and soft enemies. If they did not kill off the other in one attack, then what awaited them was endless trouble!

Such enemies usually had great defenses. It was extremely hard to get them in one attack. As the battle progressed, it would become a labor of endurance. The endurance of most sword xiu definitely was not good.

He hadn't thought that this Zuo Mo would also be this way!

Zong Ming Yan started to rub his forehead.

Zuo Mo had been frightened by Zong Ming Yan's sword strike, his little hands shaking as they were setting up the formation, almost ruining it. Don't think that he was familiar with [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], he was only familiar with the theory. The amount wasted by the enormous formation was astounding. Normally, he didn't have that much jingshi to waste.

Luckily, the first sword energy had been blocked. The replenishing rings of light didn't look as though they were damaged. Zuo Mo's heart landed slightly.

He had just started studying [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]. How to set it up, what materials it needed, it was more than enough for him. As to the different variations, he was not familiar with them. There was no way around it, there was not enough time. From the time that the sect leader

had notified him about attending the last round of the Sword Test Conference until now, he had used almost all his time on this, and had just barely understood how to set it up.

Even more so, what he was setting up this time was a seventy-two child formation [Skying Moon Chime Formation]!

For that Kun Lun introductory formation jade scroll, he had gone all in.

Even though he was greatly rushed, but he still tried his best, his hands fleetingly fast.

The great pressure did not make him panic. Quite the opposite, it was like he was shot with chicken blood, his entire body was abnormally exuberant. His consciousness was completely spread out, his attention focused like it never had been before, the uncompleted formation and the components appeared so clear in front of his eyes.

Because he had practiced finger movements for so long, his ten fingers were extremely nimble. [Vajra Profound Sutra] had been in effect, and his physical strength far surpassed most sword xiu, and he could easily lift up the large pieces of material. His consciousness was even more terrifying, covering the entire formation. Any change would be unable to escape his consciousness.

He was a blurry shadow, furiously setting down formations!

Countless materials flowed like water from his hands, accurately thrown to the positions needed. His fingers were like fresh flowers blooming, after images flickering as ripple after ripple of ling force was sent from his constantly moving fingers into the formation.

With the aid of the formation's power, Zuo Mo hid himself so no one else could see him.

No one knew where Zuo Mo was. Everyone had assumed that Zuo Mo was hiding in a certain place, waiting for an opportunity to give Zong Ming Yan a killing blow at the most dangerous time!

No one knew that the enormous formation in front of them was an incomplete formation!

Raising his head to look at the crescent moon in the sky, Zong Ming Yan's fretful heart calmed. He was proud but he was not dumb. To be able to stand out from so many other disciples, who would be dumb?

Those rings of light definitely were not the crux to breaking the formation, he thought. He stood in his spot, the light rings in the air were like free fish, not attacking him.

Was it that crescent moon?

The bright moon over his head seemed far yet real, not appearing at all like something created by the formation. Truthfully, it wasn't just the bright moon. Everything inside this formation was no different than really. But he knew that everything he saw were all created by the formation, they were all fake.

There was no formation in the world that could not be solved, just like there was no invincible sword xiu in this world. Any formation would have a "cover door". The so-called "cover door" referred to the Achilles' heel of the formation, and the crux to solving a formation.

Where was the cover door of this formation?

The light in Zong Ming Yan's eyes flashed. He stood like that in his spot and started to think.

Yu Bai, who had just stopped fighting, felt someone come close and turn to look. He saw his previous opponent, Nan Men Yang, come over with his exaggerated sword. He couldn't help but be on his guard.

"What's he doing?" Nan Men Yang bellowed, a face full of curiosity. His voice was like thunder. Even though he had pushed it extremely low, everyone could hear him.

Yu Bai first stilled, but seeming that Nan Men Yang's expression did not seem like he was joking, he suddenly remembered that Nan Meng Yan had no family or sect. Then he understood. Sword xiu with no family nor sect

could not compete at understanding all of the fundamentals with seedlings, like Yu Bai, that had been nurtured from childhood.

Yu Bai noticed that other people's eyes had wandered over to him.

Composure... .. Master said, I need to be warm and respectful... ..

Gently coughing, Yu Bai warmly explained, "Zong Ming Yan is thinking of a way to solve it... .."

"That needs thinking?" Nan Men Yang stared with his bell-sized eyes, unconsciously raising his voice as he examined Yu Bai, "Just chop him down! An says you guys, you are so womanishly fussy. If it was an"

Nan Men Yang's usual voice was loud enough. This was like thunder roaring, so loud that Yu Bai's ears rang.

The tendons in Yu Bai's forehead jumped slightly. He hadn't thought that this guy would be so chatty!

It was unknown who laughed first. The tendons in Yu Bai's forehead started to pulse again.

Composure... ..

He forced out a smile, "This formation is extremely difficult, it would be hard to solve... .."

Nan Meng Yang once again interrupted Yu Bai, looking at him in puzzlement, his eyes widening again, "What solve, just cut it down! But that guy's body, tsk, more petite and supple than my lover, about the same as you. If it was an... .."

The more Nan Men Yang talked, the more excited he got. His right hand in a fist, he tore apart his clothing, furiously beating his masculine chest that was as hard as metal, breathing heavily through his nose like a gorilla.

Petite and supple... ..

Yu Bai's handsome face instantly twisted, the ling power in his body almost running out of control like a tsunami that could erupt at any time!

Composure... ..

Nan Men Yang did not detect it. He was like a furious bull, staring at the formation, wanting to try it out, but his mouth did not stop for a second.

“Look at what swords you guys are using, they are thin like chopsticks, are they even usable? A man should use a sword like this!” He raised the door-sized sword in his hand, and waved it, and proudly said, “Don’t understand? I’m telling you this in confidence. An’s lover told an, need big! Need big! Need bigger! A real man uses a big sword!”

He suddenly closed his mouth, hesitating for a moment before lowering his voice to ask suspiciously, “Are you really a man?”

Flash, everyone’s eyes moved to Yu Bai.

Having reached the limits of his tolerance, Yu Bai finally could not bear it any longer. His face was as black as ink, his handsome features twisted, screw composure! The flying sword in his hand pointed straight at Nan Men Yang, angrily shouting, “Shut up! Let’s fight!”

Nan Men Yang paused and then furiously shook his large head. “I only fight with men!” Disregarding Yu Bai completely, he raised his large sword, pointed it at the formation and excitedly hollered, “An’s going to chop the formation! An has never chopped something like this! Ha ha, take a good look at an! Real Men, will chop the formation!”

Finishing, with his enormous sword held up high, in big strides, he charged at the formation like a bull!

Yu Bai was enraged, and completely lost his mind. He shrieked, “Stop! You’re mine!”

He turned into a white flash, chasing Nan Men Yang and headed into the big formation.

Su had been laughing on the inside hearing Nan Men Yang’s sinister words, but this sudden change shocked her so much she couldn’t stop them in time!

Damn it!

There were now three people in the formation. Zuo Mo definitely wouldn't be able to deal with it. Thinking about this, she panicked, stomped her foot and charged into the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] with the Black Daze Sword.

Gui Feng saw Su rush into the formation, a cold light flashed through his eyes before he also disappeared.

The heart of the yellow-faced man also moved, and he unhesitatingly charged into the formation.

Chang Heng said to himself, "Interesting." Finishing, he headed to the formation, but compared to the others, he walked calmly.

Luo Li stood, and brushed off the non-existent dust on his clothes. He said helplessly, "Why am I in the same sect as this guy?"

As he spoke, he started walking towards the formation.

The other xiuzhe hesitated a while. Right after, there were people continuously charging into the formation.

The xiuzhe that charged in were all very excited, aching for battle! They were all xiuzhe that did not fear the competition!

Almost all the experts in the Sword Test Conference were now inside the formation. It was a rare chance to be able to compete with these experts. Such a great gathering, if they missed it, it would be the regret of a lifetime.

Swoosh swoosh swoosh!

Figure after figure charged into the formation.

A formation brimming with blue-green mist under a crescent moon was like a gigantic whirlpool, continuously sucking the surrounding xiuzhe inside.

Everyone that was watching the competition in Dong Fu was dumbstruck!

Even though they could see clearly from the mirage, but the sounds were not passed on. The people on the outside didn't know what happened. What was occurring in front of their eyes far surpassed their imagination.

The experienced Tian Song Zi was also gaping, "Why is Bai'er so excited? What happened?"

He had never seen Yu Bai so excited. In his memories, his beloved disciple was forever warm and elegant, respectful and polite. This... ... what was this?

No one was able to tell him.

All those that charged into the formation were experts, the best and most exceptional disciples of the sects in Sky Moon Jie, the greatest among the younger generation. They all had great potential, they carried the hopes of each sect, what they learned were the best teachings in Sky Moon Jie, and what they used were the best talismans and flying sword... ...

They... ...

They seemed to be crazy at the moment, furious desire for battle on each person's face. Their eyes, as they looked at the formation, were filled with yearning!

That formation, just how seductive was it... ...

No matter if it was those floating in the air, or on the ground, time seemed to stop at this moment. The xiuzhe, regardless of their cultivation, they were gaping, their expressions dumb, limbs motionless, not making a sound as though they were statues.

At this moment, Dong Fu was so quiet that it was possible to hear a needle land on the ground.

*

Translator Ramblings: So "an" is a form of I. I've left it in because it really shows Nan Men Yang's origins. "An" is most commonly used in the countryside, and is a more "rustic" form of "I."

Chicken blood is a reference to a folk remedy (Wikipedia). Basically,

someone is highly excited and motivated. You could say it is a shot of adrenaline.

The fight has officially started for Zuo Mo now that people have moved into his formation belt. Of course, this chapter is hilarious, but it is also my favorite because it's the beginning of the payoff and climax in this arc.

Chapter 146: Zuo Mo's Sorrowful Indignation

Yan Le's expression was extremely strange. He focused on business, and naturally could understand lip language. Those that also knew how to read lips were also like Yan Le. They were stunned by Nan Men Yang's onslaught of words.

The surroundings were too quiet, so quiet it was strange. Yan Le tried to open his mouth a few times, but couldn't say a word. This strange silence was like a kind of pressure. No one spoke at this time.

Pei Yuan Ran's mind was a mess. He had completely lost the ability to think. The strange scene in front of him was the straw that broke the camel's back. All of his intelligence, his experience, none of it was useful right now. His gaze was blank.

Why did the sect have such a problematic person... ..

Buzz buzz buzz.

Like the sound of bees flapping their wings, the noise steadily grew, gathering into a flood, booming. Everyone felt their ears ring. In one instant, they could not hear anything.

After a while, this wave of sound calmed and became peaceful.

Shock, weirdness, amazement... .. all kinds of emotions were mixed together on the audience's faces. No one could keep their calm.

"This Nan Men Yang's mouth is stronger than flying swords!" Yan Le couldn't help but praise. That's right, he really was praising! His societal experience was extremely rich and knew just how effective a mouth was at many times.

Shi Feng Rong hurriedly inquired. After Yan Le finished narrating Nan Men Yang's words, the others were also dumbstruck.

Who could have thought such a brute looking man was able to say such dark and malicious words.

Oh, maybe Nan Men Yang didn't do it on purpose.

The only person that might not think that way would probably be Tian Song Zi. Tian Song Zi could imagine just how fiery the anger inside his beloved disciple was burning for him to lose his composure so! It was like he was experiencing it himself, killing intent on his old face.

At this time, the surrounding sect leaders naturally wouldn't touch his sore spot. It wasn't all due to the inheritance that his ancestors left him that Tian Song Zi was able to control Dong Fu for all these years. His own personal power was unfathomable.

Very quickly, "Real Men! Use Big Swords!" quickly spread through the xiuzhe. Those xiuzhe that used big swords raised their heads and puffed their chests. However, most of the xiuzhe looked as though they didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

They finally understood what had happened.

The blankness in Pei Yuan Ran's eyes disappeared greatly. Everything had a limit. Sometimes, this limit would change, as the attribute of the matter changed. Like using formations. Before, Pei Yuan Ran felt it was embarrassing. However, when the formation that Zuo Mo laid down could cause such a big ruckus, and caught a crowd of experts, Pei Yuan Ran felt somewhat proud inside.

Which other person's disciple could make such a ruckus with a formation?

No matter if Zuo Mo's formation won or lost in the end, after this competition, maybe there would be people that would mock Yu Bai, but there definitely wouldn't be any mockery of Zuo Mo and his formation.

They finally figured out what had happened, but the curiosity the people had did not decrease the slightest, and became even stronger.

What was happening in the formation?

So many experts gathered inside one formation, what changes would occur?

How would they solve the formation?

Everyone was filled with curiosity!

At this time, Xiao Guo suddenly made a sound of surprise, “Shixiong’s formation seems... .. seems to be getting bigger!”

Xiao Guo’s words instantly caused other people’s eyes to land on Zuo Mo’s formation.

Xin Yan suddenly said, “Yes, it is getting bigger.”

Shock came into the eyes of Pei Yuan Ran and the others, the disciples were puzzled.

One here, one here, and another one... ..

Hurrying about setting up the formation, Zuo Mo was dumbstruck. What were these people doing? Were they crazy?

He only paused for a little while and then was enraged.

Just Zong Ming Yan alone was enough to exhaust him, you guys are coming to add insult to injury!

That’s right, Zuo Mo instantly set down his opinion of the people’s conduct: adding insult to injury!

Even though he didn’t understand what great grudge these people had against him, but it was clear that they were not coming to help him.

Adding insult to injury was the most distasteful action! Zuo Mo gritted his teeth!

At this time, he was not thinking about winning at all. So many experts entering the formation, to even think about winning was a delusion.

Villains! You crowd of villains! Ge will destroy all of you!

He seemed to see the Kun Lun jade scroll reluctantly waving its hands to say goodbye to him, going further away from him. Zuo Mo was indignant and sorrowful. It was this indignation at his grievous losses that allowed Zuo Mo to quickly make a decision. He was going to give these people that

were adding insult to injury a memorable lesson!

Want to benefit from ge, ge'll ruin all your teeth!

He didn't think about retreat. His eyes entirely red, he used the most poisonous and malicious words to curse this damned crowd of people! At the same time, his movements became even faster, all kinds of materials streaming from his hands like they didn't cost jingshi.

He felt that the blood in his body was burning, he was completely furious!

"Ah! The formation is still getting bigger!"

"It really is increasing!"

"Didn't you hear Nan Men Yang say? Want big! Want big! Want bigger!"

"If I'm Zuo Mo, I'd first leave, since everyone is trapped in there! Ha!"

"Escape? Where would he escape? The moment he leaves the formation, he would just be waiting for death! Everyone outside is stronger than him. Without the protection of the formation, he would die even quicker."

The sound of discussion rose. Everyone was puzzled by why Zuo Mo's formation was getting bigger. But in all the versions, no one could guess what Zuo Mo was planning. Was Zuo Mo still delusional!

No one would think that, there were too many experts in there!

All the experts in the Sword Test Conference were in there!

Pitted against any competitor Zuo Mo would undoubtedly lose, much less the experts that were gathered together. Everyone just needed to make a move, and this large formation would undoubtedly collapse!

Collapse?

Zuo Mo was very clear what the people in the formation thought. He smirked coldly inside, his hands not slowing down. [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] was a fourth-grade formation. If there weren't some strong

points, how would it have the qualification to be a fourth-grade formation?

Maybe they could break the formation, but it definitely wouldn't break in one or two moves. If they could not find the cover door of the formation, they didn't need to think about breaking or solving it using brute power alone.

This cover door was not that easy to find... ..

Zuo Mo's actions were lightning fast. This caused the formation to quickly grow and was easily detected by the xiuzhe outside.

But no one dared to go into the formation!

The formation had now become the most dangerous area in the entire Great Pine Pavilion!

After Su entered the formation, she felt her vision blur and she was situated in the wilderness. The cold moonlight fell down like water. She felt as though she was in a dream.

Looking in the surroundings, everything was blurred. She didn't know where to start.

That damned guy that ate soft rice! Why didn't he send out the paper crane yet?

She was extremely panicked! She completely forgot, that up until now, Zuo Mo had not relied on her, and wasn't actually eating soft rice.

After Nan Men Yang charged into the formation, he sunk into a berserker rage. His [Vajra Scripture] was at his maximum, his entire body covered in the golden light, together with his tall and brawny figure, he was a god of battle!

He gave a shout, and the [Mountain Breaker Sword] viciously chopped!

This sword chopped towards the rings of light in the sky!

An extremely dense sword energy left the sword, howling as it rushed into the rings of light in the sky!

The chimes were endless, like countless glass bottles were being broken.

Gui Feng, who had just came in, saw this scene and jumped in shock. Such a forceful blow, if it was heading for him, no matter if he fended it or dodged, it would not be easy!

Yet what surprised him was this blow that even he found difficult to defend was not effective in the slightest against the formation. It was like the fierce and sharp sword had broken the surface of the water. After the ripples passed, the surface of the water resumed normality.

Gui Feng quickly found the weirdness. He had headed in immediately after Su, but he did not find Su's figure, encountering Nan Men Yang instead.

Did this formation have the ability to move others?

His consciousness was also being disrupted by an invisible ripple and was ineffective in the formation.

Gui Feng was in awe.

Different from other people, he did not underestimate Zuo Mo. He was skilled in underhanded and obscure skills, and did not walk the path of righteousness. Higher cultivation did not mean that one would definitely win.

Seeing so many people enter the formation, but not having found the cover door, it was not an easy matter to leave.

Then, where was the cover door?

Like Nan Men Yang, the first thing many xiuzhe did after they entered the formation was release attacks. However, to everyone's surprise, it was like their attacks had entered the sea, ineffective.

Some powerful experts instantly stopped their futile efforts and started to think about the problem of solving the formation.

Zong Ming Yan hadn't expected so many people would charge into the formation at once. He couldn't help but frown.

This group of people were really irritating! Like a swarm of flies! He hadn't solved the formation yet, but these people were coming in to also meddle, he was extremely displeased.

Even though he still hadn't found the cover door of this formation, but Zong Ming Yan did not believe that he could not harm a zhuji disciple.

But now that the situation was completely disrupted. This group of people had appeared out of nowhere, each of them seemingly insane, attacking in all directions as they came in.

Suppressing the irritation inside, he smirked coldly as he put away the Seven Plum Sword.

You group of dumbasses! I'll watch to see what you guys can do!

After having tried one blow, Zong Ming Yan was certain that this formation was not as simple as imagined.

He was extremely shocked inside. Such a formation, was it something a zhuji xiuzhe could set up? He didn't quite believe it, but the truth was right in front of his eyes, and he had personally tried.

Maybe, it was a good thing these people have come to be cannon fodder.

Zong Ming Yan's eyes became even colder.

Zuo Mo was still buried in setting up formations. His speed was extremely quick. He had already reached the sixty-third formation. In other words, there were only nine child formations until he could complete the seventy-two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation].

A [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] with seventy-two child formations!

Humph humph, you guys can get a good taste!

Already extremely tired, Zuo Mo suddenly felt his body full of energy, his

movements even faster, as he continued his expansion.

He had great expectations for the seventy-two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]. Even he hadn't ever seen it before! What power would it have? There wasn't a better place to try it out than right now!

At this time, a tragic howl could be heard from inside of the formation!

*

Translator Ramblings: When they say "all the experts," it means the strongest of the bunch that's inside the Pine Pavilion. So there are lots of people still outside who are hiding away or watching.

Chapter 147: Born To Battle

A xiuzhe had just tried to use a flying sword to attack the crescent moon hanging in the sky.

Unexpectedly, this action seemed to enrage those harmless looking rings of light! First, a light ring surrounded his body, then contracted. No one had expected a light ring that seemed to break with a touch could contain such great power!

The sword xiu instantly howled under the noose, his eyes flipping over, and fainted.

Just as everyone was shocked, a black gold chain came down from the sky and accurately lassoed this unconscious xiuzhe.

“Unconscious, judged loss, elimination from the competition.”

A cold voice sounded in everyone’s ears and then it was quiet.

Everyone knew it was the judges hidden in the shadows that had acted and saved this xiuzhe. The judges that had been invited to the last round were all jindan, and clearly were not average. They, naturally, could enter and leave the formation with ease, while the competitors were trapped by it.

Other than shock, they also felt inspired. In terms of cultivation stages, there was only one stage between ningmai and jindan, but there was an vast difference in the power!

For these ningmai xiuzhe, becoming jindan was their dream, but they knew how difficult it was. Ningmai could be considered the backbone of Sky Moon Jie, and only becoming jindan would mean you were considered an expert. Each year, countless people were blocked by this gate, but no one would retreat. If they passed this gate, that was really like carp jumping over the dragon gate, and soaring sky high. After that, there was also a long lifespan. Everyone wanted to live longer.

But right now, they could only admire and be envious. They were young. Even though they had exceptional talent, their cultivation was shallow. In

this one hundred xiuzhe, there was only a few that had reached the middle levels of ningmai, and increases in cultivation were harder the further it went. Achieving jindan before the age of fifty was an extremely difficult accomplishment.

Zuo Mo also heard the words of the judges, but at this time, he didn't have any thought of admiration. He almost started cursing! That judge had spoken without any warning, and frightened his hands into shaking, almost damaging the child formation he was setting up.

Luckily, he forced ling power in and managed to stabilize it.

Everything inside the formation was under the cover of his consciousness. He naturally was clear that the xiuzhe had been attacked.

Hee hee, this was just the beginning!

But he didn't relax his hands, he could not spare any attention.

There were still six child formations before he could complete the seventy two [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]s !

Once he completed the seventy-two child formations, not only would the formation become more powerful, but the formation would gain an additional ability, control. He had controlled formations before, but those were only simple formations. He had never controlled such a complex and large formation. The difference between a formation that was controlled by a person, and one that was not, was the distance between heaven and earth.

Most importantly, if he could control such a big formation, it would be an extremely exhilarating experience!

Inside the formation, those experts were not dumb, and had their own calculations.

Su bolstered her ling power, the magnetic force forming an extremely small magnetic shell around her to protect her. Lu Li continued to wait for prey. Even though his Void Realm was suppressed in the big formation to

a smaller area, but he was still motionless as his mind quickly pondered how to increase the size of his Void Realm in this formation.

These two both were planning to defend and counterattack; one was in action, and the other was silent.

Su frantically moved through the formation. Where was the damned guy hiding?

And Chang Heng, he idly wandered through the formation in curiosity. The yellow-faced man behaved similarly to him.

Gui Feng's movements were hard to follow, suddenly appearing and disappearing.

Only Nan Men Yang was still howling, each blow faster than the previous as he sliced at the rings of light. No one dared to come close to him. Seeing Nan Men Yang's masculine and brutal demeanor combined with his fanatical expression, anyone that went near him would most likely get chopped down as well.

Yu Bai was like a gust of wind, face dark as he searched for Nan Men Yang's figure in the formation.

It was strange. The formation was just a bit over ten mu, but the people in the formation seemed to be in a vast wilderness. They could occasionally encounter another person, but the majority of the time, they could not.

Compared to the ease of some of these xiuzhe, the fighting between the other xiuzhe in the formation was much more brutal.

In the air above the big formation, the two judges idly talked, occasionally glancing at the formation. One of the judges was wearing a green Taoist robe, a cloth over his head, his name was Wu Ling sanren. The other person was extremely imposing, wearing ling armor. His name was Wei Fei, and one of the well-known experts in Sky Moon Jie.

"This Zuo Mo is really to my taste. What he's planning is the seventy-

two child formation, oh, he's pretty decisive." Wu Ling Sanren said, "The setup of the formations might be very rough, but it still stuns me that he actually managed to finish this much, considering he's in zhuji."

"Haha!" Hearing this, Wei Fei teased, "A pity that Pei Yuan Ran and the others won't give this disciple to you. It is a pity. If he can learn from you for a few years, there probably wouldn't be anyone that could rival him in the younger generation in the field of formations."

Wu Ling Sanren was one of those rare sword xiu that was skilled in formations, which was why Wei Fei said what he did.

Wu Ling Sanren shook his head, "Such a talented disciple, which sect would not treasure him?" Between his words, he was extremely depressed. He had long wanted a disciple suited to him, but never found one. The disciples he had now, they did work hard to cultivate the sword, but had no interest in formations. His skill in formations was Wu Ling Sanren's proudest skill. Now that no one would inherit these skills from him, how could he not be bothered?

If Wu Kong Sword Sect allowed Zuo Mo to enter his sect, he was willing to spend anything. But he also knew that was impossible. Even a normal sect wouldn't agree, much less Wu Kong Sword Sect that was aiming to recover its former glory!

Ice Dragon Sword's reputation was not loud in the ears of normal xiuzhe of Sky Moon Jie, but to jindan like him, Ice Dragon Sword's reputation was clear.

"Haha! Sanren is also troubled! This Zuo Mo will not enter another sect, but Wu Kong Sword Sect is definitely having a headache!" Wei Fei's words were full of amusement.

Wei Fei's words were accurate!

Pei Yuan Ran felt an extreme migraine. Now that the situation was like this, he wasn't thinking about victory or defeat. In his perspective, victory did not matter, but how could he teach Zuo Mo?

Undoubtedly, after this competition, Zuo Mo's fame in the field of formations would reach a new height.

In their eyes, Zuo Mo had originally been a problematic youth, extremely hard to deal with.

Now, this problematic youth had become famous, very famous! Thinking that the sect would have a famous, wealthy, and extremely talented but problematic youth, Pei Yuan Ran felt like he was a mouse pulling a turtle, not knowing how to act!

Right now, he did not know that Zuo Mo was penniless. Zuo Mo had won such a large sum of jingshi last time, even a sect leader like Pei Yuan Ran would never ever dream that Zuo Mo would be so crazy as to spend it all!

Zuo Mo's heart jumped. The formation was under great pressure. He hadn't thought that Nan Men Yang would be so crazy, one blow after another, each blow stronger than the previous.

Does ge have a disagreement with you?

Zuo Mo was extremely furious. If this kept on going, this [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] would really quickly break under the brute force of this barbarian!

He knew that he couldn't just set up formations again. If the formation broke, there was no meaning to him setting them up.

Inside the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], Nan Men Yang had really gotten into the swing of it! He had given seven or eight blows, but it did not look like there was any effect on the formation.

His thought was extremely simple, if he hadn't broken this thing yet, then it was because he didn't use enough power.

Nan Men Yang went completely crazy!

The golden light on his body brightened, under that thick golden light,

even the large sword seemed to be covered with a tangible gold light. His hair standing on end, he looked like a furious golden lion.

His eyes turned golden, staring at the rings of light above the sky.

They seemed to have felt the danger from Nan Meng Yang. The rings of light that had been swimming freely started to gather around Nan Men Yang's position.

The presence that Nan Men Yang emitted was truly too strong, like the sun in the dark of the night.

Yu Bai's black face became even darker as he spotted the light, a cold light flashing through his eyes. He unhesitatingly twisted his body and started to fly in the direction of Nan Men Yang!

Feeling the battle intent and strong presence from Nan Men Yang, everyone understood his next attack would be extremely powerful!

"Oh, is the formation about to break?" Zong Ming Yan thought with slight boredom. He swung the plum branch in his hand. Maybe he should go find an opponent.

Who should he find? That Chang Heng seemed pretty strong... ..

It wasn't just Zong Ming Yan that thought so. Nan Men Yang's presence was truly too astonishing that even a person as unconcerned as Chang Heng usually was couldn't help but change expression.

Su's expression changed dramatically!

It was over!

The next attack that Nan Men Yang would give, even she wouldn't dare to meet it!

Any xiuzhe inside the formation wouldn't dare to meet Nan Men Yang's blow!

But if Zuo Mo lost, her flying sword... ..

The formation was going to break... ..

Her heart was filled with hopelessness!

Just at this time, a change suddenly occurred.

Argh!

An angry howl that could rival Nan Men Yang suddenly sounded inside the formation. A gigantic golden person with blurred features came down from the sky and landed heavily in front of Nan Men Yang.

Seal soldier!

Nan Men Yang raised his golden eyes, and grinned! He was completely sunken into a berserker rage. Anyone that appeared in front of him would be immediately torn to pieces!

“Die!”

A roar like that of a lion, Nan Men Yang’s eyes glared angrily, the golden light on his body even brighter, as he swung his giant sword with both hands heavily at the seal soldier.

Feeling the threat and battle intent from Nan Men Yang, the seal soldier revealed a pair of eyes among the blurred features.

A pair of eyes filled with indifference and pressure!

Countless seals that covered the armor of the seal soldier like earthworms suddenly light up. Its thick left leg heavily stomped, causing the ground to shake. Its right leg soundlessly moved back, the right fist moving in front of its body. Its lower half positioned like a bow, while the right fist was like a readied arrow waiting to be launched. It faced the golden sword energy, and released its punch!

“Born to battle!”

An authoritative and deep voice sounded out like thunder rolling through the clouds.

A tangible golden light fist shot forth from its punch like a heavy hammer and thundered forth!

Golden sword energy vs golden light fist!

Translator Ramblings: The seal soldier is one of Zuo Mo's emergency measures. I wouldn't say that Nan Men Yang is stronger than everyone else inside the formation, just that he's the one reckless enough, in his ignorance, to attempt something which is more foolish in other people's eyes. On the other hand, he was right.

The story won't drag on for the entire time. In fact, the biggest complaint people have after reading the whole thing was that Fang Xiang was in a serious hurry to finish the story. That would be about two years at this rate, so if I haven't burned out by then, I'd love to read your comments after it ends. It's almost a habit that all of his novels don't have perfect endings. Card Disciple was also very rushed.

Chapter 148: Seal Soldier

Bam!

The deep reverberation of the collision seemed to beat on everyone's hearts. There was no explosion like they had imagined, no light blazing in all directions, the two balls of golden light had been like two flames colliding with each other and extinguishing at the same time.

Nan Men Yang's entire body shuddered, the anger inside his golden pupils increasing slightly. He shouted, "Go die!"

The golden light of the large sword in his hands was even brighter than before and it was like a shining sun. In the blink of an eye, even the crescent moon over the large formation seemed to have lost its sheen and become dull!

[Mountain Breaker Sword]!

The tip of the sword started to tilt downwards. The howl from the golden sword tip slicing past air started from a nearly non-existent sound and then suddenly, like a monster being torn apart, gave an extremely shrill shout!

The completed sword energy of the golden sword was like a golden crescent moon, howling as it flew towards the seal soldier!

The seals covering the body of the seal soldier became even brighter, like there were worms moving. On that blurred face, that pair of eyes became abnormally cold and distant, but its expression was indifferent as usual.

"Born to Battle!"

The words were heavily enunciated out from the mouth of the seal soldier slowly and clearly, his leg moving as he prepared to punch!

Another punch came!

The golden light in the shape of a fist left its hand, the booming it created was like the lava roiling in the deep of the earth. It charged forward forcefully like it could not be blocked!

Bam!

It was another heavy and deep reverberation. The ground suddenly shook, also shaking people's hearts!

Some xiuzhe that had been watching changed their expressions and started to fall back.

Nan Men Yang's gigantic figure shuddered again. The hairs that stood up on his head seemed to be blown by the wind restlessly.

Both sword blows had been ineffective. The battle desire and the craziness in Nan Men Yang's chest shot to its peak! The golden pupils started to burn as if they were two golden balls of fire. The golden light over his body started to retreat inwards. On his body, a thin, almost tangible, and golden armor suddenly appeared. The thick golden energy that surrounded that gigantic sword in his hand spat and wavered like a flame!

As though it felt the final battle had arrived, the bright seals on the silent seal soldier seemed to have come alive, like bugs that moved along the soldier's armor before quickly flowing towards the right fist it had beside its chest.

The authoritative eyes of the seal soldier became even deeper, almost until it was a void, empty of everything!

"Go die!" The angry roar was like a bolt of lightning. The blue-green mist around him suddenly exploded outward, with him at the center, clearing out one zhang of empty space. The power of one shout was extremely mighty!

He slowly moved, creating a blow! There was not one speck of sound!

But it was as though every muscle in Nan Men Yang's body was following this sword. When the sword was just halfway through the air, a suffocating pressure pressed the ground into cracking!

"Born to battle!" The deep voice was not loud but it carried a different kind of power that directly pierced the heart. A resolute conviction was in these words, filling everyone's hearts.

All the seals on the body flooded into its right fist. Its body became extremely dull. The entire body, other than the fist that was even brighter than before, the other parts started to blur like it was golden mist that could dissipate at any time.

Its action was the exact same as before!

Step and then punch!

A transparent fist exploded from its right fist, a fist that looked as though it was carved from clear crystal!

The fist didn't hit Nan Men Yang. When it was halfway there, when Nan Men Yang's sword was in the midst of falling down, it suddenly exploded!

Bam!

This muffled sound was even deeper than the last two, but the xiuzhe who saw this fist and hand, and heard this muffled thunderous sound, couldn't help but shake!

Bam bam bam! Nan Men Yang went back three steps. The golden armor over his body became golden light again, his expression slightly wilted.

Opposite him where the seal soldier had just been standing, there was nothing left!

"Good opponent!" Nan Men Yang might be slightly wilted but still couldn't help but shout in admiration, his eyes slightly regretful as he looked at the spot the seal soldier had disappeared.

Just as this time, Yu Bai's furious voice that was full of hatred passed into Nan Men Yang's ears.

"Nan Men Yang! I'll kill you!"

In the corner of the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], Zuo Mo spat out a mouthful of blood, startling to the eye when the bright red blood landed on the ground. He had been controlling the seal soldier. Nan Men Yang's last blow far surpassed the limits of his tolerance. He had just been controlling the seal soldier to face Nan Men Yang yet he had been

wounded in one blow. He couldn't help but feel deep awe at Nan Men Yang's power!

He wiped away the blood at the corner of his mouth, expressionlessly baring his teeth.

Barbarian! Go play with Little White!

Forcibly controlling the turbulent ling power in his body, he gritted his teeth and continued to set up formations.

The xiuzhe inside the formation had been enchanted and deeply shocked by the three rounds between Nan Men Yang and the seal soldier. It was a straightforward competition of only brute power, there was no technique, no dodging!

Many people were awed. Nan Men Yang's strength had been judged to be not bad, but due to the fact he was a grassroot cultivator, he was not judged very highly by other people. The great majority only believed that he would have a pretty good future. No one could have thought that he would have such terrifying power.

Thinking about Nan Men Yang looking like a god of war just moments ago, many people's hearts became slightly cold.

But what was even more unexpected to them was another person, Zuo Mo!

Seal soldiers might be rare, but it couldn't enter the eyes of these people. The absolute majority of sword xiu would snort at these kinds of seals. Of course, the crux of the matter was the power. In the seal soldiers they had seen before, not one had been so powerful!

Most importantly, the person controlling this seal soldier was a xiuzhe in the stages of zhuji!

This upturned many of the fixed ideas in their heads.

The difference between stages was not something that just a seal soldier could change. However, Zuo Mo accomplished it. Even though he had just

been on par for three moves, but in the eyes of everyone else, it was already a miracle.

Up until now, the weakest competitor of the Sword Test Conference still hadn't shown his face.

This undoubtedly implied another bit of information.

---Zuo Mo still had tricks left!

The great formation still was unmoved. The rings of light that had gathered over Nan Men Yang's head had all dissipated, moving around freely like they did before.

Zuo Mo's surprising performance attracted the interest of many people. Like Chang Heng. He had only found the formation interesting which was why he entered, but Zuo Mo's strong performance created great interest from him.

He was very curious, just how far could Zuo Mo go?

It wasn't just him that had the thought.

In the air, Wu Ling Sanren sighed gently in surprise. "Not bad. To be able to meet Nan Men Yang head on three times, he used the seal soldier well."

A strange light came into Wei Fei's eyes. "His consciousness seems very large. That is rarely seen. Is Wu Kong Sword Sect also skilled in cultivating the spirit?"

"Without consciousness, he can't afford to play with formations." Wu Ling Sanren said, expression normal.

"That's true." Wei Fei nodded and said.

Behind the black gauze, Su's little mouth almost couldn't close. The shock that the three rounds had given her was too strong!

Different from other people, she had seen Wang Shixiong at Ling Ying Sect use the seal soldier when Zuo Mo had gone to challenge Ling Ying Sect. It looked as though it was the same seal soldier, but the difference in

power was drastic. She suspected that this seal soldier could even defeat three of the seal soldiers she saw last time.

Maybe, he really did have some moves, and didn't need her help

For the first time, she started to waver in her own thoughts.

She suddenly remembered the words that Lin Qian Shixiong had said to her. A copper coin appeared in the hand that was hidden in her sleeve. At the center of a coin, an eye had been carved. The eye on the copper coin started to glow slightly.

At the same time, the expression of the yellow-faced man slightly changed, his body became motionless. He seemed to have suddenly turned to a piece of rock, without any of the presence a person would have.

The copper coin in Su's hand brightened and then extinguished.

The rock in Su's heart landed. Everything about Lin Shixiong was good, but he was just slightly paranoid. Up until now, she still didn't quite believe what Lin Shixiong had said. If it wasn't that Lin Shixiong had taken out her sect's token, she probably would have already attacked him.

"Just now, someone used [Fire Eye] again." Pu Yao suddenly came out. Pu Yao suddenly came out.

Zuo Mo didn't have the time to pay attention to him. "As long as you remain silent, no one can find you."

"You seem to have encountered trouble." Pu Yao asked in interest. In his eyes, Zuo Mo was afraid of death, and always put his own security at the most important position. He hadn't ever saw Zuo Mo respond like so when he was discussing the problem of safety with Zuo Mo.

"This group of people is pouring salt onto the wound!" Zuo Mo gritted through his teeth, his hands not slowing.

"You want to give your all against them?" Pu Yao clearly was laughing at his misfortunes.

Zuo Mo was too lazy to pay attention to this perverse renyao who had

nothing to do.

“You have the yao seed, why don’t you try to use the yao seed to manipulate the consciousness and control the formation?” Pu Yao kindly suggested.

Use the yao seed to manipulate the consciousness and control the formation? Zuo Mo reflexively shook his head. “The Skyring Moon Chime Formation needs all seventy-two child formations to be completed before it can be controlled.”

“You don’t just have the Skyring Moon Chime Formation.” Pu Yao said disapprovingly.

Right! Why hadn’t he thought of that!

Zuo Mo felt his vision light up. He had made a great misunderstanding. All of his mind had been thinking about completing the seventy-two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] and completely forgot that he hadn’t just set up the formations for [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]!

This was an extremely large scale formation belt!

“Actually, other than increasing the rate your consciousness grows, the yao seed’s other use is splitting your mind!” Pu Yao was strangely good today. It was extremely rare that he would take the initiative and teach Zuo Mo without Zuo Mo needing to pay jingshi.

“Splitting my attention?” Zuo Mo irritably rolled his eyes, “At this time, you want me to split my attention?”

“The so-called splitting the mind is referring to splitting your consciousness into several parts, all of them working at the same time on their own matters.” Pu Yao said faintly. “The great majority of yao will split this consciousness, and some yao are born with this ability. Truly powerful yao are able to split their consciousness into thousands of portions, and are peerlessly strong!”

But at this time, Zuo Mo completely did not think about why Pu Yao was so strange today, he was shocked by Pu Yao’s words!

It was like a bolt of lightning hitting his mind.

Consciousness splitting!

If he split his consciousness and they all did their own things at once... ..

Up until now, he had always thought of the consciousness as one whole entity, and had never thought about splitting the consciousness to do different things at once.

He suddenly thought of ling power. Ling power could break off and merge. Was the consciousness like ling power as well, able to be broken up and merged together?

If it really was possible

Zuo Mo's hands which hadn't stopped since the beginning, suddenly stopped in the air!

*

Translator Ramblings: Yu Bai's "bai" is the character for white, which is why Zuo Mo called him Little White. Of course, Little White (Xiao Bai) in Chinese is also used for a very naive and/or dim-witted person

Chapter 149: Fire

Watching Yu Bai and Nan Men Yang embroiled in battle, no one could look away.

Just having gone three rounds, Nan Men Yang was completely suppressed by Yu Bai, unable to lift his head under the blows. Yu Bai didn't use his usual style of fighting, instead each blow was vicious, decisive, and aimed to kill, causing a chill to creep into the hearts of everyone watching inside the formation.

When a composed person was angry, it was very frightening!

Probably the only person that found it boring was Chang Heng.

This level of fighting and killing, it really couldn't alert his mind. He scanned the surroundings. Everyone had stopped their actions. The three rounds between Nan Men Yang and the seal soldier had shaken the skies, and attracted almost all the xiuzhe inside the formation. Right now, the fight between Nan Men Yang and Yu Bai was not as blood-rousing as the previous fight, but the technique was no-less spectacular.

One had a grassroots background with no family or sect, the other the beloved disciple of the ruler of Dong Fu!

Once the two really became serious, the scene was amazingly spectacular, the spectators becoming intoxicated!

Without detecting it, all the xiuzhe inside the formation had gathered together again.

Chang Heng raised his head to look at the rings of light swimming in the air and the crescent moon high up, his expression slightly moved. He took away his gaze because he noticed, not far away, Zong Ming Yan was looking at him. Their gazes met midair, striking like two extremely sharp swords, sparks flying!

Two stubborn and proud young experts exchanged a look.

"Fight?" Zong Ming Yan opened coldly, his gaze full of challenge.

“Not interested!” Chang Heng only glanced at Zong Ming Yan before moving his eyes back towards the sky. The rings of light that were freely swimming in the air seemed to be more attractive for him.

Zong Ming Yan’s eyes slightly shrunk but he didn’t make another challenge. Chang Heng’s viciousness and brutality was the greatest in the Sword Test Conference. Every competitor, when they faced this brute, couldn’t help but shrink inwards, including Zong Ming Yan.

Zong Ming Yan’s expression turned back to normal as he said faintly, “Why don’t we use the breaking of the formation to wager victory and defeat?”

Chang Heng’s face was still upraised, not looking at Zong Ming Yan even once, as he said, “Oh, I’m afraid you might not even break it.”

Zong Ming Yan could clearly feel Chang Heng’s low opinion, and his expression was extremely ugly. He snorted coldly. “You may be underestimating me a little too much.”

“You could try.” Chang Heng pointed at the sky, and said, face normal.

Hearing this, Zong Ming Yan was too lazy to respond to Chang Heng. The Seven Plum Sword appeared in his hand.

A shake of the wrist, and three plum flowers turned to three streams of light that flew into the sky.

Zong Ming Yan wanted Chang Heng to see his strength so his first move was his most accomplished, [Three Play]!

Three sword essences were like three slinking fish as they circled around and shot at the crescent moon in the sky!

Zuo Mo had been pondering how to split his consciousness when he suddenly detected an abnormality in the formation and instantly woke up.

F***, would they never stop? Having just made a tiny bit of headway, Zuo Mo was so angry he swore! When he found the person responsible was Zong Ming Yan, the anger in his heart shot upwards!

He remembered. This guy was the first person that had made trouble!

It was an anger that came from the chest, and hate from the gallbladder. Zuo Mo's anger erupting from his heart, instantly sunk into his second rage!

Ge's long found this guy an eyesore!

Zuo Mo's eyes were green. The two hands that had stopped started again. He finally understood. Given the time and place, it wasn't the moment good time to ponder about how to split his consciousness. These people that had poured salt onto the wound might all be terribly evil, but each of them had the power to damage the formation. If he couldn't complete the seventy-two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], he couldn't do anything to them.

Without him detecting it, he had started to think of ways to deal with the experts inside the formation. He completely forgot that each person in there had power that far surpassed him.

However, Zuo Mo was facing the same difficult problem as before. He must, before he could complete the seventy-two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], stop these people from damaging it!

The seventy-two child formations were just on the edge of completion, and these people had come out again to make a mess.

Just now, he had used up the seal soldier to stop Nan Men Yang from breaking the formation. Now, what could he use to stop Zong Ming Yan from breaking the formation?

Did you think ge only had a seal soldier?

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth as he cursed Zong Ming Yan inside a hundred times. But, at the same time, his consciousness silently flowed forth like a stream of water.

His body slightly leaned forward, his back curved. He looked like a curved bow from far away. He maintained this strange position without moving, only his eyes slightly narrowed like a hunter waiting for his prey.

Zong Ming Yan's three sword essences were like piranhas that landed in a rich swarm of fish!

Any ring of light that tried to come near the sword essences were instantly sliced to pieces. The three spiraling sword energies did not look like they were affected at all. Carrying a hiss that could shock souls, they headed straight for the crescent moon in the sky!

In his eyes, that bright moon was clearly the crux to breaking the formation!

If he could destroy the moon, the entire formation would be solved.

The layers of light rings were like a thick coat, unable to be damaged by knife or axe. But if a narrow needle was pushed, it could easily pierce through this layer of cloth.

The three sword energies did not stop their spinning, forming a sharp cutting formation. Each sword energy was like the sharpest blade, its penetrating power far surpassing normal sword energies!

The rings of light that had blocked his [One Cut Plum] were easily penetrated when faced with this [Three Play]!

The sword energies were as fast as lightning, nothing that the rings of light could catch up to. But the rings of light seemed to be alive. Knowing they couldn't block the sword energies, they headed towards Zong Ming Yan?

Ring after ring of light landed from the sky, heading to cover Zong Ming Yan.

Even as powerful as Zong Ming Yan was, he didn't easily experiment.

Everyone had a deep impression of the xiuzhe that was eliminated!

[Paired Sparrow Flying]!

Two plum flowers fell off the plum branch like two butterflies, flying around Zong Ming Yan. Once the rings of light came at Zong Ming Yan from the sky, a clear cracking sound could be heard before they were blown to pieces, turning into countless scattered energies!

However, the rings of light did not give up moving towards Zong Ming Yan.

Clink clink clink!

The dense crisp sounds were like hundred of glass cups being smashed at once!

The broken energies fell and floated around Zong Ming Yan, and then were blown away by the winds created by the two plum flowers. Amidst the broken energies, Zong Ming Yan was unharmed.

“Young people, really have energy.” The yellow-faced male had appeared at some time beside Chang Heng and snickered.

Chang Heng still was looking at the sky, and responded indifferently, “He’s dumb.”

“Hee hee, that’s good. It will let us save some energy.” The yellow-faced man smiled and said.

Chang Heng heard this, and turned to look at the yellow-faced male. “Who are you searching for?”

“Searching for?” The yellow-faced man seemed to not understand.

“Your strength is greater than anyone here.” Chang Heng said faintly, “Hiding your strength, not competing for a rank, you naturally have other goals. You’ve been constantly running here and there, and look as though you are trying to find something. This is Great Pine Pavilion. I’ve never heard there was anything good there. That means there is only one possibility, you are trying to find someone.”

The smile on the yellow-faced male’s face disappeared, his eyes

gradually turning sharp as a knife.

Chang Heng's face was as indifferent as usual.

The yellow-faced man suddenly clapped his hands and smiled. "Others only know you for your viciousness and bloodthirst. No one would think you have such a mind for details. I underestimated you."

"We do not have a conflict." Chang Heng, from beginning to end, had a calm expression as though he was speaking of something that had no bearing on him.

The yellow-faced man lightly sighed. "Not here." He could not disguise the disappointment.

"That's a pity." Chang Heng said, face calm. But he didn't say why it was a pity.

In Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness, Pu sat on the gravestone, his eyes looking into the distance. There was a mirth floating at the corner of his mouth that was somewhat hard to decipher. It seemed slightly scornful, slightly reminiscent, slightly lonely, slightly cold... ..

Different from Pu Yao who was as steady as Mount Tai, Zuo Mo was like the arrow that was on the thread that would sever at a touch!

That crescent moon might not be the cover door, but if it was attacked, Zuo Mo also knew what would happen!

The time did not allow him to think more.

Three blue lights that were like chains suddenly appeared ---- [Dragon Tying Formation]!

The position the blue chains appeared were extremely precise, exactly on the path that the spiraling sword energies would pass.

Different than the Dragon Tying formation that Zuo Mo had used

before, once the three blue chains appeared, they knotted into a clasp, a clasp that could perfectly restrain the three sword energies!

The three sword energies headed straight into the clasp. The strength of the clasp far surpassed Zong Ming Yan's expectations, it didn't break!

Just as Zong Ming Yan paused, a web of fire suddenly appeared in the sky.

An enormous, dense and deep blue web of fire!

The seven greenwood flags absorbed the water power, continuously turning it into wood power. Beside each greenwood flag, there were seven second grade little Copper Lion Head Cauldrons. Deep red flames spat out from the mouth of the lion heads on the Copper Lion Head Cauldrons and gathered in the air. After gathering, the redness of the flames became fainter.

Around each of the seven cauldrons, with twelve jade cards as bone, and the red gold thread as the channels, it formed a [Three-Turn Fire Formation]!

After three turns, the fire was almost completely clear!

Seven near-transparent flames flew in the sky, crisscrossing in the air.

The seven by seven forty-nine little dan cauldrons formation a [Great Li Fire Formation]!

Once the formation formed, each string of fire shook. The nearly transparent flames changed again, and became tinged with a slightly tranquil blue.

This was the enormous tranquil blue web of fire that everyone saw up in the air!

The tranquil blue web of fire perfectly blocked the three sword energies and Zong Ming Yan!

宗铭雁脸色微变！

Zong Ming Yan's expression slightly changed!

This web of fire had actually cut the connection between him and the three sword energies!

At the same time, the blue Dragon Tying Chains that was around the three sword energies suddenly pulled and swung towards the side!

Bam!

In the end, the blue Dragon Tying Chains was not able to stop the three combined sword essences, and was shred into pieces! But with this pull and swing, the aim of the three sword essences diverged. They brushed past that crescent moon, entering the air and disappeared!

Everyone was shocked still by the fire web that suddenly appeared over their heads!

The tranquil blue threads of fire were silent. It was like there was a enormous and tranquil blue spider-web over their heads.

But many of them did not pale because of the thick tranquil blue fire threads. Instead the terrifying heat that was released startled everyone! The flame was tranquil blue, how high would its temperature reach?

The tranquil blue web of fire freely burned on. The interior of the formation had become an enormous dan cauldron!

In the air, Wu Ling Sanren and Wei Fei saw this extremely awe-inspiring scene.

The moisture of the half-mu sized pond roiled, abnormally lively. They turned to streams of water power, continuously flooding into the greenwood flag masts. The green and silent wood energy entered the Copper Lion Head Cauldrons, turning into deep red fire power, then through the [Three-Turn Fire Formation], it then entered the [Great Li Fire Formation], and knotted into a web.

Wei Fei stared with wide eyes, muttering to himself, "Uncanny

workmanship! Godly technique!”

Chapter 150: New Target

Zuo Mo was in a predicament!

Bean-sized beads of sweat flowed down his face. He had underestimated the difficulty of controlling this [Great Li Fire Seal Formation]!

To pursue power, he had done his best to strengthen the formation from every aspect. The direct result was the difficulty in controlling the formation had also increased. Behind the spectacular display, the series of manipulations he had done were all highly difficult!

Even though Zuo Mo's skill and control had increased, the unexpected difficulty of controlling the formation had created a great problem for him.

His body shook like dice. In a short moment, sweat suddenly started to appear on his body. In a moment he appeared to have been just dunked in water.

It was too hard!

Damn it!

Zuo Mo cautiously began using all of his consciousness to control every tiny change in the formation.

Formations were a kind of work that demanded meticulousness. Any kind of mistake could create an extremely large effect, and cause the effect of the formation to vary drastically. The complexity of a formation belt that was composed of many kinds of formations that were maximized for effect was even more so.

Zuo Mo did not notice that he had bitten through his lips, and blood was seeping out.

His consciousness was using the Five Colored Pagoda to carefully control the web of fire!

Having finally stopped Zong Ming Yan's attack, Zuo Mo didn't have the time to rejoice. He had reached his limits, the web of fire was almost out

of control!

Zuo Mo's eyes widened into circles, the tendons in his forehead pulsing. If he lost control of the fire web, for him, that meant failure. The temperature of the tranquil blue fire was the strongest flame that he had ever seen since he learned dan-making. The uncontrolled fire web would collapse in an instant, and the flowing tranquil blue fire would destroy all of the formations.

That was definitely not allowed!

But he had reached the last of his endurance. He could feel the ling power in his body quickly depleting. His weak cultivation once again became his Achilles' heel! However, he had no time to think about this right now. He had to make a choice!

He didn't even pause to think. Grunting, he gathered the last of his power!

The gigantic tranquil blue fire suddenly pushed downwards. The xiuzhe in the formation below instantly moved. Did Zuo Mo want to get them all at once?

He didn't know his power!

A cold smile appeared on the corner of many of the xiuzhe's mouths. From their perspective, a zhuji xiuzhe was sending them a challenge through this method. These people whose eyes were always looking upwards, how could they bear a zhuji looking down at them?

Many competitors were preparing eagerly to try to test the power of the web of fire!

Just at this time, a deep and raspy sound suddenly echoed through the formation.

"Bind!"

The web of fire that had covered the sky suddenly shrunk extremely, heading for Zong Ming Yan. This caused the xiuzhe that had prepared to fight to pause. They instantly revealed expressions of anticipation to see the result. No one would be dumb to block the web of fire for Zong Ming Yan.

Anger came onto Zong Ming Yan's face. He gave a heavy snort. His expression serious, the Seven Plum Sword in his hand turned to a flash of dark light that headed for the web of fire.

As the Seven Plum Sword entered the air, it turned to a gigantic sword energy, forcefully piercing the net.

The tranquil blue fire web unexpectedly shrunk again, actually taking along the sword and person to the middle of the web.

When the sword energy sliced the web of fire, Zuo Mo spat out a handful of blood again, his face becoming even paler.

But did the situation allow him to retreat? He suddenly bit the tip of his tongue, the salty and fishy taste of blood making his mind alert. He suddenly pushed out his last bit of power. His spiritual and ling power was almost empty at this time. Zuo Mo was bleeding from his nose and mouth, but he did not detect it.

The last bit of consciousness burrowed into the Five Colored Pagoda. The Five Colored Pagoda suddenly burst in light. Under the crescent moon, it flashed with five colored light!

Zong Ming Yan's expression finally changed!

The web of fire had not neared him, but the rising temperature was already enough for him to feel fear. He didn't dare to hold anything back. He jumped into the air, closely following the flying sword. All his ling power was channeled into the flying sword. There was only one thought in his mind ---- break out of this web of fire!

Using all his power, the sword essence of the Seven Plum Sword suddenly was as sharp as the cold wind at the top of a cliff. Suddenly, it was like there was an old winter plum standing in the wind!

Hiss!

The flying sword broke through the fire web. Zong Ming Yan felt joy, but just at this time, a change occurred.

“Die!”

Zuo Mo’s muffled shout was like thunder, rolling and exploding inside the formation!

The web of fire suddenly retreated inwards to the center!

Zong Ming Yan felt that the tranquil blue flame was all around him, as though he was inside a large dan cauldron, and would turn to ash at any instant. Fear in his heart, he hurriedly activated the ling armor!

Countless tranquil blue flames landed on Zong Ming Yan’s body!

“Ah!”

Zong Ming Yan shrieked, the light of the flying sword suddenly becoming disordered. Just as everyone assumed at Zong Ming Yan would lose his life, the countless tranquil blue flame suddenly disappeared.

Yet there were still many flames that had landed on Zong Ming Yan’s ling armor. Dong Qi Sword Sect was not famous for its defence. The power of these tranquil blue flames were astounding. Even with the protection of the ling armor, Zong Ming Yan was in terrible straits.

His entire body was burnt black, ling armor completely damaged. He was like a piece of wood burnt black, dropping from the sky.

The other xiuzhe inside the formation all inhaled in shock!

Who was the person dropping down! It was Zong Ming Yan!

This formation was truly too strong, even Zong Ming Yan had been defeated. The xiuzhe that had wanted to try solving the formation instantly stopped in their tracks. When they saw the unconscious Zong Ming Yan and the terrible state of his body as he laid on the ground, they really didn’t bear to look at him.

Holy moly!

Even Zong Ming Yan wasn't a match. Was this formation really just something a zhuji had made?

The same question flowed through every xiuzhe inside the formation. Zuo Mo hadn't put all of his effort in at the end. If he hadn't stopped, then all of the tranquil blue flames would have bombarded Zong Ming Yan. It would have been hard to say if Zong Ming Yan would have managed to survive.

In other words, the formation that Zuo Mo setup was able to kill a ningmai xiuzhe!

Everyone jumped in fright.

In one moment, all the xiuzhe that had been fighting in the formation completely stopped attacking each other. A serious expression came onto their faces. They were still inside the formation!

But what they didn't realize was that Zuo Mo had no intentions of letting the Zong Ming Yan off. At the end, even his mind had been blurred. How would he know when to stop? All of his spiritual and ling power had been used up. He had fainted which was what had caused the flames to disappear.

When Zuo Mo slowly woke up from unconsciousness, the desire for battle and courage had long ago flew into the horizons.

As expected, the ignorant had no fear!

Just now, he had actually been locked in combat directly with Zong Ming Yan!

He suddenly tilted his head. He remembered now. Before he had fainted, he had actually defeated Zong Ming Yan! He grinned, but with his expressionless face, it looked extremely strange.

How long had he been unconscious? He struggled to get up, looking at

the surroundings.

Hm, he was still inside the formation? The people still hadn't solved the formation? Zuo Mo felt that this was extremely absurd. Even now, he still found it hard to accept that he had just defeated Zong Ming Yan.

Zuo Mo didn't know that he had just been unconscious for the time of an incense stick. This was due to his extremely deep practice of [Vajra Profound Sutra]. If he didn't practice that, it would have been many days until he would wake up.

And he would never have predicted that in the time that he had been unconscious, no one tried to break the formation.

It was the opposite. The xiuzhe in the formation started to attack other people, no matter if it was Su or Gui Feng. Even Chang Heng had entered the fight. The other people started to clean up the other xiuzhe inside the formation. Wu Ling Sanren and Wei Fei had started to get busy.

Chang Heng and the others were acting out of caution. They had just seen the power of the formation. No one dared to be careless. To solve the formation, they had to put in all their power. But if there were opponents beside them, who would dare to give their all?

If Zuo Mo thought of all this, he would definitely feel proud of himself. A cultivator just in zhuji that made so many ningmai wary and put them on the defensive, it was enough to be proud!

However, Zuo Mo had just woken up and his gaze had landed on the incomplete [Skyring Moon Chime Formation].

In reality, while it looked like he had won the battle against Zong Ming Yan, but in reality, he had accomplished it through self-harm. The wounds he had received when controlling the seal soldier to face Nan Men Yang had worsened and he completely lost the power to keep fighting.

So unprofitable!

The first thought that popped into Zuo Mo's mind was this!

Looking at these Skyring Moon Chime child formations, the pain in his

heart reached a peak, far more painful than the pain from his physical body.

So many jingshi were wasted! He had bought all of these materials from the Hundred Treasures Flying Pavilion in order to attend this competition. He felt like he had taken a large sum of jingshi, and made an extremely incorrect investment. It looked like he hadn't gained anything at all, and lost everything.

No!

Definitely not!

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and sat up. He had to finish the seventy-two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]!

He wasn't thinking of the Kun Lun jade scroll. His actions were just to not waste all the materials he had already used. He had spent so many materials, he had to hear a "sound" from them.

As he endured the pain, Zuo Mo comforted himself so.

Right now, he completely did not have any energy to continue so he sat down and meditated. He needed to quickly recover his ling and spiritual power. Otherwise, he wouldn't even get to hear a "sound".

Consequently, an extremely strange scene appeared. Zuo Mo was safely meditating in the formation to recover ling and spiritual power while Chang Heng and the others were engaged in fierce combat inside the formation. The other xiuzhe might not be as good as the experts but the ones that dared to enter the formation were not ordinary in their power. These xiuzhe were not stupid. They instantly knew what Chang Heng and the others intended, and naturally would not wait to be eliminated.

If one person couldn't win, then two of them would fight together.

Amidst the shouts, the howls of the flying swords, the bangs and crashes, Zuo Mo silently meditated.

Forty five minutes later, he finally open his eyes. In possession of the mo matrix and yao seed he recovered ling and spiritual power. With the

exception of Pu Yao, he had never encountered a xiuzhe that could recover faster than himself.

Yet even in this little span of time, only five people were left remaining in the formation.

Su, Gui Feng, Chang Heng, the yellow-faced man, Luo Li.

Yu Bai and Nan Men Yang had fought too hard and expended too much energy. It could be said that both of them had lost. They had been tricked by Chang Heng and the yellow-faced man working together. As for the other people, they had been eliminated even earlier on. The pitiful Zong Ming Yan had been saved by Wu Ling Sanren a long time ago.

Zuo Mo did not attend to the five people. Pushing down his wounds, he kept on setting up the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation].

The target that he gave himself right now was extremely realistic

Finish the seventy-two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], if he couldn't get the jade scroll, he'd get experience!

Chapter 151: Comprehension

Su suddenly moved next to Luo Li. Luo Li silently put up his guard.

“You are Zuo Mo’s shixiong?” Su decided she would do it herself. Up until now, that soft-rice zombie still hadn’t responded at all. The soft-rice zombie might not care about victory, but she had to.

“En.” Luo Li made a sound in surprise.

“One for each of us.” Su spoke very quickly. “I pick Gui Feng.”

Luo Li was even more surprised. Was she Zuo Mo’s friend? Was it true or false? His brain moved quickly, balancing the advantages and disadvantages.

He was still on his guard, but his mouth did not hesitate in saying, “Okay, I pick the yellow-faced one.” Even if he could not judge the sincerity, but from every angle, there was no detriment to him.

The two split apart.

The other three people clearly heard the words between the two people.

Chang Heng was not affected. The yellow-faced male smiled. Gui Feng vanished where he stood.

Everyone was extremely cooperative, each person finding a place to fight. Only Chang Heng was left at the original spot, raising his head to look at the rings of light, sinking into his thoughts.

Zuo Mo didn’t pay attention to what was happening in the formation. After making a decision, he didn’t move from it.

The wounds on his body were greatly affecting him. When he channeled ling power, there would be a bit of a pause. Ever since he had started practicing [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], it had been a long

time since he had tasted the pain of spiritual wounds. But in the last two fights, even his most skilled consciousness could not avoid being injured.

This was the result of fighting a battle that crossed stages. Even if he managed to use the formation as help, he still could not avoid being injured.

However, on the surface, no one would think that his channels and internal organs were wounded. His gaze was concentrated and calm, clear and serene without a stray thought. The finger movements were not lightning fast as before, but it was still flowing, and gave onlookers another kind of beauty.

In the air, Wu Ling Sanren couldn't help but exclaim, "This boy would definitely accomplish great things!"

Wei Fei also had an expression of admiration. "With zhuji cultivation, to be able to block three full-force blows from Nan Men Yan, to seriously wound Zong Ming Yan, he has enough to be proud! The Heavens really have heavily blessed Wu Kong Sword Sect. One Wei Sheng, one Zuo Mo, there will be no worries for a hundred years!"

For some reason, Wu Ling Sanren suddenly sighed. "Such a pity they are not born at the right time! When the nest is attacked, would any egg escape? Such talent, if they fall early, it would be a pity!"

Wei Fei roared in laughter. "I have the opposite opinion from sanren. It is because they have outstanding talent that they need to undergo more grinding. Heroes are born in troubled times! Without troubled times, it is rare to see heroes!"

Hearing this, Wu Ling Sanren said, self-mockingly. "Brother Wei is right. Old, I'm old now."

Without a stray thought on his mind, or desire for victory, Zuo Mo was extremely calm. The speed that he made formations increased greatly without his own knowledge. He seemed to not have to think and the materials would flow past from his fingers, the spells naturally cast, everything smooth and flowing.

In a short time, the seventy-two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] actually was completed!

He dazedly looked at the big formation and he seemed to be in slight disbelief yet was also slightly thoughtful.

In this short amount of time, he seemed to have experienced very much. A hard fight, receiving serious wounds, fainting and then waking up, all of this caused his mood to go from shaking to peaceful. In the beginning he was filled with anticipation, the desire for victory, only to have his hopes dashed, he was left with only the desire to wound the enemies; finally he was forced to focus on only one thing, to exclude all other thoughts and not think about victory,

He stood dazedly inside the formation, motionless like a statue.

On the top of the main peak, the battle between Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping was still ongoing.

Wei Sheng's vision was a sea of blood, blurred. There were countless sword wounds on his body, the bleeding was dyeing his clothing. His features were blurred. He looked as though he was a person made from blood!

Many in the audience that were watching almost couldn't bear to keep watching at this time. Even Tian Song Zi hadn't resisted coming over, and

asking if he should stop the battle. Pei Yuan Ran did not stop the fight. But he didn't realize that inside his tight fist, his fingernails had deeply cut into the flesh.

Gu Rong Ping wasn't in good shape either. There were three sword cuts on his body. The three sword cuts were not deep, but the fresh blood had dyed a patch on his chest. His sword essence was still as free and traceless as before, but the audience could easily detect his exhaustion.

No one would feel that Gu Rong Ping didn't have enough power. After fighting so hard for such a long period of time, exhaustion was an extremely normal state.

Gu Rong Ping knew his own situation was worsening as time flowed but he had no solution. Two hours ago, Wei Sheng had been covered in wounds, almost wavering. But after two hours, Wei Sheng was still persisting. He seemed as though he could collapse at any moment, but he did not. Every time, Gu Rong Ping would feel that if he just put in a bit more power, he could defeat Wei Sheng, but after he put in the power, he found that, other than leaving behind a sword mark on the other's body, he didn't accomplish anything. Wei Sheng still endured.

He hadn't managed to wait for Wei Sheng to collapse, yet Gu Rong Ping found that he had sunk into a dilemma without being aware of it.

The three sword marks on his body were the proof.

His sword scripture was like unspun silk from a cocoon, setting up a large web to snare the other, and then slowly wear away at the strength of his opponent, to let them lose all room to breathe and die. He had successfully pinned down his opponent, but his opponent had not stopped struggling.

The two sides entered a standoff. The other's hardiness had far surpassed his expectations. His ling power had quickly been consumed. His sword energies had slowly lost their edge. His movements started to become slower. The other had caught onto his weakness and counter-attacked!

The longer he fought, the heavier the terror in Gu Rong Ping's heart

grew.

Wei Sheng was like a wild beast that did not know exhaustion, like a seal soldier that did not have life, and did not know pain. When the sword energy flashed past his body, other than a muffled grunt, other than seeing the spray of blood, there was no other observable signs that he was affected.

The fight between the hunter and the wild beast, the hunter was gradually losing the advantage.

Zuo Mo's formation belt allowed people to see a spectacle, and made people feel surprise. Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping's battle made people feel awe, awe that came deep from their hearts!

Time slowly slipped by. The sound of discussion became increasingly quieter. Even more people felt they were unable to keep watching.

Seeing a person entirely covered in blood, fighting without a sound as he struggled painstakingly, and flying through the air as his figure wavered. The blood that was flowing down his body flung into the air.

No one was in the mood to speak.

Even though Wei Sheng had not won, but in everyone's eyes there was only his blood-covered figure.

The battle inside the Great Pine Pavilion was still continuing. The [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] had attracted the majority of the experts. Many people had cheered as they assumed their chances of entering the top ten would increase. However, the developments were completely the opposite of what they imagined.

Without the pressure of the experts, many xiuzhe that had decided to hide themselves did not have pressure and lost their patience. They did not hide in the corners any longer. The combat became even more fierce.

However, no one dared to near [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], and no one dared to near the main peak.

The [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] was like a mysterious beast, its bloody maw wide open. No one knew the situation inside it. The fierce fight on top of the main peak made many xiuzhe inside the Great Pine Pavilion feel terror, deep terror!

Even the judges in the Great Pine Pavilion put their attentions on those two places, and wished all the other fights would instantly finish.

Zuo Mo felt that he seemed to have dropped into an enormous grey bubble. All around him was full of a strange grey material.

Even though he was wearing ling armor, but the ling armor did not separate him from the grey matter. He seemed to be swimming naked. It didn't seem warm, but it wasn't cold. It was a strange sensation. The only feeling he could describe was familiar. He seemed to be very familiar with this grey material.

What was this grey material? He seemed to understand everything, but did not understand anything at all.

He reached out to grab, but didn't catch anything.

Where was this? What was it?

He felt that he should know, but no matter how he thought, he could not remember. He was slightly stunned. The surroundings did not provide any hints to him. His only clue was the feeling of familiarity.

What really was this? Zuo Mo couldn't help furrowing his brows as he started to think deeply. He felt that he needed to find the answer.

He reflexively reached and grasped at the grey material. Same as last time, he didn't grasp anything.

This material was like air, invisible and intangible Zuo Mo thought inside.

Wait, invisible and intangible... ..

Zuo Mo suddenly jumped. He knew what this was!

Consciousness! This was consciousness!

The moment he told himself this was consciousness, the feeling of familiarity inside his body instantly grew stronger. At the same time, the scenery around him suddenly changed.

Below him, there was a place that looked like a little island far away. There was a patch of flame on the little island, countless crimson flames dancing. A gravestone, and a male wearing black sitting on top. There was also a ruler-straight river. The river was very muddled, with two kinds of colors that could barely be made out.

Sea of consciousness! This was the sea of consciousness!

Zuo Mo was very shocked when he saw Pu Yao on top of the gravestone. He couldn't help but shout, but no matter how hard he tried to shout, Pu Yao did not hear him.

He had to give up, and started to scan the surroundings.

The entire sea of consciousness was surrounded by this grey material. This was completely different than what Zuo Mo had thought before. In the sea of consciousness in his memories, what he saw in the surroundings was a pitch black void, without anything but the stars in the sky.

Right!

He remembered that there were four stars in the void!

As expected, when he raised his head to look up, he saw the stars.

There were four stars in the sky. One of them was the brightest, the other three slightly duller.

Before, every time he entered the sea of consciousness, he felt the four stars were very distant. At this time, he found that the four stars were like four little boats, floating on the outside of the consciousness.

He seemed to have comprehended something.

At this time, the four stars suddenly started to shed starlight. The starlight was like silver sand, slowly absorbed into the grey consciousness.

But the grey consciousness was too big. That bit of starlight was pitifully small. But the four stars continuously poured down starlight at a slow pace.

Zuo Mo didn't know what was the use of these silver-grained starlight, but clearly, his consciousness seemed to be starting a kind of transformation.

Wei Fei and Wu Ling Sanren were absorbed in the fight between Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping. Not just them, but all of the judges in the Great Pine Pavilion were watching this tragic fight. Suddenly, Wu Ling Sanren seemed to have detected something, and turned his face. He unconsciously looked at the large formation under his feet. Just one look, and his gaze was stuck.

Inside the formation, Zuo Mo's arms were spread open like he was going to embrace something. He was woodenly standing on the spot, his eyes empty and lifeless.

Around him, the air seemed like burning firewood, occasionally producing soft explosions!

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Translator Ramblings: I'm not sure if the author made spiritual power/consciousness grey on purpose because I never really encountered the brain being called "grey matter" in Chinese. We get to see Wei Sheng again, and Zuo Mo is following Pu Yao's advice. He's really grown up in the last few chapters.

Chapter 152: Stardust

The explosions around Zuo Mo became even dense. With the naked eye, it was possible to see the air continuously exploding, and producing small whirlpools

Wu Ling Sanren was skilled in formations, because of this his consciousness was strong. Yet he found when his consciousness was one zhang away from Zuo Mo, it seemed to have touched a wall that he could not penetrate. He made a sound of surprise. He was in the stage of jindan. Zuo Mo was just in zhuji. Theoretically, Zuo Mo's consciousness was not something that could resist his own. But the present situation was he was blocked. This kind of situation usually happened only when both sides were similar in power.

He quickly calmed down from his surprise. He guessed that Zuo Mo's consciousness was undergoing a transformation. The explosions around Zuo Mo made him even more certain of his prediction.

Compared to ling power, xiuzhe understood much less about the spirit. Even jindan xiuzhe like Wu Ling Sanren wouldn't dare to say they had a good understanding of the spirit. On the market, there were countless jade scrolls on cultivating ling power, but the number of jade scrolls for cultivating spiritual power were pitifully small, and they were not in demand. It was the most unpopular of the unpopular.

In all the xiuzhe, most of those skilled in the spirit were formation xiu, but even formation xiu still primarily used ling power. It was like the Dhyana. They called themselves the greatest at body cultivation, but in reality, they still cultivated ling power primarily.

Wu Ling Sanren might be skilled in formations, but he wasn't a formation xiu, but a sword xiu.

In such a backwater little jie like Sky Moon Jie dominated by sword xiu, how was it possible to find good scriptures for cultivating the spirit?

Wu Ling Sanren's spirit scripture was a small branch of his sect's scripture. Due to that, he became interested in formations, and cultivated

it for a while. But, that was just his hobby. A sword xiu could only have one job, that was, to cultivate the sword!

Wu Ling Sanren did not know what was really happening in Zuo Mo's spirit.

Wei Fei, who had been alarmed by Wu Ling Sanren's sound, looked at Zuo Mo once before he took away his gaze. He was also a jindan and naturally could see that a transformation was taking place in Zuo Mo's consciousness. But in his view, the spirit was not the true path. So what if one's spirit was powerful?

Wu Ling Sanren thought for a while. Not being able to come to any answers, he turned his eyes back to Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping.

Zuo Mo felt his consciousness silently start to change as the starlight penetrated, but what change was it? Looking at the starlight continuously produced by the stars slowly spread out in his consciousness, he had a feeling that this transformation would continue for a time.

The speed that the starlight spread was very slow. If it needed to spread through all of the area that the consciousness occupied, the time needed was not short.

His gaze leaving the consciousness, he started to ponder the "consciousness-splitting" that Pu Yao told him. In front of him, the consciousness was so clear. This was the first time that he had seen his consciousness. He didn't know if this was an illusion, or his own delusion. He felt it was hard to decipher so he didn't think about it.

Because the consciousness was so close he could almost touch it, he naturally thought about "consciousness splitting."

Pu Yao did not tell him how to separate the consciousness. Zuo Mo looked at the surroundings. All around him was the consciousness, like

the endless grey matter. The sea of consciousness was enveloped at the very center of the consciousness. The stars floated on the outside of the consciousness. It was so large, yet shapeless and intangible. Zuo Mo didn't know what to do.

He tried to communicate with the surrounding consciousness like he usually did.

The moment he thought, the grey consciousness around him started to flood towards him. A short while later, there was a ball of consciousness on his hand. Zuo Mo was joyful. It was this easy?

But before he could be happy for a while, the ball of consciousness on his hand disappeared. As expected, it wouldn't be so simple. He wasn't demotivated. He was not surprised at the result. Since the first time he heard the words "consciousness splitting," he felt it wouldn't be so simple.

After that, he tried all kinds of experiments and concluded many things.

It was true that he could control the consciousness here, and it was very easy to control. But the consciousness was like sand. It could easily be squeezed into a ball in the hand, but once he let go, it would collapse into a pile. Once Zuo Mo's thought moved away, the consciousness would return to its original state.

Zuo Mo felt that it was not correct. In his understanding, the consciousness that was separated should have a certain initiative of its own. Otherwise, what would be the difference compared to him separating his consciousness into separate parts? The consciousness was shapeless and intangible, and so it could be manipulated into any shape.

When he was using the [Great Li Fire Formation] to fight against Zong Ming Yan, Zuo Mo had used a similar technique. At the time, he needed to control [Dragon Tying Formation], [Li Fire Formation], [Three-Turn Formation], and [Great Li Fire Formation] at the same time. In order to control all four formations, Zuo Mo's skill with the consciousness had reached an extremely detailed level.

At that time, his consciousness had been like an octopus with four tentacles which he used to control the four formations at the same time.

From a technical viewpoint, that wasn't truly controlling them simultaneously because there was an order to the formations. It could be more appropriate to say it was cooperation. It was just that the gap between the times that the four formations were used that it looked as though it had proceeded at the same time.

Controlling four formations at the same time, that was Zuo Mo's limit. It wasn't multitasking with the mind, but making four continuous steps seamlessly.

"Consciousness splitting" was truly multitasking. It could do many things at the same time. If that was true, then other than the consciousness, what also had to split apart was the mind!

Zuo Mo sunk into thought. The consciousness might be shapeless and intangible but it was like ling power, yet it could be separated. The mind was the thoughts of a person, how to split that?

That was not possible!

Zuo Mo understood his own pathway was definitely wrong.

He suddenly thought about the yao seed in his body. The moment the thought appeared in his mind, the scenery around him changed again!

The sea of consciousness was quickly pulled closer. In the blink of an eye, he appeared in the sea of consciousness. Pu Yao was nearby. Zuo Mo saw Pu Yao suddenly open his eye, and scan the surroundings. Then a puzzled expression appeared on his face.

Zuo Mo didn't have the time to call Pu Yao before his body passed through the flames and was pulled under below the sea of consciousness.

And then, he saw the yao seed!

Only now did he know that the yao seed was actually hidden away in his sea of consciousness, and in the very center at that.

Zuo Mo suddenly started to admire Pu Yao. To be able to bury an item like this into the deepest part of the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao was quite powerful.

He had always assumed that the sea of consciousness was a small island, but now, he found it was actually a sphere. The place he usually went to was the surface of the sphere, and the inside of the sphere was empty. The yao seed was in the very center, approximately the size of a walnut. Around it, there were many narrow tubes similar to channels or vines. Zuo Mo couldn't name them. These slim tubes connected the yao seed to the surface of the sea of consciousness.

The yao seed had been added later. Then these thin tubes should also have been added later. After he had obtained the yao seed, his control of the consciousness had grown dramatically. Zuo Mo guessed that it was caused by these things.

Looking at the yao seed covered with vine-like tubes, he fell into a daze.

His heart suddenly moved. If he copied the structure of the yao seed, could he stabilize the consciousness, rather than have it move like sand.

The more he thought, the more he felt it was possible. Thinking hard about it, he discovered the consciousness, though shapeless and intangible, did not dissipate because of the existence of the sea of consciousness. The yao seed allowed him to control the consciousness every more closely to his wishes.

Seeing a ray of light, Zuo Mo quickly found himself facing another question.

Then what could he use in place of the sea of consciousness, and what about the yao seed?

He didn't have Pu Yao's abilities. It was clearly impossible for him to take things in from the outside world. Only things already present could be used here. Looking at the yao seed in front of him, he couldn't help but think that if this yao seed was really like a vine, it would be wonderful if it could bear fruit. That way, he wouldn't be lacking for objects to use.

This absurd thought just flashed humorously through his mind.

He felt that his thinking should have been incorrect but he needed to find a solution. He started to wander through the sea of consciousness,

searching for items that could be the core. It was strange. He could clearly see Pu Yao, but the two of them seemed to be in completely different worlds. No matter how hard he shouted, even passing in front of the other, Pu Yao did not feel it at all.

After trying a few times, he gave up on this useless action, and started to search for things that could replace the yao seed.

Yet, after he went through all of the sea of consciousness, he didn't find anything.

Was this thinking wrong? He unconsciously floated back into the consciousness, feeling the sense of familiarity passed through the consciousness, he furrowed his brows as he thought.

Just at this time, a speck of glittering star light like silver sand slowly floated passed his eyes.

His eyes suddenly stopped.

That bit of starlight actually had gathered a thin layer of consciousness, as though it had a thin grey shield!

Glee suddenly came into Zuo Mo's eyes!

Starlight! Right, how could he have forgotten starlight?

He carefully reached out with his hand to grab that speck of starlight. The speck had no weight in his hand, but he could feel even the thin layer of consciousness around the starlight even more clearly. This layer of consciousness was slightly denser than the consciousness of any other place.

Ha! This was it!

Zuo Mo decided to call this star dust. Because when he looked at it closely, it wasn't a ball of light, but something tangible, like sand.

Having found the miraculous use of stardust, Zuo Mo started to squat next to the four stars to gather stardust.

The speed the four stars sprayed out stardust was not fast. After a long time, Zuo Mo only gathered a small handful.

He decided to first try using the amount of star dust he had.

The stardust was as loose as sand. If he wanted to use them as the inner core, he needed to forge them into one object.

Forging was not unfamiliar to Zuo Mo. Right now, he could be considered half an expert in controlling fire. He quickly became depressed through because he could not summon the Stalagmite fire. Without fire, wasn't it a dream to forge them together?

Fire

His gaze couldn't help but land on the sea of consciousness. That was a large patch of fire! Maybe he could use those crimson fires, Zuo Mo thought uncertainly.

But at this time, he didn't have a better choice so he could only try.

Yet what he didn't expect was, when the thought just appeared, a strand of fire left the sea of flames, and flew in front of him!

It was so smooth Zuo Mo was awestruck. He had never been able to control the flames in the sea of consciousness before.

But after thinking for a while, he couldn't think of a cause. In any case, its effectiveness would be known once he tried.

Daringly, he took control of this strand of deep crimson fire, and started to forge the stardust in his hands.

The deep red flame, carrying a fraction of black, covered the stardust, twisting about like a belly-dancer!

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Translator Ramblings: Well, now we know what the sea of consciousness actually looks like. The thing I always wonder is if everyone's sea of consciousness looks the same. Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness only formed when Pu Yao came in and created the island.

Chapter 153: Soul-Tethered Talisman

A bean-sized bead appeared on Zuo Mo's hand, giving off a soft and warm star-like glow.

The bead was spherical, flawlessly spherical, and very light. A thick layer of grey consciousness covered it which made its glow appear dimmer.

Zuo Mo knew that he was halfway there!

In reality, he felt his present situation was extremely weird. Everything in front of him was weird. There were so many wondrous aspects that could not be described, too many things that he could not understand. But so what? He actually hoped that this situation would continue for a bit longer. Please don't be a dream!

It was a fleeting thought, he stopped didn't thinking about the weirdness it anymore.

This perfect bead that was forged out of stardust, Zuo Mo called it the star bead. The star bead could automatically attract consciousness, but it still wasn't enough. If the gigantic grey ball that Zuo Mo was on was his entire consciousness, then the amount of consciousness that the star bead attracted was so little it was insignificant.

That little minuscule bit of consciousness lacked real value.

Luckily, he could control the consciousness. He started to urge the consciousness to gather at the star bead and condense.

No one paid any attention to Zuo Mo. Even Wu Ling Sanren had his attention on Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping. The battle between the two had reached the decisive moment. Wei Sheng was covered in blood, and there were three more sword wounds on Gu Rong Ping's body.

To say nothing of talent, just purely based on pain tolerance, Gu Rong

Ping fell far behind Wei Sheng.

Even Gu Rong Ping had to admit it to himself.

What sort of monster was this guy in front of him?

No matter what movement he made, it would pull on his wounds. That heart-boring pain almost brought him to tears. Fresh blood continuously flowed out of the wounds. He could clearly feel the power in his body slowly diminish due to blood loss. His head started to ring, his vision gradually became blurry, his ling power was almost depleted, his channels were wounded

But how come this guy in front of him, who was far more injured than him, still hadn't fallen down!

Wei Sheng had many more wounds than him, but why didn't he seemed to be affected? Wei Sheng was flooded in blood, so much that he was suspicious that the other's had been bleed dry. Why was he still persisting? Wei Sheng's cultivation was much lower than his. It should have long been used up. His channels should have been damaged a long time ago. But why

Looking at the bloody figure in front of him, helplessness and hopelessness suddenly crept into Gu Rong Ping's heart!

The air around Zuo Mo's body gradually calmed. The sounds of explosions became rarer, until it reached a complete silence. If one was watching, they would have found that the air around Zuo Mo's body had went from one extreme to another. There was no longer any explosions, no flow of air, nothing. The area one zhang around his body was so silent it seemed to be tangible, with no movement in the air at all.

But no one noticed. Wu Ling Sanren and Wei Fei were completely concentrated on the battle between Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping. The few

people that were fighting viciously in the formation also did not detect it.

Zuo Mo was forced to stop. Floating in front of him was a ball of black-grey consciousness the size of a bamboo basket. This was Zuo Mo's result. After continuously condensing, this consciousness ball had the star bead as the inner core. As expected, the outer layer of consciousness did not dissipate.

He had taken out about one-tenth of his consciousness, and condensed it into this basket-sized ball of consciousness. The density of the consciousness ball had reached its limit, and was unable to be compressed any further. Due to the density, it was not like a ball of air, but was rock solid. Naturally, the star ball at the center could not be seen.

So was it complete?

Zuo Mo was not certain. He had made the object but he didn't have any idea how to use it. Pu Yao had just described a concept. It was a pity that he was unable to communicate with Pu Yao. He had a strong feeling that if he left this wonderful state right now, it would definitely be hard to ever enter this wondrous state again.

How was he to use it? Looking at the black-grey rock ball of consciousness, Zuo Mo was in a predicament.

He could feel that there was a certain connection between himself and the ball of consciousness, as though it was a part of his body. Zuo Mo's heart moved, and the ball of consciousness suddenly started to circle and dance around him.

So interesting!

Zuo Mo instantly became interested. He didn't need to exert any control. Where his thoughts directed, the ball of consciousness would move. It was very fun. Zuo Mo had never felt so great. Even the [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] that he was most familiar with, he could not cast and maintain it so effortlessly without thought, the familiarity could not compare to this feeling that the ball was a part of him.

He joyfully played around. Anything that he could think of, the ball of

consciousness would usually be able to accomplish it.

But quickly, he found something worth noting. The air-like consciousness seemed to reject the ball of consciousness. A natural empty space would form around the ball of consciousness.

Zuo Mo couldn't help but frown. The consciousness and the ball of consciousness was from the same origins, why would they repel each other?

Pu Yao had never told him that the divided consciousness and the original consciousness would repel each other. Did he do something wrong?

Just as he was uncertain of what to do, he suddenly had an extremely daring idea ---- why not try and place the ball of consciousness into a talisman! One, since the ball of consciousness and his consciousness repelled each other, then he would find the ball of consciousness another place. Additionally the ball of consciousness felt intimately connected to him, and if it happened to be in a talisman, just think how great it would be! If a talisman could act according to his thoughts, and turn into a part of his body

The more Zuo Mo thought, the more appealing he found the idea!

Because the ball of consciousness was connected to his mind, he was able to understand that the ball of consciousness did not seem to disagree with his idea.

So he did it!

Zuo Mo started to calculate which talisman was suitable. Very quickly, he found a suitable talisman ---- Five Colored Pagoda!

He didn't have many talismans in the first place and naturally didn't have many to pick from.

The inside of the Five Colored Pagoda was a small pocket space which could take in the ball of consciousness. The Five Colored Pagoda may be able to deconstruct ordinary materials into the five elemental essences but consciousness was not one of the five elements. Therefore he did not have

to worry about the ball being processed. In his perspective, the Five Colored Pagoda might only be half-completed but of all the talismans he possessed, it had the greatest potential to grow and the greatest abilities!

The moment he finished the thought, the ball of consciousness in front of him disappeared.

Immediately after, Zuo Mo could feel that it was now positioned in an area filled with essence of the five elements.

It was inside the Five Colored Pagoda!

Zuo Mo was gleeful.

At the same moment, a blinding five-colored light suddenly lit up the formation.

The four people fighting inside the formation, and Chang Heng who had been watching the rings of light, all stopped and raised their heads in shock.

A Five Colored Pagoda appeared above the formation, releasing five colors of light that was both strong and beautiful. It was so eye-catching that the crescent moon above the Five Colored Pagoda seemed to have lost all color. As the Five Colored Pagoda rose out of the clouds, light streamed like a sun rise,.

The exterior of the Five Colored Pagoda that was covered by the five-colored light had changed greatly. There was a glass-like sheen on the body of the tower, glistening and clear. The colors of each of the five different levels was even more clean and fine. The eaves of the tower curved at a great angle, looking like flying eaves. The body of the tower was narrower and taller than before, the top of the tower seemed sharp!

The sudden surge of light alarmed everyone.

“Soul-tethered talisman!” Xin Yan was the first to react. A light suddenly rose in his eyes, his voice full of excitement!

The other three dazedly stared at that exquisite Five Colored Pagoda in the mirage. The light that it produced, every detail, it all displayed just how unordinary it was.

After a while, the other three managed to react. Pei Yuan Ran was the first to turn around his face to look at Xin Yan. “It really is a soul-tethered talisman?”

The disciples behind them stared at each other. They were able to hear the excitement and nervousness in the sect leader’s voice. They couldn’t help but be curious. What was a soul-tethered talisman? Was it worth Xin Yan Shishu and the sect leader to be so excited?

“Definitely!” Xin Yan replied resolutely.

An uncontrollable joy floated onto the other three people’s face, unable to be disguised. Xin Yan was skilled in forging, and never over-exaggerated. If he was so certain, then it definitely wouldn’t be wrong.

Soul-tethered talisman!

Zuo Mo actually had a soul-tethered talisman!

If Xin Yan was able to realize this, then other people naturally could also see it. Surprise and shock made their way onto many people’s faces.

A soul-tethered talisman was a talisman that was intimately connected to a xiuzhe. This kind of talisman was extremely rare. The power of a soul-tethered talisman far surpassed normal talismans, and it had many qualities that made people drool. It was able to become stronger as the xiuzhe increased in cultivation. It was connected to the mind of its owner, so they could use it to the greatest effect. The meaning of “soul-tethered” was akin to being a part of the cultivator so they did not have to worry about the talisman being stolen by others.

Even if a soul-tethered talisman was stolen, the thief would not be able to use it. It was bound to the xiuzhe, that was why it was called a soul-tethered talisman. Who would cut off someone else's hand, and then connect it to their body?

A soul-tethered talisman was the highest kind of talisman all cultivators dreamed about! It was strange but no one was able to forge a soul-tethered talisman. They usually were formed through great treasures which underwent some fortuitous occurrences. Up until now, no one was able to clearly describe the factors for the formation of a soul-tethered talisman.

While there were many benefits to the soul-tethered talisman, it wasn't as though there were no disadvantages. Due to the great intimacy between the talisman and the xiuzhe, if the soul-tethered talisman was damaged, the cultivator would also be affected. Usually, soul-tethered talismans were also called life-saving talismans. Those that possessed one used one scarcely and carefully.

No one would have thought that a zhuji would possess a soul-tethered talisman!

People envied Zuo Mo's luck.

As the Five Colored Pagoda transformed and appeared, the completed seventy-two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] also changed!

The light released by the Five Colored Pagoda gradually disappeared. At the same time, the crescent moon in the sky turned to a full moon, becoming even brighter and clean as it hung up in the sky! The full moon was like a wheel, countless moon-colored strands silently drifted down from the full moon. The moon-colored thin strands seemed to flutter in the wind on the other end, quietly moving through the air and passing through the freely swimming rings of light. In the blink of an eye, the light rings of various sizes had been threaded through by the moon-colored strands into bunches similar to wind chimes!

The light of the full moon brightened. The thin strands that fell down shook, and all the rings of light shook, countless rings chiming at the

same time!

Ding!

The clear sound travelled through the enormous Great Pine Pavilion, able to be heard at every corner.

The Skyring Moon Chime Formation had been reborn!

Chapter 154: Moon Chime Sound Storm

Thousands of rings of light were chiming all at once. To the ears of everyone watching it was unspeakably clear and pleasurable, but the expressions of the five people inside the formation changed. Even Chang Heng, who was usually stoic, narrowed his eyes instinctively. He unhesitatingly reached towards the copper ring between his collarbones and took out the Bloody Spider sword.

He glanced at the others in the formation. Everyone acted as though they were facing a great enemy. Even the yellow-faced man that had been steadily overpowering him previously, had a serious expression as he held the copper dagger-axe in front of his chest.

When that clear chime from the rings of light had sounded out, the ling power in their bodies shook, their energies became unsteady!

Just a chime from the rings of light was so strong. The five people instantly became nervous.

Even the stupidest person understood now that the great formation in front of them had changed. The full moon shone in the sky. The moon-colored strands were like hair, soft and powerless, weaved in with the rings of light and ringing of wind chimes, the scene was a beautiful painting. Such a beautiful scene yet there was no admiration from the five people inside it. In their eyes, the formation was powerful and full of murderous intent!

Behind the black gauze, Su could not keep her composure, her face full of shock.

Such a formation, such a display, was it really something a zhuji xiuzhe could complete?

That image of a wretched, greedy, and soft-rice-eating zombie in her

head was completely destroyed. Behind that expressionless face, there seemed to be a long shadow, deep and hard to predict! Had she been wrong in her impression of Zuo Mo from the beginning?

There were thousands rings of light on the moon strings. They slowly swayed, elegant and soft.

Tightly focusing on the moon strands and light rings in front of her, Su's gaze seemed to be deeply attracted to them, and she was unable to move her eyes away. The rings of light gently trembled, and little slivers of killing intent slowly permeated, silently taking over every bit of space.

Her mouth was slightly dry.

She had always wondered why Zuo Mo hadn't sent out the paper crane. She understood now. Zuo Mo didn't need her help at all.

But at this time, her body was tense, not daring to slack off the tiniest bit. Her gaze still didn't move. The sword scripture that she practiced belonged to the area of magnetism. Magnetic power was extremely good for detection. These tiny bits of killing intent appeared as non-threatening, but in reality, they could gather together at any time and kill.

Yet what truly made her on her guard, and more nervous than ever, was that she was their target!

Why

Why would she also be an enemy? Su couldn't understand, but there was no time for her to think. She could only prepare for battle. She had a strong feeling that once the big formation was activated, it wouldn't be so relaxing... ..

Wu Ling Sanren and Wei Fei's expressions were heavy.

Wei Fei stared down and asked solemnly, "Sanren, do you recognize this formation?"

Wu Ling Sanren shook his head. “No, but this formation should be fourth-grade. However, it must be that soul-tethered talismans that he just got which makes it so powerful.” He nervously stared at the formation below him, eyes unwavering.

He had to admit he had made a wrong judgment. Before, he had only felt Zuo Mo had some talent, but his skill with formations was in the range of normality, but looking at it now, the formation that guy had set up was far beyond his cultivation stage.

If it was only that, he would have just been slightly surprised. What really shocked him was that this guy had a soul-tethered talisman!

Truly a fortunate guy!

He couldn't help but be envious. His cultivation was multiple times higher than Zuo Mo, but he didn't have a soul-tethered talisman.

He was not the only one that was green-eyed over Zuo Mo's soul-tethered talisman. Wei Fei also sighed over the unfairness of the heavens. However, they knew that soul-tethered talismans could not be planned for. Both were also jindan experts, the strength of their mind extremely resolute, and did not move so easily for an outside object.

The two of them quickly returned to normal.

“What does he want to do?” Wei Fei's brows furrowed as he snorted coldly. “Does he want to fight one against five? Has a soul-tethered talisman, so he doesn't even know where his limits are?”

Wu Ling Sanren didn't speak. After continuously making mistaken judgments, he felt the less he said, the better. Also, based on the grave presence of the formation below, Zuo Mo may not be brash. What he really could not see clearly was Zuo Mo's present situation.

Inside the formation, Zuo Mo still maintained his weird posture, his eyes empty.

The air around him seemed to be like glue, motionless. If one looked closely, they would find that the rings of light near him were affected by an invisible force that pushed them away.

The abnormalities had started when Zuo Mo had entered this strange state.

Wu Ling Sanren didn't have any confidence.

The Five Colored Pagoda floated in the sky above the pond. On the sword-sharp point, there was a dot of star light that flashed, communicating with the full moon in the sky.

The moon dimmed and brightened.

Clink clink clink clink!

Suddenly, the light rings on the moon strings started to shake. The small chimes were like a tide, spreading out in waves.

The five people inside the formation stiffened as the tension rose. At this time, they did not have the attention to spare to fight with other people because, to their shock, they discovered that Zuo Mo did not plan on letting even one of them escape from the formation escape.

"Tsk! Unlucky!" Luo Li felt helpless. Zuo Mo went crazy again! The flying sword floated beside him, waiting to attack.

He said those words, but light came into his eyes, and slight anticipation rose. There was quite a period of time since the last time they had fought. He always had the thought of trying to fight Zuo Mo again but he had never found the chance.

Now that the opportunity was right in front of him, the desire for battle burned in his heart.

In Luo Li's mind, Zuo Mo and Wei Sheng were all geniuses of the sect. Wei Sheng Shixiong was like a mountain peak unable to be scale. Facing Shixiong, one would only feel hopelessness. Zuo Mo was completely different. If one saw him usually, one would always accidentally underestimate and disdain him. But when one truly faced him, he might

not win, but he definitely would surprise and shock others.

Gui Feng also detected the thick killing intent in the formation. He didn't use the ghost movement to hide his figure like usual. The entire formation was under the control of the other. The effect of the ghost movement was limited. His expression was grave. Two blooms of bright green ghost fire burned on the white bone sword. The body of the sword hummed like the soft sobs of souls.

Zuo Mo still hadn't left that wondrous state.

This state made people intoxicated, a state where anything was possible, as though everything was understood.

He silently stood there as though he was a spectator, watching everything that was happening in front of him. The Five Colored Pagoda whose thoughts were connected to his was stand guard in the center of the great formation, controlling the entire Skyring Moon Chime Formation!

Every detail of the Skyring Moon Chime Formation flowed across his heart. He couldn't see it, but he could clearly feel it.

It was passed on from the Five Colored Pagoda.

Before, his original intentions had been to activate and use the seventy-two child formation Skyring Moon Chime Formation in order to gain some experience, and to comprehend some of the intricacies of the Skyring Moon Chime Formation.

Right now, every detail of the Skyring Moon Chime Formation was in front of him.

Due to this, he decided he would try the power of the Skyring Moon Chime Formation!

His thoughts moved, and the Five Colored Pagoda activated the great formation!

The fine chimes that had like a tide suddenly disappeared. The enormous formation suddenly sank into a dead silence, suffocating like a rock pressed to the chest.

The five people tensed to their limits inside the formation. This suffocating and heavy silent was the prelude to the killing.

The round moon suddenly lit up, emanating the brightest and strongest light it could without any regard. In the blink of an eye, the round moon which had been as clean as jade seemed to have started to burn, the strong light making it appear like a ball of fire!

Clink!

A ring of light that was the closest to the full moon gave a clear sound!

This clear sound announced the beginning of the killing move. There seemed to be some force that was being passed down through the moon string. Like it was a relay, one by one, the rings of light sounded.

Clink clink clink

The sounds went from slow to fast, the frequent chimes like a suddenly rising tide!

Looking from the sky, the rings of light hanging off the strands coming of the moon were like dominoes being set off, one shaking after the previous!

The shaking of the first ring of light was the least, and the sound was the lightest.

The send ring of light vibrated more, and the sound was slightly louder.

The third ring of light vibrated even greater in magnitude, the sound even louder!

... ..

This cascade of changes was extremely fast. In the blink of an eye, the power seemed to have passed to the end of the moon string, and to the last ring of light!

The last ring of light on each moon strand lit up at the same time. After the power from the preceding rings of light finally reached the last ring of light, the chiming of the ring of light had reached a maximum!

Clang!

The five people inside the formation felt their vision blur. Everything they saw seemed to twist and change. The ground underneath their feet shook violently, almost knocking them off their feet.

All of their expressions changed.

Su's Black Daze sword was held across her chest, her right hand holding the hilt of the sword, her left hand straight like a sword, pressing gently on the body of the sword. She shouted clearly, "Protect!"

With her as the center, a terrifying magnetic force exploded into the surroundings!

Luo Li didn't go grab the flying sword floating in front of him, but spread out his right hand, the palm open. His voice was ethereal, lonely and empty, "Self Separate!"

The ethereal sword essence was like a female ghost dancing by his side.

Chang Heng's Blood Spider sword transformed into the Blood Spider, shielding him from the front. The blood light on the body of the blood spider was extremely bright, as though it had just been taken out of a blood pond! The blood spider gave a vicious howl, ready to leap!

At some time, a heavy copper armor appeared on the yellow-faced man. The thick armor covered his entire body, only revealing his eyes. His hand was holding the copper dagger-axe flatly, his back straight as he bellowed, "Break!"

A child appearing about six or seven years old appeared in front of Gui Feng. He was very chubby, his skin tender. He was wearing a red belly-cloth. However, his eyes were an eerie green! Gui Feng shouted, "Go!"

Gui Feng's killing move ---- Little Ghost King!

The five people simultaneously used their killing moves. They could feel a strong threat!

The activation of the Skyring Moon Chime Formation did not have any forewarning. Once it started, it activated its strongest attack!

Inside the formation, the lion-headed copper cauldrons that Zuo Mo used to set up the [Li Fire Formation] collapsed into dust, the metal nails turned to dust, the jade cards turned to dust, the plants turned to dust, the ground turned to dust

The half-mu sized pond turned into a ball of fine mist!

This was the initiation of the strongest killing move of the seventy-two child formation Skyring Moon Chime Formation – [Moon Chime Sound Storm]!

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Translator Ramblings:

Poor Su, she's labelled an enemy because Zuo Mo has no fine control.

Chapter 155: Collision!

Lin Qian silently stood in the air, looking at the enormous mirage in the distance.

He could not see what was occurring inside the formation but he was very shocked at the appearance of the Five Colored Pagoda! Other people may not know the origins of the Five Colored Pagoda but he had seen Zuo Mo buying this talisman from the Hundred Treasures Flying Pavilion.

The Five Colored Pagoda had some clever abilities, but it was just an incomplete talisman. In his eyes, it was not a good talisman and wouldn't have expected it to become a soul-tethered talisman.

But what the Five Colored Pagoda had just appeared was truly a soul-tethered talisman!

Something definitely changed in this period of time.

Just at this time, the mirage suddenly shook violently. The picture became indistinct, and nothing could be seen.

The audience which had been excited instantly gasped.

What had happened? Did the [Mirage Illusion Formation] malfunction?

Lin Qian was slightly surprised. The stability of the [Mirage Illusion Formation] that Tian Song Zi setup could not be doubted. Did something happen inside the Great Pine Pavilion?

He was not the only person surprised. The person who felt the greatest surprise was Tian Song Zi. To set up the [Mirage Illusion Formation], he had expended many resources. Seeing an unexpected occurrence happen, he couldn't help but frown.

A sect leader was also puzzled. "Technically, there shouldn't be a problem with the [Mirage Illusion Formation]."

"Yes, of course." The other sect leaders opened in agreement.

[Mirage Illusion Formation] was an extremely mature and stable formation, having been used since a long time ago. Other than the size

which was much larger than the average formation, there was nothing different about the formation that had been set up this time.

The corner of Tian Song Zi's eye suddenly jumped.

Someone noticed his abnormality and asked, "Has Friend found something?"

Tian Song Zi's expression was normal, and said with a smile, "A small accident."

As expected, when he finished, the mirage quickly resumed. Everyone's attention was quickly attracted by the mirage.

Shock slightly spilled out of Tian Song Zi's eyes. The Great Pine Pavilion was a Secret Paradise talisman. It was always in the possession of each generation of Dong Fu Hall's master. Just now, he had detected an extremely strong ling power ripple that had exploded suddenly in Great Pine Pavilion. It was that ling power ripple which had affected the [Mirage Illusion Formation] and caused its situation. This burst of ling power was like a meteor, and had flashed by and disappearing in a flash.

His eyes went towards the formation belt inside the mirage.

The location of the ling power explosion was there!

Who had caused the ling power explosion? Zuo Mo? Or someone else?

He wasn't surprised that Yu Bai was eliminated and he wasn't sad. There were many benefits to Yu Bai for having such an experience of real battle. As to everything else, he did not care. Maybe Yu Bai would care, but this was what Tian Song Zi hoped he could encounter.

Yu Bai might be respectful and warm usually, but in reality, he did not really know reality, and was overly proud. This proud aura was a trait of many young masters, it was the special aura that would appeared most easily on the core disciples of each sect .

Tian Song Zi's eyes went towards the big formation.

He couldn't help but admire Pei Yuan Ran. In Wu Kong Sword Sect's disciples, other than Luo Li who had a faint attitude of a young master,

Wei Sheng and Zuo Mo did not carry themselves this way.

These two young people were also the two with the most spectacular performance of this year's Sword Test Conference.

[Moon Chime Sound Storm]!

Inside the formation, everything was pulverized to dust and thrown about. The dust and mist covered the entire formation, becoming even finer and smaller!

Amidst the sky of dust, Zuo Mo's arms was open like a divine being, motionless, his eyes indifferent and empty without a hint of emotion. Within a one zhang radius around Zuo Mo the dust and mist were blocked by an invisible wall.

The greatest killing move of the seventy-two child formation Skyring Moon Chime Formation shook the Great Pine Pavilion! Nothing could block the sounds that swept through the Great Pine Pavilion. Countless young beasts bled from their orifices and died.

As the sound storm approached all xiuzhe felt their energies shake, their ling power almost spinning out of control. All were shocked!

That was the case for the xiuzhe outside the formation. The pressure faced by the five people inside the formation was hundreds of times stronger!

Su's fine brow was creased into a ball, showing a slightly pained expression.

She had underestimated the power of the great formation! In the sound storm, the ling power in her body had almost collapsed, and the magnetic shield had almost dissolved. She bit her teeth, not daring to keep anything back. All the ling power inside her body channeled and flowed towards the Black Daze Sword!

The magnetic force twisted space, covering her, and turning her into a

mirage.

Luo Li's situation wasn't much better. Blood streamed out of the corner of his mouth. His cultivation was not as high as the other four. After the attack, he was wounded! But the corner of his mouth went up rather than down, the desire for battle in his eyes increasing instead, furious, hot!

Last time, I pushed you to such a sorry state, but you did not surrender, this time, you push me to such a sorry

How can I lose to you

His pupils suddenly expanded, the flying sword floating in front of his body hummed, its body shaking. Like a stream of light, it stabbed into the ground in front of his feet up to the hilt.

He knelt down on one knee in front of the sword, muttering in a low voice, "Self Separation!"

Self Separation Wo Li Self Separation

It echoed around his body. The figure floating in front of his figure which appeared like a female ghost suddenly became clear. A plainly dressed female with her hair up stood. Her eyes were angry. She lightly sighed and raised her graceful wrist.

A green and red light flew from her hand, blocking in front of the two of them.

Chang Heng expressionlessly stood. The ground under his feet shattered. Even when they shattered into even smaller pieces of dust, he was not moved. In front of him, the Blood Spider seemed to be enraged, howling as the black seals across its entire body brightened.

A bloody curtain of light, tinged slightly with black, blocked in front of

the person and spider.

The yellow-faced man wore heavy armor, holding a copper dagger-axe and shouted.

A blinding light appeared at the tip of the copper dagger-axe. It clearly was piercing emptiness, but it was like it was encountering great resistance. It slowly pierced further, each bit extremely difficult. The light of the dagger-axe became even more bright, so bright one could not look at it!

The Little Ghost King in front of Gui Feng spoke baby talk as he waved his tender lotus root-like hands. An eerie green curtain of light appeared layer by layer as he moved. The thin green curtains were as fragile as eggshell, breaking as soon as they formed.

Gui Feng finally showed shock.

The Little Ghost King seemed to have been provoked, not “ah-ah”-ing anymore. A vicious and cruel expression appeared on the innocent and adorable face. His hands started to dance, the movements strange. Each movement was filled with a dark and terrifying presence, like a sorcerer dancing!

A eerie green belt of light appeared, quickly spinning around Gui Feng and the Little Ghost King. From the belt of light came sorrowful and angry sobs.

陷入玄奇状态的左莫周围的空气此时突然波动。

The air that surrounded Zuo Mo who was in a wondrous state suddenly rippled.

That pair of indifferent and empty eyes moved, and became a fraction livelier.

Zuo Mo felt his body become gold. The pleasurable feeling from floating in the consciousness flew away.

There was no grey, no starlight, no sea of consciousness

He moved his eyes. Above his head, a full moon hung, the moon strings plentiful as hair, the rings like wind chimes.

The first thought in Zuo Mo's mind was "Not good!"

Why did he wake up at such a dangerous time

Before he could become irritated, he was bowled over by a large yao beast that was charging at full speed. Splat, he spat out a mouthful of fresh blood. Like a sandbag, he was thrown into the air.

The strongest attack of the seventy-two child formation Skyring Moon Chime Formation, [Moon Chime Sound Storm] and the life-saving measures of Chang Heng and the other four crashed together without any technique!

The strongest encounter in the Sword Test Conference!

Boom boom boom!

The bright light was like the sun rising.

The earth cracked, the sky changed color.

The Skyring Moon Chime Formation could not endure the terrifying power from such an encounter and instantly crumbled!

The pitiful Zuo Mo. He had woken up at the most crucial time, his skill level dropping back to his normal level. How could he defend against the collision of these two forces? Luckily, the majority of the power was absorbed by the Skyring Moon Chime Formation, but Zuo Mo still couldn't endure the rest. He instantly was seriously wounded.

The light around the Five Colored Pagoda dimmed, cracks appearing on the body of the tower. With a tragic hum, it turned to a stream of light and flew into Zuo Mo's body.

Chang Heng and the others were not much better. The face-on collision of the two forces were far beyond their expectations. Before they were able to react, they were forcefully ejected from the formation several dozen zhang away.

All five were injured. Each person had wounds, their faces full of shock. Even Chang Heng was not an exception.

Through the mirage formation, the audience in Dong Fu was unable to see the situation inside the great formation. The sudden blurring of the formation also made many people speculate.

Just as everyone was puzzled, the mirage which had just recovered suddenly exploded with a blinding light.

Not ready for the blinding flash, many people found their vision a sea of white, unable to see anything. Dong Fu instantly turned to chaos. The panicked people instinctively protecting themselves. The enormous Dong Fu exploded in shouts.

The situation only calmed down after a while when everyone's eyes had recovered.

The fearful people unconsciously looked towards the mirage that had just changed.

Hiss!

It was rare to see several ten thousands of people inhale in shock.

On the mirage, the position where Zuo Mo had originally set up the formation belt had completely transformed. The pond was gone, the woods were gone, the formation was gone. What they could see was an enormous great pit. The depth of the pit was far more than ten zhang, its width reaching an astonishing fifty zhang. Such a terrifying pit made everyone feel cold in their hearts as they swallowed.

Around the great hole, there were fifteen great cracks that were wider than five zhang which snaked their way away from the big hole. The longest crack was three li in length!

Even the shortest crack was one hundred zhang!

The black big hole was full of cracks, startling to the eye. It looked like an extremely ugly jellyfish.

But anyone who saw this “jellyfish” would only feel fear and tremble!

What kind of power could do this?

The audience in Dong Fu was left in shock.

The xiuzhe inside the Great Pine Pavilion were struck even more deeply.

The moment the light appeared, that power which seemed to destroy the world made everyone feel the terror of death’s approach!

No one had any interest in fighting.

Their hearts were filled with terror yet their legs seemed to be enchanted as they ran towards the location of the light of their own initiative.

When they saw the great hole, the last vestige of power seemed to leave them and they sat down beside the hole.

At the gathering place of the Dong Fu sect leaders, a voice full of anger and pain sounded.

“My, my Great Pine Pavilion”

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Translator Ramblings:

There are multiple reactions to the event!

What sounds do evil ghost babies make? Zuo Mo get caught up in his own attack he’s seriously not very skilled at this offense part of fighting.

Credits

Translator: [Dreams of Jianghu](#)

Epub: [Estevam](#) / [dotNOVEL](#)